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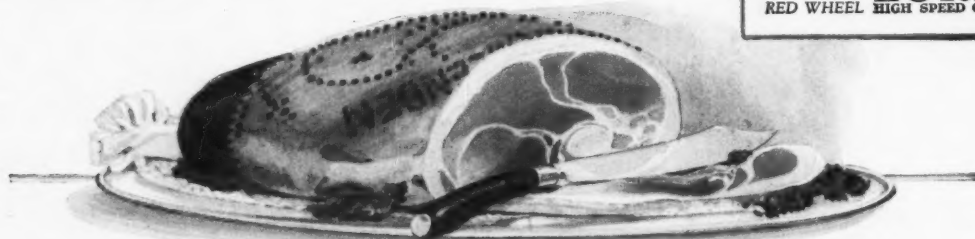
**HENRI S. RIGO**, famous chef of the Hollenden Hotel, Cleveland, has given the American Stove Company his recipe for Hollenden Baked Ham with Mock Champagne Sauce, a most savory dish always prepared under his personal supervision. To enable housewives to achieve results equal to his own he includes in his recipe the exact time and temperature for baking. Use the coupon in the corner to obtain a copy of this interesting recipe.



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# COSMOPOLITAN

America's Greatest Magazine

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## *Next Month*

*Comes a true story—one of the most inspiring you ever read.*

*A story of a once prominent minister and  
his life expiation for a moment's madness.*

*A story that never got into the newspapers because  
a whole city kept the secret of it inviolate.*

PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

*was commissioned by COSMOPOLITAN to investigate  
the facts and write them. The result is a human drama.*

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## *The Life of The Party*

by S. E. KISER

I HEAR her fling a careless jest  
Across the table richly spread;  
Rare jewels gleam upon her breast,  
A cluster glows upon her head;  
Her beauty rouses envy, where  
She dazzles mirth is fast and free,  
But silently beside her chair  
There stands, or so it seems to me,  
A wistful child with wind-blown hair—  
The little girl she used to be.

SHE has not failed to let her charms  
Appeal for notice and for praise;  
Her snowy breast is bared, her arms  
Attract the jaded cynic's gaze;  
The luster has not left her eyes,  
She has not learned as yet to think  
Of griefs that she must soon disguise,  
Of dregs that she will have to drink;  
She does not hear the moans that rise  
From depths where she is doomed to sink.

HER laugh is merry; she forgets  
The price her luxuries have cost;  
She lets no moment bring regrets  
Or longings for the soul she lost.  
The party grows from gay to wild,  
Her snowy breast and arms are bare;  
The fragrant blooms before her piled  
She tosses gayly here and there,  
Unmindful of the wistful child  
That seems to stand beside her chair.

THEY will forget who praise her now,  
For beauty fades, and youth is brief;  
Some day she will be learning how  
To blame mischances for her grief,  
And those to whom she turns to fling  
Kissed roses still may find it droll  
To sit where Pleasure, in full swing,  
Ignores the innocence it stole,  
But I will be remembering  
The wistful child that had a soul.



# GEORGE ADE on

*Which is American for the Honest-to-God Stuff that All of us feel but*

Illustrations



THE sneering villain with the cape coat and cigarette confronted the beautiful heroine, whose alabastine pallor advertised the fact that she was slowly dying of starvation. He offered her gold, a mansion, jewels and carriages. She recoiled, as from a rattlesnake. Then she looked him straight in the eye and spoke as follows, through her pearly teeth:

***"Rags are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake!"***

It has been many years since Bartley Campbell put those immortal words into a play but they still survive as the best living example of one hundred percent hokum.

How the gallery whistled and stamped! And even the polite parquette applauded with vigor.

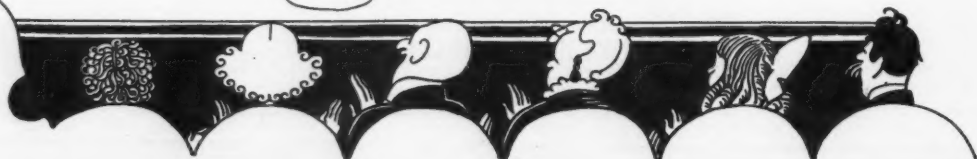
The movies have tried sure fire shots from every angle for several years but they never have outdone Mr. Campbell's classic.

They never will—because no matter how many tall-brows may tell you that the speech is mush and bathos and cheap goo, the fact remains that ***rags are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake.***

The woman to be honored above all others is the one with the tacky costume and the string of beads, who can look at the display in a jeweler's window without feeling herself tempted.

We who sat in the gallery all those years ago would not remember the speech if it had not told the truth and expressed a noble sentiment.

When a mother puts a lamp in the window to guide her wandering boy back to the old home, and then kneels down by the rocking-chair to pray—



# H O K U M

*so many of us are afraid to let our High-brow Neighbors know we feel*

by Rea Irvin

that is super-hokum, the last word in emotional gravy, but even the dramatic critics weep!

They may pan it next morning but they shed unmanly tears when mother gets down on the rag carpet. Why? Because a million saintly mothers in America are waiting for bad boys to come home and be forgiven. If you can look at one of them without having something turn over under your belt, *it simply proves that you yourself are not right.*

When Georgie Cohan waves the American flag—that's hokum. He knows it. But also he knows that in these days of skim-milk patriotism and celluloid Americanism, the decentest thing that any native born citizen, born on the Fourth of July, can do is to stand up and salute the colors and declare his faith in the old organization.

Extract:

"By what right do you interfere?"

"By the right that *every* man has to protect a *woman* when she is in *trouble!*" Accent to be placed upon the words in italics.

Not a bad example. Curly-haired hero rushing to defense of girl in danger—never failed yet.

Cinderella in rags in the first act and seated on a throne in the fourth act—absolutely standardized hokum but it gets to the public.

When the human thrush who is running for office tells of a deep affection for his fellow citizens—that's hokum, but how they eat it up!

***Hokum is the alphabet of our most worthy emotions. It cannot be abolished. We couldn't keep house without it.***



*Two of the GREATEST WOMEN WRITERS*



*This is*

**CYNTHIA STOCKLEY**

*who opens the Gate of Romance  
in her powerful stories  
of South Africa*



FRANK NORRIS said:  
"There are only three big  
cities in the United States  
that are 'story cities'—  
New York, of course, New  
Orleans, and, best of the  
lot, San Francisco."

O. HENRY  
disproved the statement  
in "A Municipal Report."

FANNIE HURST  
disproves it again in "The  
Brinkerhoff Brothers,"  
which begins on page 74.

*And this is*  
FANNIE  
HURST

*who was born and raised in St. Louis  
and makes that city as interesting  
a story background as Charles  
Dickens did London*



*A New Novel by* CYNTHIA  
*The* Garden



**T**HOUGH Peril Kelly had been born a child of Rhodesia there was more of the fine Italian than of the frank colonial in her composition. Her father a scape-grace Mounted Policeman, dead sooner than strictly necessary because his malaria-overladen veins could not last the pace, left her no inheritance of Celtic rashness; nor, it seemed, had Perilla Kelly, that lovely Italian creature, dead too of the pace, bequeathed to her only child the torment of her noontide temperament. Passing strange that the sole issue of that tempestuous union should be calm and tranquil as a gardenia opening in the moonlight!

The garden in fact seemed to be Peril's most natural setting, and there she was chiefly found, though sometimes she worked with her uncle in his laboratory, spending long fascinated hours over glass tubes and Bunsen burners, sorting, classifying and testing the herbal plants for which he had a passion. Doctor Kelly's homeopathic potions were almost as renowned as his sound knowledge of modern surgery; but the one was his business, the other only his hobby.

Bruce Kelly had been a widower for many years, and his brother's orphan girl composed his entire family, except for Valpy, a capable St. Helena woman who ran the household on oiled wheels. So that few people in Rhodesia enjoyed a smoother existence than he and Peril in the house known as The Hill above the township of Umtété.

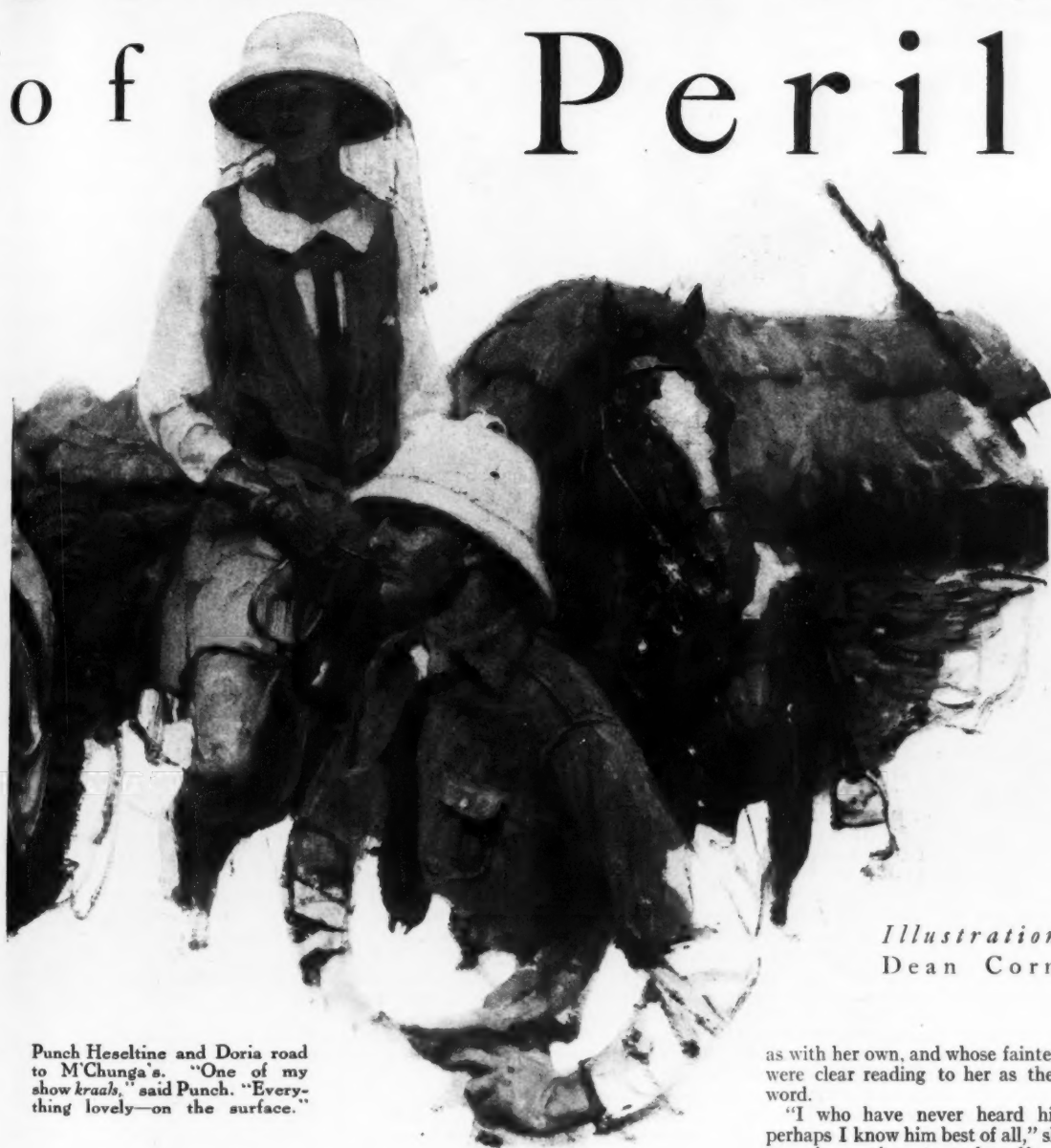
The Doctor had planned and planted his garden much about the same time as his niece was being planned and planted to fulfill her destiny in it, that is to say some twenty years before, and his foresight was now repaid. For, if you take clumps of blackthorn, mimosa, teak, euphorbia, and other fantastically branched and flowering veldt trees, pen them in with English roses, scented thymes, larkspurs, hollyhocks, lavender bushes and masses of mignonette, above a world's view of rolling kopje-country and a horizon of Mediterranean blue, you will have all the elements of enchantment at your daily disposal. The Doctor however, being a busy man, had little time for more than brief

# A S T O C K L E Y

AUTHOR OF  
"PONJOLA"

## o f

# P e r i l



Illustrations by  
Dean Cornwell

Punch Heseltine and Doria road to M'Chunga's. "One of my show kraals," said Punch. "Everything lovely—on the surface."

tender glances at his paradise as he came and went; it was Peril who tasted its magic to the full.

Her favorite spot was a rocky terrace, leaf-screened and projecting from the hillside. Here at a rustic table she accomplished all the fine sewing of the household, or swayed in a hammock, nursing her bush baby—a strange little creature of the wilds, half monkey and half squirrel—or just sat in trance-like silence, elbows on table, gazing unseen at those who passed on the road within a few yards of her. Along that broad highway went most people of Umtété at some time or another, either in brazen sunshine, by the light of the moon, or in darkness lighted only by the red glow from the Doctor's lamp hung over the gate; and all unknown to them, behind the feathery veils of red pepper and jasmine, a girl mused upon these transient faces, studying their expressions of anger, amusement, sometimes of despair, with a pair of eyes golden and searching as an eagle's.

Steeped in the solitude of her garden and aloof from the world, she was by no means personally acquainted with all who passed. Indeed, she scarcely knew the names of half. Nevertheless, there were faces with which she had come to be almost as familiar

as with her own, and whose faintest shades were clear reading to her as the printed word.

"I who have never heard his name, perhaps I know him best of all," she would sometimes misquote to herself, and then she was thinking of Punch Heseltine's gay eyes set in sunburnt surroundings, and

the careless smile he kept for all the world. But *she* knew of another face that Mounted Policeman wore when he rode alone . . . a face with the gaiety and the *dégage* smile dropped from it and a dark melancholy set about the lips.

He knew nothing of Peril, of course. Few people did. She had come back so quietly from her years of education abroad and disappeared so unobtrusively into the Doctor's garden that her advent was scarcely remarked. Modern Rhodesia has passed the stage when newcomers were heralded by the blare of a coach horn and everyone turned out to welcome them. Nowadays every town has its daily trains from the coast, its private cars to meet arrivals, its shoals of tourists and transitory visitors. Life has widened out, and yet become more reserved. You are no longer obliged to dwell in the pocket of your neighbor, nor suffer him in yours. Neither need you share the secrets of your soul, and your commissariat, with your fellow townsman because of the uselessness of trying to hide them from him. Rhodesia is still Rhodesia, of course, and existence there continues to maintain itself upon a peculiarly intimate plane; but it is not the family party of "the dear old early days." Even,





*Doctor Bruce Kelly*

it is possible for an inhabitant to withdraw into the utter seclusion of a hermit's life if so oddly constituted as to prefer it.

Wherefore Peril found nothing to prevent her from following the even tenor of her ways. No one broke in upon her delicious reveries and solitudes, or interfered with her pastime of studying known and unknown faces. And if perhaps her tastes in this seem unusual, let it be admitted at once that her education in Italian convents had been unusual, and not inclusive of such accomplishments as tennis and dancing. These being the chief occupations of the younger portion of Umtété's population, it is understandable that socially she might have been a little out of the running; but as it happened this was entirely to her taste. As for the Doctor: wrapped in his own pursuits, it suited him very well that his niece should be the type of girl content with books and flowers and a secret world of her own.

So Peril sat daily on her terrace, with Umtété slumbering in the sunshine below, the Police Camp perched upon another hill to the right, and away to the left that scattered picturesque suburb of bungalows known as the Marshways. This afternoon she had witnessed, as many times before, the passing of Punch Heseltine from Camp to Marshways, and half an hour later his return, with Mrs. Pam Heseltine, his cousin's wife, riding beside him.

Pam Heseltine was a sick man; and one never likely to get astride of a horse again; but his wife had an ideal seat, habited herself to perfection, and from behind a fantastic sort of *yashmak* made of mist-blue chiffon and worn to preserve her skin, she sparkled like a jewel.

"Very well," Punch Heseltine was saying, "after tea at the Camp I'll take you on to M'Chunga's. It's one of my show *kraals*. Every nigger pays his tax regularly, never gets drunk and never splits his brother's skull. Everything at M'Chunga's is lovely—on the surface at any rate."

"Only on the surface?" Doria Heseltine's silver notes floated up and hung in the pepper branches.

"Nothing is what it seems," the man laughed ironically. "There are no fields of amaranth on this side of the grave."

"What a pretty quotation!" flung Doria carelessly, and they passed on.

But the girl sitting in the garden produced from a memory never inconstant to beautiful words that which Punch Heseltine's companion could not have known—the context of Lander's exquisite phrase:

"There are no fields of amaranth on this side of the grave: there are no voices, O Rhodopé, that are not soon mute, however tuneful: there is no name, with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated, of which the echo is not faint at last."

She was still pondering this melancholy magic when the Doctor's voice sounded from the garden.

"Peril! I'm going to the Marshways. Coming too?"

"Yes—coming, Uncle Bruce." She pulled a shady hat down on to a head that shimmered sherry-brown in the sun-

shine, and sped after him, catching up to him at the little gate they used for their private path to Minto Lodge.

"I fancy Heseltine will be alone this afternoon," said the Doctor as she slid an arm through his, "and perhaps it will cheer him up if you stay and talk a bit, when I go on to the hospital. What do you think?"

"Of course, I'm always so sorry for him. O Uncle Bruce! Do you think you'll be able to help him?"

"It's late in the day," said the Doctor dryly. He was baldish, stoutish, reddish, with the vague manners of a profound thinker, and a pin-spot of piercing penetration in each gray eye. "He's paying the bill for the past, as we all have to do sometime."

They were entering the lodge gate when he added musingly: "But I'm trying a new injection on him. It may do some good. Make yourself scarce for ten minutes, child."

Poor Pam Heseltine! Being one of those people who could not be kept in bed, they found him propped in his wheel chair on the veranda, with Keable, his wife's maid, sewing near at hand.

He looked like some wild hawkish bird that had been winged and chained to a post, and that he had done the winging himself did not make your pity any the less for that gaunt shambling frame of bones and nerves, that dark racked face. A neurasthenic wreck, drinking too much, for he could no longer exist without drink, and getting no more than one hour's sleep in the twenty-four without the help of drugs. Odd that with it all he had a look of courage, and the same gay eyes as his cousin Punch.

"Ah! There you are, Doc!" he croaked cheerily. "And brought my specialist with you, I see!"

Peril smiled at that, and took his wasted hand.

"I've come to sit with you for a little, when Uncle has gone—if I may?"

"Rather! . . . I wish you'd come oftener. Get tea, please, Keable. Sit down, everybody."

The Doctor seated himself and took out a surgical case and two little bottles. Peril, murmuring that she would help Keable get tea, followed the maid indoors.

The Heseltines were among the few people in Umtété she knew well. That had come to pass because the ship which brought her back to her native land had carried them also, in a last despairing search of health for Pam Heseltine. It was the despair, combined with the subtle look of courage, stamped upon the ravaged but still handsome features, that had drawn the shy girl out of herself and into a certain deck-usefulness to the sick man. And when they found they were bound for the same little spot on the map it made a further cause for friendliness. Heseltine's point of interest at Umtété being the presence there of his cousin, who was in command of the Mounted Police.

"I want to see old Punch again before I go west. Perhaps you know him, Miss Kelly? 'A bold bad man, and a desperado' as they sing at the Eccentric's, but good to look at and very companionable."

No—Peril did not know him, having been away from Rhodesia since her childhood. She explained this to Pam, and also, gravely, that she had never met a bad man, at which he seemed grimly amused.

Most things moved him to a sardonic amusement, including his wife when she gently declined to be installed with him in the



"Gad," said Heseltine to Peril, "if the Doctor can only keep me going long enough."

big state cabin, on the grounds that it would be neither wise of her to share a sick man's atmosphere nor good for him if she should "crock up" and have to leave him to the care of hirelings. That made him laugh like the dickens. Nevertheless the element of bitterness was always absent from the laughter he directed at his wife. He seemed to think, with the rest of the world, that nothing unpleasant or inconvenient should touch that lovely personage.

The ship's doctor being entirely in accord with this opinion, accommodation for Mrs. Heseltine had been sought for and, in spite of a full ship, found elsewhere. That was how Peril had come to know Doria Heseltine so well. Too well. For it was Peril's cabin that had been invaded, and Peril's good

nature that had made invasion possible; yet, the arrangement once concluded, you'd have thought Peril herself to be the intruder, for no one could have been more unwelcome within the precincts of that sacred grove devoted to the cult of beauty.

From the first, and without any time lost in discussion, all the girl's possessions had been gently but firmly pushed from drawer and peg to make room for Mrs. Heseltine's. Then every morning found her departure impatiently awaited, and every evening, whether she liked it or not, the cabin door was locked against her for a couple of hours. However, there were times of sea stress when even selfishness had not the power to oust the girl from her berth; and then indeed she had seen what she had seen, and heard what she had heard.



It was a perfect revelation to the unworldly girl of a perfected worldly egotism. With youthful extravagance she had at first gone down in adoration before that softly curved and tinted face and sweet, inquiring gaze of periwinkle-blue; the lovely little yellow head, cropped and curled like a Florentine page's; the gracefully *luxuriante* form always swathed in tender blues and greens that threw up her fairness dazzlingly. But adoration faded, changing into amazement that those childlike eyes could turn to stone, the delicious red lips form a thin scornful channel for cutting and contemptuous remarks, and always for reasons that seemed to Peril utterly trivial; because, for instance, Keable had been late for the hour of massage, or given the goldy locks a twinge in curling, or left some pot of precious face cream where unsympathetic eyes might spy it.

Keable, it is true, bore these things with equanimity; though her patience might have been more admirable if not counteracted by a habit of gossip behind her mistress's back. As it was, other maids, and all the ship's stewardesses, knew of the "daily layer

to be worked off" from Mrs. Heseltine's exquisite figure, and of the little slices of raw steak dipped in hazel extract laid nightly upon a delicate throat and cheek.

"At her age they put on a fresh layer every day, and if it isn't worked off every night, well—good by beauty! You see, she will be m'lady some day, and she means to dazzle them when she is—to spring forth like a crocus out of the earth, all fresh and new." Thus Keable, who was not without a certain gift of imagery.

"She shouldn't go to Africa if that's her plan," a stewardess succinctly retorted. Which expression of opinion, being duly separated from its context, was repeated to her mistress by Keable, never reluctant to bring pain to those lovely eyes.

"What did she mean?" breathed Doria fearfully. "The country's civilized, isn't it?"

"Oh yes, madame, in a way! But the heat is very shriveling, I understand. And the water hard. No electricity in most of the Rhodesian private houses—they're more like huts than





Punch's eyes still held the dazzle of Doria Heseltine, but that did not prevent him from receiving an impression, as he was introduced to Peril, of something exquisitely composed of light and darkness, something clear and pure . . . like white flowers in the cool gloom of water.

houses, it seems—and I shan't be able to give you your electric baths, nor use the massage machine."

"You'll have to manage somehow." The hard look came into Doria's eyes, and Keable realized she was in for it. Not for nothing had Mrs. Heseltine paid heavy fees for her maid to take a course of Swedish massage. Keable's fate would be to do an imitation of electricity.

"And you'll have to make me sort of *yashmaks* of blue crêpe de Chine, Keable, to wear out of doors. I *won't* have my skin ruined! Bring me my dispatch case. I'll write at once to Melisande about water softeners, and for a larger supply of her tropic cream."

A lovely woman on the wane, who has never cared for any but material things, is in a sorry plight. It is pitiful to see her putting up a daily fight with Time, that implacable witch who pulls apart Nature's fairest constructions and treads relentlessly "the loveliest and the best" of us back into the dust from which we sprang.

Thus it was with Doria Heseltine, eaten up by worldly ambition and cherishing her beauty as the weapon wherewith to gain her ends. Time and the encroachment of flesh were her bitter enemies, but she fought them like a tiger. Idolizing the exquisite shape of her body, she suffered torments at the pinching, pounding, pummeling, hands of Keable, to keep it. For the worst of those *luxuriant* women is that they don't know where to stop "putting it on," as Keable expressed it. There comes a time when the fine line of demarcation between delicate *sveltesse* and a fatal opulosity may be overstepped, and the beauty wakes up one terrible morning to find herself—*stout!*

Doria had long resolved that with her this thing should never be. It was absolutely essential to her type of beauty to stay young and slender. That Greuze-like gaze, that bobbed gold head, that silvery laugh, all appertained to a state of entrancing youth; on middle age they would seem out of place, fantastic; almost they might be absurd. Wherefore unceasingly she cried within herself:



A hurricane of sensation and emotion began presently to sweep and pierce him and then

"I *won't* get heavy! I *won't* lose my beauty!"

She was a fighter all right. Peril had never quite understood exactly what it was that she was fighting and why. But some facts transpired this afternoon that made things a little clearer.

After the Doctor had gone the girl poured out tea for Heseltine and could not help noticing how much brighter he seemed already for his treatment. Actually he began to talk about getting out

a car from home—a matter of several months—and, as he didn't usually look ahead for more than ten days at a time, this was rather remarkable.

"I believe one can get a decent one out for something under three hundred. And Doria would like it too. She says she gets so sunburnt on horseback."

"She looks beautiful riding," said Peril with natural generosity. "I saw them pass this afternoon."



Punch felt a cooling peace, winging out of space and nesting in the fastness of his heart.

"She *can* sit a horse, can't she? And Punch has a couple of decent hacks—wouldn't be a Heseltine if he hadn't! But"—his voice grew warmer—"how I'd like her to have a chance at some of the Scawnshane horses. However——"

"Scawnshane? Is that your home?"

"Yes—the old place. Gad! if the Doctor can only keep me going long enough! It would be rough on her to just miss by a few months everything she hankers for—wouldn't it?"

Peril contemplated him with uncomprehending gaze.

"How could she miss it?"

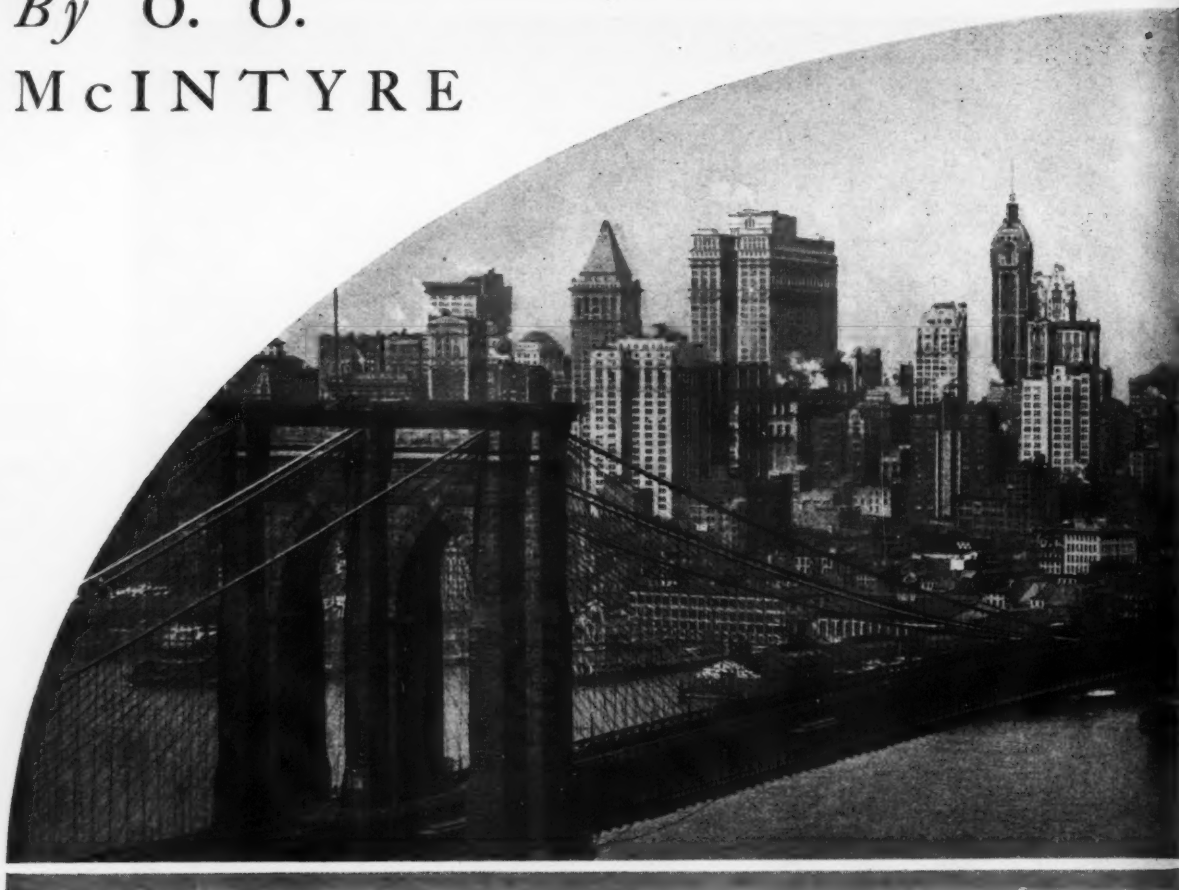
"Well—I'm the heir of course, but supposin' I peg it before my uncle, old Lord Kenchester, the title and estates will go to my young brother Dick."

"I see."

"That's all right, of course. Dick's a fine youngster and will carry on with far more credit than ever (Continued on page 168)



By O. O.  
McINTYRE



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## *When I'm BROKE Take Me*

**R**OCK-RIBBED Manhattan—the Isle of Ice! Volumes have been written of its glacial front. From the cañons of Wall Street to the rise of Coogan's Bluff it is dubbed "the hard-boiled town," a friendless camp where no one knows his neighbor.

Poets sing of its haughty manner and superior smugness—a peacock, vain, strutting and forever preening its wings.

And yet—

Near gleaming Columbus Circle a member of the scarlet sisterhood sank to the curb. Lips that nightly framed the illicit question were seared by acid.

A surging crowd! An ambulance! And at the hospital it was found a sheaf of bills was clutched in one of her hands and a woman's jeweled bracelet in the other. It was the hurrying tribute of bystanders to a soul-sick stranger.

Not so many years ago a gifted writer battered his way to the portals of success—and pneumonia ended his career before he could enter. There was a penniless widow.

In the old Fifth Avenue hotel a magazine editor and a well known writer discussed the unhappy situation. They determined to tap Manhattan's generosity and wandered northward.

They accosted this acquaintance and that with the same story. A talented man who was nameless had died and funds were needed for the deserving widow. When they reached Forty-fourth Street several hundred dollars had been collected. No giver asked a question and not a single person refused.

And again—

In mid-afternoon she sits erect and stately—like an empress—as her horse-drawn four-wheeler rolls up Fifth Avenue. Around her is a Paisley shawl and over her head a tiny black parasol.

The old driver in his faded plum-colored suit of a decade ago holds the lines. It is an anachronistic note in a motor age—and the old lady does not know that the venerable coachman is paying the bills from years of self-denial.

The Gondorfs, shrewdest of confidence men, did not fly their piratical flag in Big Pump, Nebraska. They operated in the marble magnificence of what was once the finest hotel at the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway. From sophisticated New Yorkers they gathered their million.

Cynical, suspicious Broadway! An actress whose husband was arrested on a serious charge feverishly sought bail.

At a midnight show where she was forced to appear following a day of failure she passed a ringside table where sat a well known gambler. He whispered a message to her.

After the show she met him and he placed \$70,000 in Liberty Bonds in her hands without the scratch of a pen. She had never seen him before. "You're a game kid and need help," he said with phlegmatic terseness.

Nellie Revell and the late William Raymond Sill were Broadway press agents. Both were stricken with long illnesses. Stony-hearted Broadway provided a private room in a New York hospital for Miss Revell to fight her courageous battle for health. Every comfort is hers.

And to Mr. Sill were given funds to purchase a Long Island inn where he spent his declining days in peace.

Each, in the Broadway vernacular, was a "good fellow"—and must not suffer.

Earl Carroll, a successful song writer, went broke producing plays. One year after he had stood penniless on a Broadway corner a theater bearing his name was opened on one of the finest Rialto locations—a monument to Broadway's faith in a courageous young man who ten years before was a theater usher in Pittsburg.

The truth is that no place is there a warmer and more generous pulsebeat than along the wickedest street in America.

Broadway scoffs the ordinary cadger and spinner of hard luck tales, but when adversity comes rushes to the rescue. No theatrical season is complete without half a dozen "benefits" to provide funds for those who have gone down in the battle of life.



## Back to Old BROADWAY

And many of these benefit performances are recruited from the ranks of the jobless. There is sane philosophy in the vagrant ditty "When I'm Broke, Take Me Back to Old Broadway."

New York is the beggar's paradise. Penury indeed brings plenty on the streets of the metropolis. Any number of professional beggars ride in automobiles after "office hours."

Fifth Avenue's signless austerity seems coldly aloof to the stranger. The glittering shops strike an awesome note. It is a "high-hatting" street of suffocating grandeur and the last in the world where the ordinary mortal would ask for credit.

Yet nowhere is credit so easy. It is axiomatic that "the Avenue" assumes everyone to be honest until he is proved to be otherwise—reversing the popular conception. It was Paper Collar Joe who said: "Give me a fur coat, a silk hat and a gold headed cane and I'll live on Fifth Avenue credit for years in plenty."

O. Henry's Bagdad on the Subway is quick to forgive its erring sons and daughters. If they are caught in the whirlpool of Broadway's furious waters and come to the top again, they are welcomed with the loud huzza.

In a peaceful Connecticut village resides a young woman, still in her thirties. Very few who see her today, sitting quietly at the opera or the play, would realize that only a few years ago she made a sudden detour in the rush to Hell.

It was the ancient story along the Phosphorescent Path—youth, beauty and joyous health, the triple combination upon which Broadway feeds. First the cocktail. Then champagne and wild nights of revelry along the blazing trail.

In the end—a twitching, hollow-eyed wreck. Cocaine. But she came back! Her regeneration was complete and today she is Broadway's "Little White Sister"—to whom the bruised and beaten go for comfort. She is beloved, respected and admired. Her past is a Broadway symbol of hope. What other street would so elevate its fallen?

New York is merciful in its immensity. Consider its army of shabby genteel. It bivouacs in the attics of the fading brownstone fronts. Here are men trained in the universities of the world who have nothing left but frozen dreams. Life has passed them by. They are not the victims of drink or the *mésalliance*—merely unexplained failures, who eke out a living canvassing.

To them are offered free the things they love most—the finest art galleries, museums and libraries; and for a pittance they may hear the inspiring arias of grand opera. To be "broke" in any other city would be calamitous, but in Manhattan they find a certain peace and content.

"Blind George" for years hawked newspapers in front of the Herald building in Herald Square. One morning he tapped his sluggish way to work. His little hutch was gone. The Herald building had been sold and wreckers were dismantling it.

News of his adversity spread quickly northward and the next day Blind George was installed in a new stand with a purse of gold to boot at the Forty-second Street corner of Bryant Park—a gift from Broadwayites who had heard of his plight.

The late and deservedly beloved Frank Bacon did not reach his goal—Broadway—until his hair was whitened by the snows of many winters. He was marooned in the "sticks"—the dreary round of one night stands.

But he came, saw and conquered; and when, after a three years and a day stay at the end of the rainbow, he left, Broadway turned out en masse with a parade the like of which the metropolis had never seen before. Bacon, who had believed Broadway's heart as tough as steel, found it soft as putty.

There are more men living by their wits on Broadway than on any other given area in the world.

They know the truth and that truth is that behind Broadway's mask of sophistication is the naive country bumpkin.

For after all, we of Broadway are merely gilded clods from Painted Post, Nevada, Gallipolis, Oh o, and Sandpit, Iowa.

# IRVIN S. COBB

*this Month  
Tells the  
Story of*

## *The Eminent DR. Deeves*

*Illustrations by  
John Alonzo Williams*

THE eminent Doctor Deeves lived in a cottage which fitted into an indent in the high wall of rough field stones that bounded the grounds of his sanitarium on all four of its sides. The front breadth of this wall was the first thing, nearly always, to take the eye of a traveler turning out of the main county turnpike into the quieter byway that led northward past the establishment. It rose up straight and blank and it stretched away for a formidable run of four hundred feet. No gate or gap broke into it; the entrance, which opened on a graveled drive that skirted the east face of the enclosure, was entirely out of sight from the public road. It suggested seclusion and aloofness, which were the intents; and it made a mystery of what might lie back of it, and that was inevitable, and yet perhaps, on the part of its proprietor, not altogether undesirable.

This sanitarium, as it was called in deference to certain popular prejudices, was a place for the confinement and the care of persons suffering from mental and nervous disorders. It was a private asylum, or as those might say who favored the crueler old English name, a madhouse.

First, the approaching stranger would see the wall, then, coming nearer and alongside, would be aware of a massing of trees behind the barrier and, from one point where the road humped itself over a slight elevation in the earth, he could see—if he continued to look that way—the upper floors of some large buildings, like barracks or dormitories, rising in the middle distance. He must pass on several rods farther before he caught



"This is the only time," said Doctor Deeves, "you have

sight of the doctor's cottage where it snuggled into its jog or recess. At the back, the wall was joined to it, so that its rear elevation formed a proper part of the boundary.

It was rather a gay and jaunty little house, with a mottled slate roof on it to relieve the gray of its masonry construction, and with many windows looking out on the flower beds and the narrow strip of lawn which made the approach for it. The passer-by felt that the architect had done well to invest this dwelling with the look of a home, seeing that always it must contend for its cheerfulness against the frowning dominance of that long tall wall, springing away from it on the right flank and the left. But in the summer, awnings and vines and porch furniture helped to give it brightness. Also, frequently visible, there was a child.

At least, in times gone by there had been a child. Doctor Deeves was a widower with one child, a daughter. At the time this account properly begins, though, she had grown out of childhood into girlhood. Doctor Deeves's wife was dead when he gave up practice in the city to move out here, three miles from





offered to interfere in the management of my institution. I hope it may continue to be the only time."

the small town of Amitydale, and set up this now famous institution of his.

The daughter's name was Hazel Deeves and at eighteen she was pretty, in a subdued, quiet sort of way. If we bar the servants and a governess she had for a while as a little thing, before Doctor Deeves himself took over the undertaking of her education, and, after that, a housekeeper who served until the little mistress was old enough to assume the domestic duties, these two—the distinguished specialist and the young girl—were the only regular residents that the house in the shadow of the sanitarium walls had ever sheltered. So far back as her memory went it was the one home she always had known; she was a baby on a pillow when her father brought her from the East.

Back there in the East he had been distinguished as an alienist. Now he preferred to be known as a psychiatrist, which to one versed in the shadings of meaning conveyed by the phraseology of his calling marked a change in the doctor's scientific estate. To the layman the titles might be interchangeable; inside the profession there was a subtle distinction between them. Once

upon a time his learned opinions, given in court under the head of expert testimony, had broken more than one will, had saved more than one insane murderer from the chair and had sent more than one sane malingeringer to it. Now, in these latter days, his reputation more largely rested upon his diagnostic talents and upon his system of treatment—which sometimes worked cures—for unfortunate humans whose brains had gone awry.

To him the work he was doing was of such tremendous importance that he had neither time nor patience for anything else. It held him, to the exclusion of practically all lesser interests. Excepting when he dealt with his own business he had about him an air of supreme absorption, as though his thoughts were too precious for exposure to the common currents of discussion. He had no small talk for a company. Also he had about him the cocksureness which so frequently accompanies preeminence in a brilliant man's affairs. You couldn't tell Doctor Deeves anything, because if you agreed with his conclusions that merely was to him added evidence—not that he needed it—to demonstrate that he was right, and if you disagreed with him, why,



that then was proof of either your blindness or your stupidity; so, in either event, what you had to say was of no consequence.

Make a mental picture of an arrogant, quick-gaited, generally silent man, with double-lensed glasses riding his nose and with a short harsh beard bristling forth from a stubborn chin and accenting rather than cloaking the clamped and dogmatic set of his lips, and for the purposes of this narrative you have a sufficiently full likeness of the eminent Doctor Deeves. See him once and you would know him again anywhere.

By all outward favors, his daughter was of another cast. She must have taken after her mother; certainly she seemed in no visible way to follow the parental mold. She was a gentle, almost a timid little thing, self-effacing, docile by nature, and in her temperament borrowing a protective coloration from objects about her. It was a strange life she led at eighteen, but no stranger than the life she always had led. Mad people had been her comrades from the hour she reached the age when comradeship began to mean something to her. She had no fear of them, and no distrust. They were, to her, as matter-of-fact as normal playfellows would be to a child brought up in different surroundings.

Her little world, the one she knew the best and loved the best, lay back of the cottage, on the sanitarium's shut-in acres. To the uninformed, viewing the place from without, it conveyed with its walls the impression of being jail-like, so built and so ordered as to insure that its inmates would be safely held. She could not recall a time when her understanding of the meaning of the boundary had not been a better one. It was set there as a bar against morbid curiosity; its intent was to save those who dwelt within it from prying eyes and mischievous annoyances. It was not their prison wall but a wall of protection for them. Shielded by it, they followed their pursuits and devices, which were many.

The housing of demented folk has gone a long way along the road of compassion and sympathy since the times of Bedlam with its iron chains for the limbs of the insane and its rods for the scourging of their poor backs.

If there are strait-jackets and padded cells and detention harnesses in the modern asylum, the casual visitor does not see them. He sees no maniacs mewing at barred windows. Workshops and reading rooms and rest-rooms; singing birds in cages and flowers in pots; comfortably furnished rooms and wards; broad wide sunlit corridors; some times isolated cottages whose doors are not locked; pleasant walks winding along under shade trees and across wide smooth stretches of lawns; tennis courts and ornamental gardens—these are what he sees. Excepting for the look out of the eyes of some who live there and except for the gait of some of them—the legs lifted high at each step and then the feet thrown forward with a jerk—it is possible that in his visit he will see or hear scarcely a thing to suggest that these men and these women, here concerned with their various occupations and diversions, are in any wise abnormal.

This, then, was the sort of place the child, Hazel Deeves, grew up in. Her father's sanitarium was an expensive one. Only those unfortunates whose people might afford to pay well for their keep were sent to him, and only the most scientific, the most merciful and the most advanced methods were here employed. Music, sports, healthful employments, were provided; in the surroundings was all possible beauty and comeliness.

So the child's world was a world of flowers and trees and green grass, and for playmates she mainly had those who in age were adults but who, because of their infirmity, were in thought and habit children. There was a woman who played at dolls with her—a woman whose mind had stopped growing when she was twelve years old. There was an old man with a white beard and a soft brogue in his voice; he took her with him to far corners of the grounds on a search for a little man in a red jacket with a green feather in his hat, who worked magic. He was quite as sure as she was—surer even—that sooner or later they would find this little man.

Another of her favorite companions was also an old gentleman, one with chubby pink cheeks and a benevolent manner. He gave her advice for the fashioning of mud pies and the building of sand fortresses, but no actual help in their construction. For this there was a reason.

Seen at a distance, he appeared to have both his hands thrust into a curious sort of leather muff, rather like an overgrown roll for carrying sheet music. On drawing nearer one would discover that his wrists were strapped fast inside the device and that a light steel chain which threaded through a steel ring in his muff was fastened behind his back with a special lock.

Among all the patients who had run of the outdoor spaces this old man alone wore bonds. He had a passion for plucking the hair out of other persons' heads; otherwise he was quite rational. He was very vain of his leather wristlets and his waist chain. The inconvenience of wearing them was balanced off by the distinction they gave him. He was most happy and cheerful, though, when he was with or near the little girl. She liked him tremendously. He told such splendid fairy tales.

Sometimes in the night, and more especially in a moonlighted night, there came wailing cries from a certain secluded wing of one of the buildings; they went on for hour after hour. In her bed in the cottage the child could hear them as she dropped asleep, but they did not frighten her or give her bad dreams. She knew that when the fit passed the men and women who uttered those sounds would be quite friendly and quiet and that from them she need fear nothing.

Indeed, there were many among the inmates who would have died to protect her. She appreciated this fact, as it were, instinctively. She accepted their vagaries as verities; their delusions fitted in, often enough, with her childish conceptions of causes and effects. Her father made use of their devotion for his little daughter. When all else failed—cajolery or persuasion or disciplinary measures—there were certain patients who could be brought back from the beginnings of violent outbreaks by the threat that Hazel should not be permitted to speak with them or visit them. To Doctor Deeves it seemed perfectly proper that in controlling his more unruly charges he should invoke the power of his daughter's influence.

Nor could he see any possibility of harm coming to her from these associations. In his detached way he loved her as he loved his profession, which meant that he loved her with all his heart. For her he had all possible fatherly pride and devotion. He would have been the first, as often he told himself, to take her entirely away had he sensed peril of whatsoever sort for her in the life she lived. But he could sense none. All his own experiences and all the recorded experiences of authenticated neurologists from the earliest times to these present ones, told him that contact with the insane never had affected adversely the mentality of a sanely minded individual. There were no data to support so fantastic a theory as the contrary of this.

Once his younger sister came on from Baltimore to visit him and she, being a spinster, naturally and inevitably had pronounced notions of her own touching on the rearing of children. She was decidedly afraid of this autocratic brother of hers, but eventually a solicitude for the welfare of her little niece rose above her fearsomeness and led her to remonstrate with him. She did not get very far. The contemptuousness which blazed from his eyes and made two hot little burning glasses of his spectacle lenses silenced her, even before he made answer.

"Henrietta," he bade her, "don't be a fool. Hazel is not lonely. I deny emphatically that she is lonely. Merely because she is thrown so little with other children is no sign that she is lonely. For a child, her life is remarkably full. She never lacks for a playfellow. She gives comfort to these patients and they give company and pleasure to her. According to my best observation and belief, she is happier in their society than when she is with children of her own age. She is never in the slightest danger from any of them. I doubt whether there is a patient here who would offer to injure her. Besides, some one of the staff—a nurse or a man attendant or one of my assistants—is always within sight and hearing and easy reach. What danger could there be?"

"I wasn't thinking of any physical danger, Edgar," said the sister. "But don't you think that such constant intimacy with persons whose minds are deranged may in the long run be bad for her own mind? That's what I was trying to say—what I meant—the mental and the temperamental results—and all."

"Henrietta," he snapped, "again I repeat, don't make a fool of yourself." He bit the words off sharp and hard. "Insanity invariably arises from certain sources—congenital causes, hereditary causes, from disease, from shock sometimes, from grief, from bad habits, from alcoholism, from other things. But it is not contagious. It is not an infection which floats about in the air. All my active life I have been in constant contact with every imaginable phase of insanity. Am I insane? Do you expect me to go insane?"

"Bah! Hazel is all right. I only trust that when she grows up her future may be as well safeguarded as her childhood has been. Kindly endeavor to disabuse your mind of these silly fancies which you seem to have entertained concerning my daughter. And, whether or not you succeed in doing that, please do not refer to the matter again to me or to any other

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Stephen made Hazel believe his story and she, who never before crossed her father, consented to help.

person about these premises. Above all, do not speak to Hazel—I'll have no false notions put in her innocent little head."

During the remainder of her visit Miss Henrietta Deeves steadfastly heeded the warning. No one else ever so much as dared to suggest to Doctor Deeves that the course he had followed, and still followed, in the bringing up of his daughter might be open to criticism.

So he went on, this earnest, conceited, single-purposed scientist, following his bent and never suspecting, even in his occasional hours of introspection, that in certain respects he was neglecting the child. Such education as she got—and in some

respects it was thorough enough—she got from him. Such traveling as she did was done with him and none other, so that at home or abroad she dwelt constantly in the coils of his will and his personality. Frequently, even when she was with him, he was but half aware of her. He might love her dearly but she did not interest him—she was not a case. So she grew up to the edge of her womanhood and was pretty in a pallid, almost a colorless fashion, and at eighteen the enclosure behind the walls still was where she spent the greater part of her time and where she felt the greatest measure of peace and content.

It has taken this much space and this many words to bring

Hazel Deeves forward to within a few weeks of her nineteenth birthday. Until now, her youth had been leisurely, placid, cloistered almost. Within the little mured community where she spent the greater part of her time one uneventful month had followed another without jar or jostle. For her, the place was like one of those quarters in the Orient where the white foreigners bide, knowing little of the races that hive and swarm outside the sheltering compound.

Now, though, came an interruption in the smoothened and isolated currents of her life. The thing may be summed in a sentence or two. She met a young man, five years her senior, by name Stephen Shire; for months they were in daily contact. Without exactly witting it, she fell in love with him. He fell in love with her, too. But on his side there was knowledge of what was happening. Under conditions that were peculiar the affair went forward, ripening with rapidity. The condition was most peculiar, indeed. She was the daughter of the great psychiatrist and he was one of that distinguished gentleman's patients.

One day in the fall of the year this young man, Shire, was brought to Doctor Deeves's sanitarium. He had gone overseas as first lieutenant of a company in a National Guard regiment for service against Germany and had been invalided home, a victim of shell-shock, with nerves pitiaibly shattered and his body wasted. His state was bad enough when they brought him back to America; and several months in a government hospital did not help him. Indeed, he grew steadily worse; his mind showed signs of weakening.

His nearest of kin was an older brother, who also was co-heir with him to a considerable estate. This brother took certain legal steps in conjunction with certain medical steps and the upshot of these proceedings was that a court, acting in the best

of faith, declared the sufferer incompetent to care for himself or to administer his own affairs, and signed an order for his commitment to a suitable place of detention. So he was put into the capable hands of Doctor Deeves.

At the sanitarium, under treatment, he very soon showed signs of betterment. Mentally and physically he improved. But there was no hope, ever, for his complete recovery. Doctor Deeves himself said so, saying it with that finality and that unshakable emphasis which invariably marked his professional judgments. Eliminating the hard words and the long ones which enriched his speech, the situation in this case, as summed up and set forth by Doctor Deeves, left no room for doubt. Here it stood:

By reason of hardships and the strain he had undergone in France, the poor young man's reason irreparably had been overthrown. His malady was progressive and incurable. True, for a while he might show signs of mending—as, indeed, he already had done—and with proper care might at times appear to be quite rational. But one must not be deceived by such seemingly favorable indications; one must be guided by one's knowledge and one's experience; one must separate the prospects for a restoration to bodily health from the mental aspects of the case. Regardless of any temporary rallies, this man was to be accepted as one indubitably and definitely cursed with the seeds of derangement. Sooner or later the quality of his derangement would increase. This, in brief, was Doctor Deeves's pronouncement. It is fair to assume that the decision did not altogether displease the older brother.

There is no telling just when the young ex-lieutenant first began to take an active interest in the girl or when she began to feel for him an emotion deeper than pity. Perhaps to both of them the quickening came at once. It is true that very soon



For playmates Hazel Deeves mainly had those who in age



after their first meeting each began to seek and to desire the company of the other. His listlessness would quit him, at sight of her, coming along the walk toward where he sat, on fine mild days in the late fall, drawing in strength for his limbs from the sunshine and the air and the peace of outdoors; and his melancholia had quit him almost overnight. Her step would briskeen as she neared him. She would read to him, he listening for

hours on end, soothed and comforted by the sound of her voice and by the mere fact of her being near him.

In the winter, as he grew stronger, they walked together often. No one seemed to take cognizance of their growing intimacy. It was a part of the routine of the establishment that Miss Deeves should spend a part at least of nearly every day with this patient or that; her presence in the wards or about the grounds

was accepted as a matter of course by the attendants. Probably none of them thought to look for romance in such surroundings as these, where the faculty for loving, like all the other faculties, was skewed and out of joint.

So then, this was how and why it was that, unsuspected by others and, in a way of speaking, unsuspected by her, the love between these two grew and strengthened itself.

As vigor came back to his limbs and as his nerves untautened, he made her subject him to all possible tests of his sanity. He did this as much for her sake as for his own. Already he had convinced himself that, mentally, he was quite restored to the normal. His job now was to convince her of it. This being done and completely done, he told her his story—all of it.

It was such a story as those who deal with the inmates of an asylum hear often enough; it was such a story as she herself had heard many a time, all the while knowing the wildness of the claim set up by the one telling it. But this time she believed. He made her believe, and, besides, with all her heart she wanted to believe.

Even so, she must draw heavily upon what reserve of resolution she might have before she ventured to approach her father in Shire's behalf. You see, she knew her father much better than she knew herself; she knew that to ask him to consider revising his professional opinion would almost be in the nature of a personal affront to him. Finally, though, she went, frightened inwardly but armed with a sense of the justice of her petition.

He listened without interruption to what she had to say. It was his way when opposed or questioned in his decisions to listen for a bit silently and then suddenly to blast the adversary with one fierce sweeping counter-volley. Successfully the citadel of his conceit never yet had been assaulted; it was impregnable. You cannot, with argument, breach a fortress so built as to be absolutely proof against such ammunition. His daughter was wise enough to attempt no extended argument. She set forth her case, rather, in the form of a claim—a plea for the reconsideration and the reopening of an issue closed.

It was a simple enough thing that she asked. And she started out, bravely enough, to ask it. If, toward the close of her speech, she faltered and stammered and repeated herself it was because he sat there so quietly, with no change of expression, with no softening of the glower of disapproval that had



were adults but who, in thought and habit, were children.



formed on his face at those opening words from her which made clear the motive of her mission.

Doctor Deeves was exceedingly fond of his daughter but not even the daughter of an absolute monarch may altogether be excused for lese majesty to the father who must number his child among the subjects of his empire. Rebellion from those closest to the throne always has been most abhorrent to despots. And Doctor Deeves, with the best intentions in the world, nevertheless and to the contrary notwithstanding, was a despot.

"Are you quite through?" he said, when finally she made an end of what she had come to say. "Very well, then, now kindly give heed to me: This is the only time you have ever offered, directly or indirectly, to interfere in the management of my institution. I hope it may continue to be the only time. If it were any other person on earth than you who presumed in this way upon my stock of forbearance I know what the manner of my response would be. I think you also know what the manner of it would be. But because you are my own child I shall be patient with you. I shall do what I should not do in the case of another—I shall take the time required to show you how utterly wrong you are in coming to me with such a request as this one.

"I see very plainly what has happened. This young man's case has appealed to you; that is only natural. He is young; he has served his country in war; he has his whole life before him. But, my child, you must learn not to let your sympathies run away with your judgment.

"How often, in the course of a year or a month, is the claim set up by some person here—some person whom you know to be a lunatic—that he or she has been railroaded to this place, has been unjustly deprived of freedom on a trumped-up charge of insanity made by designing kinspeople, with selfish or dishonorable or dishonest motives at the back of it all? I hear it said every day; so do you—the commonest delusion of common madmen—and said generally by individuals who at that very moment, by their behavior, their language or their looks, betray the fact that they are hopelessly insane.

"Now then, merely because, in this particular instance, the patient has somehow convinced you that for the moment at least he is seemingly rational, that is no reason to assume that he is the exception to the rule. To me, it merely is added proof of what I have known from the time he was brought here. I studied his case with my usual care; I diagnosed it, I passed on it. In the statement which I made at that time I predicted what would follow. I said that for a time he might, and probably would, show some improvement. But sooner or later he will relapse; there is no other prospect, no other possible contingency. He is here because he belongs here, or in some similar place. This is the sort of place where always he will belong. As I have just said, I gave a verdict in his case when he was brought to me. I pronounced it incurable then. I pronounce it incurable now—absolutely. So, my daughter, let us consider this incident as closed for all time to come."

The belligerent tone in his voice softened somewhat: "Let me look at you, child. Hum, it strikes me you do not look well. You have been losing a little flesh, haven't you? And now that I think of it, it seems to me your appetite has been indifferent lately. I think I shall have to take you with me for a little change of air and scene on the next trip that I make. It will do you good to get away. And in the meantime I insist that you must not brood over things which are out of your control or beyond your understanding—remember, I insist on this." His eye strayed back to the mass of papers and printers' proofs on his desk.

"Well, now then, my dear, I think you'd better be running along. Concern yourself with what falls within your proper scope of activities. Just leave me to manage the professional side of this business. By your gauges I may be getting pretty old, but I'm not quite ready to retire yet awhile." He smiled at his conceit, and in his wiry beard the rows of firm, locked teeth showed like the tight edges of a strung trap.

So she went away from him and that afternoon when nobody was within earshot she told Stephen Shire what she had done and what the result of it had been.

It was early springtime by now, and the cherry tree under which they stood while she made her confession was a glorified bouquet of white blooms. She had acted on her own initiative; the original impulse had been hers without any prompting from him, and all the while her plan was taking shape and her courage hardening for the interview with her father, he had been left in entire ignorance of the design.

He was not disappointed at the outcome; some weeks before

he privately had besought Doctor Deeves to submit him to an examination, however rigorous, and the manner of the refusal had convinced him that in this quarter lay no hope for him. Rather, by what he heard now, he was relieved. There was pleasure to him in knowing that he had this gentle little champion and that she had confidence in him and the hardihood to make, in his interests, and singly, the appeal she just had made. The appeal had failed utterly; very well, then, he must move for his deliverance in other directions and by other ways.

He told her, that same afternoon, what he had in mind, making it plain to her that he might need her help; and she, who never before in word or deed had crossed or deceived her father, consented to aid him.

Circumstances ran together to aid the pair of young plotters. Either Doctor Deeves forgot or he postponed his intention of taking his daughter traveling with him.

Anyhow, he was engaged that spring in writing the last chapters of his book, his great authoritative work upon disorders of the brain. Also, a little later on, in June, he would go to one of the leading Eastern universities to receive an honorary degree. Doctor Deeves collected degrees as a stamp collector collects stamps; getting one made him covet more. His vanity exulted in the string of letters he might tail after his name. Just at present his time, which he never wasted, was to him especially precious.

So, taking note somewhat absently that his daughter gained none in flesh and that she seemed paler than common and was abstracted and almost moody, he bought a small car for her and insisted that she learn to run it and that she spend so many hours a day driving about the country.

Only in part, though, did she obey him. She learned to operate the runabout but she shirked the country drives. She would start out alone, but very soon she would come hurrying back. It was as though the wide open spaces daunted her; as though the ability to whiz along quiet lanes and over the smooth-surfaced turnpikes gave her no pleasure. Nevertheless, the fact that now she owned an automobile and was in all respects mistress of it exactly fitted into the scheme which young Shire was devising.

On a day in the latter part of May, just after the noon hour, the two young people ran away together in the swift little car. Before this, though, there had been a deal of conspiring between them.

Under the sanitarium rules, a supervision was exercised over letters written by the patients. Through Hazel Deeves's connivance Stephen Shire evaded the censorship. Secretly he wrote a letter to a man of consequence, a certain Colonel Dougherty, in whose regiment of the A. E. F. he had served, and this letter he smuggled into the girl's hands and she mailed it in the town, supplementing it with one of her own.

Colonel Dougherty's answer, addressed to her, came back promptly. With the evidence of his former lieutenant's own statement before him, every word in it bespeaking a rational and ordered mind, he could not help believing that Shire was the victim of a great and a cruel injustice, and, guided by that belief, he stood ready and willing to offer the protection and the assistance which Shire had asked of him; so the Colonel wrote.

Let Shire make his escape from his confinement, and let him get safely into the state where Colonel Dougherty lived, which would mean out of the jurisdiction and beyond the ordinary legal processes of the state of which the young man was a citizen and in which he had been committed to detention. These things accomplished, Dougherty, for his part, promised to give him asylum under his roof and to furnish such surety as might be required for the orderly behavior of the fugitive and, finally, to invoke the proper authorities, whoever they might be, for an impartial hearing before an impartial tribunal with a view to establishing the present mental competency of his friend.

As Dougherty understood the case, what Shire desired was, first, his liberty and then a chance to prove his sanity. After that, in the Federal courts, he might seek redress against his brother for his denied property rights. The Colonel was no lawyer but he had heard, he said, of similar cases in which this procedure had been followed with success.

Now, Dougherty was a man of influence and consequence; his help would be a tower of strength, as Shire made plain to the girl. There was yet a further fact operating in the prisoner's favor. From the asylum gates to the river which marked the western boundary of the state, the distance was less than twenty miles. Even over indifferent roads an (Continued on page 104)

By FRANK R. ADAMS

of the  
Happiness  
Department

# The Map Eaters

Illustrations by  
Charles D. Mitchell

THE CLEGG FOUR stock chassis, stripped of everything weighing an ounce that could possibly be dispensed with, roared through the mountain dawn.

The Crossland Six entry was less than a mile behind, its motor exhaust spitting red defiance against the vanishing shadows, and Jim Danger, at the wheel of the tiny Clegg car, nudged his mechanic and indicated the oil pump. They had gained a little at La Bojada Grade by taking all of the twenty-seven reverse S curves on a maximum of two perilous wheels, but now on the straightaway down in the valley the pursuing car was inching nearer. The Clegg was probably the best car for ground and lofty mountain climbing that was entered in the race, and Jim Danger was as good a stunt man as there was in America. On the better roads, however, the heavier, higher powered machines made the Clegg motor nearly shake itself to pieces in order to hold its own.

Jim Danger was the only pilot who could possibly drag the Clegg into the money. He had skill plus luck. Whenever he rolled over in a Clegg it always seemed to light on its four wheels and headed in the right direction. The weak plank in the bridge that was waiting to trap a traveler always held up until Jim got across and gave way under the next car. The mechanic who rode with Jim was sure of getting a few more thrills than anyone else in a similar capacity in the race, but he usually escaped with his life.

The roads were too good between Santa Fé and Albuquerque. Except for the precipice at La Bojada and a few minor climbs and descents it was fairly level and, for New Mexico, improved. The last twenty miles into Albuquerque were cement.

The car behind pulled in abreast of the Clegg at the checking station in front of the Hotel Alvarado. Jim's mechanic exchanged grins with the oil pumper on the Crossland Six. There would be something doing during the next hundred miles or so.

Jim crowded out ahead on the road to Los Lunas and gave the Crossland driver a taste of his dust at close range. The latter hung on stubbornly, though, just about as far behind as if he were being towed, and on the stretch from Los Lunas to old Laguna it was all Jim could do to keep his lead. The first



Patsy May

considerable stretch of good road would turn the advantage against him.

Then it began to rain and Jim Danger's spirits increased immediately. It looked like a direct intervention of Providence. For Jim was a mud horse and rain on those dusty New Mexican trails meant deep mud in a very short time, deep, slimy and likewise greasy.

The highways of New Mexico are seldom muddy but when they have the slightest opportunity they do go in for it wholeheartedly and with enthusiasm long deferred. Lately the highway department has been crowning the roads, piling the dirt up high in the middle and sloping the sides so that when it is wet and you once begin to slip you may as well say "Hello" to the ditch right away because there's no hope of escaping it.

"Chains?" yelled the mechanic suggestively.

Jim shook his head. "Not yet."

He was thinking that they had a better chance than the Crossland had without chains and that if they stopped to put

them on the crew in back of them would have time to do likewise and thus equipped would be on more equal terms. No, their best chance lay in crowding their luck.

So they continued their sloshing way, ripping tons of the diluted landscape up and depositing it in new places, bumping into unsuspected water-filled holes, sliding giddily from side to side on the crown of the road like a clawing cat on a waxed incline, but somehow keeping right side up and straddling perilously the ridge of the road. Let both rear wheels get on the same slope once and no one could hold the car out of the ditch. Jim knew that and a thousand times he escaped skidding into a hopeless position across the road merely by a fraction of an inch.

There was only one real satisfaction in the entire situation: so long as the Clegg car stayed on the road no one could pass it, not until they arrived at some village with a wide, improved street. Gallup was the only place it could be done and Jim Danger took a horrible chance of getting gasoline and oil at Lupton, near the Arizona State line, and drove right through Gallup without stopping for scheduled supplies. That put him out on the narrow mud road again, ahead of competitors and in a position to block any car that might attempt to pass.

And still he had no tire chains on. To offset that he had perhaps five minutes' start on the Crossland, which had stopped to apply those safeguards.

Five minutes' start is not very much in a transcontinental race, especially in mud, and the Crossland was soon roaring along behind again like the vicious tail of a comet. Jim Danger thanked his lucky stars that he was blocking the mudway in his floundering chariot and he imagined with a grin of evil satisfaction the sulphurous fumings of his bottled-up rival.

Then came an unexpected stretch of well drained and rock-bedded road. It was, perhaps, some former impassable spot which had been repaired simply because of absolute necessity. Anyway it opened up before Jim Danger and George Corbin, the pilot of the Crossland, like Main Street in Heaven. Both of them knew instinctively that right then and there would probably be settled who was to be the winner of the free-for-all map-eating contest inaugurated by the New York Post-Inquirer with a grand prize of fifty thousand dollars and a lot of gratuities, publicity and other valuable trimmings to be awarded to the successful driver.

Jim Danger hit the hardpan first and let her out as far as she would go the second his rear wheels stopped slithering in slime. Mud flew from the revolving wheels like sparks from a pin wheel.

Corbin climbed on to firm ground about one second behind him. His exhaust spoke for him and grew louder and louder in Jim's ears like the snarl of an angry, pursuing beast.

About three or four hundred yards ahead was the end of the improved road. There began again the narrow, boggy prairie trail full of bumps, holes, deep ruts and ooze. If Jim got there first he could easily hold his lead by blocking off the other car.

So he had to beat Corbin on the open ground.

That was hard to do because the Clegg Four was a little tired by this time and had shaken loose some of its almost essential parts back in New Mexico somewhere and was not snorting exactly like a mount fresh from the meadow and stable.

But Jim was the kind of a driver who makes determination, luck and close judgment take the place of superior machinery; he jerked the Clegg over that ground as if by her boot straps and with the end of the good road in sight he still held his lead against his clanking, cursing adversary with one chain and all of his temper loose.

Still, there was one thing that neither Jim nor his mechanician had seen or could have foreseen. At the end of the stretch and just after the mud began again was a narrow, temporary culvert of new wood. It was made of six-foot lengths of plank crosswise of the road and was a little higher than the track so that there would be an appreciable bump upon hitting it.

Well, a bump was all in the day's work and didn't matter. The springs were lashed flat anyway so that they wouldn't break. What did matter was that the ruts, which Jim had to follow because he had no chains on and couldn't get out of them, led in a dizzy skidding zigzag right to the side edge of the culvert. Whether the last car over had slipped off or gone across was difficult for Jim to tell as he raced toward it.

There was no chance to stop. Even if there had been Jim would not have taken it. The best thing to do under the circumstances was to "shot-gun" the culvert, to depend upon the momentum of increased speed to carry them across whether the wheels were sticking to anything or not.

Jim's decisions were made automatically and in the split second while he was approaching the treacherous spot.

The front wheels hit the slime-covered wood and bounced up in the air. But they came down still on the wood. The spinning rear tires started to climb the plank. And then they began not to climb. Instead they slipped sickeningly sideways. A jab at the accelerator did no good. The Clegg Four reeled, the left wheel dropped over the edge. The differential housing held the car for a second, but then it slid sideways with the inertia of the skid, balanced a second and slipped over too.

The Clegg Four turned turtle into the muddy water below the culvert.

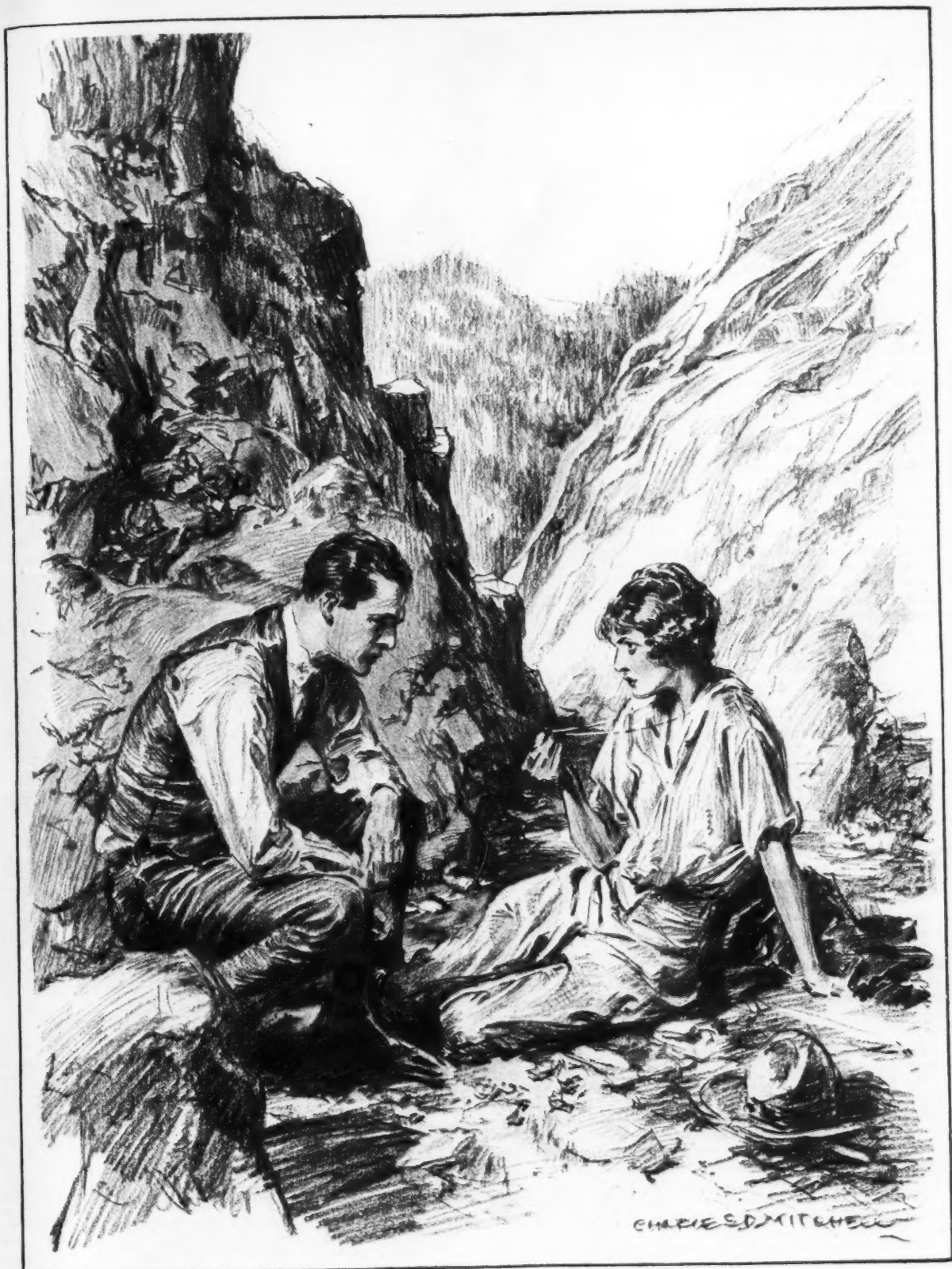
The race was entirely over so far as Jim Danger and his mechanician were concerned.

George Corbin, in the Crossland, peered down at them through his Martian goggles as he passed safely over the treacherous culvert, but that was all. One glance was as much as he could spare from the exigencies of keeping his own car right side up. There were records to be broken, advertising preeminence to be gained for the car he was driving. His sympathies had to be



Sherry





*Jim: "Would you have been angry if I had kissed you?" Sherry held up her locket in reply.*

put in cold storage until the race was over. Then, if Jim Danger had been killed, he would have time to be sorry.

## II

JIM DANGER was not dead. Not yet. But he had a fair chance of joining the innumerable caravan if someone did not

remove the chassis of the Clegg Four from his chest, which it was slowly crushing. Even "one of the lightest cars in America" weighs too much to be worn comfortably as a breastpin.

There was no chance of assistance from "Chicken" Doyle, his helper. Chicken had been thrown ten or fifteen feet to one side and was lying just where he had lighted. Whether he was

dead or not, Jim, with his very limited field of vision, could not determine. Anyway he was out.

Jim rather wished he was, too. There was not much pleasure in contemplating death by suffocating pressure or by drowning in mud. There was a terrible pain in his side, too. Probably a splintered rib.

There was very little probability of help passing for hours, either. Some of the racing cars might come along any time, but casual traffic had practically ceased altogether. The native car owners knew what rain did to the road and "holed up" automatically, while the few foolhardy tourists who had dared to start out were doubtless resting comfortably in ditches of their own devising by this time.

No, Jim's chances seemed exceedingly slim. He wished now that he had been bumped off by that shell which had destroyed his next rank man at Moulin de Longforte. At least that would have been a more glorious end than this. Jim closed his eyes.

"Hello, down there! Is anybody alive?"

Jim was tempted not to answer. He had very little strength left and to tax that little might be the finish. Besides that, the voice was a woman's and Jim suspected that it was a delusion of approaching delirium. There was no sense in supposing that a woman would be abroad near that God-forsaken hole in the hydrated landscape.

But it was a woman, an actual bona fide physical woman of positive and executive character, not a materialized voice. The character was proven almost immediately by the fact that she slithered down the embankment into the somewhat deeper mud at the bottom and floundered over to the inverted car.

There, by looking into each other's eyes, she and Jim discovered that they were both alive.

She had thirty year old eyes, gray with questions in them. The rest of her face showed fewer signs of wear and tear and would perhaps look better under some other kind of a hat. A man's sombrero doesn't bring out all the charm of a feminine physiognomy. Even as it was you could discount the parenthesis around her mouth and the etched sun wrinkles at the corners of her eyes and discover that she was pleasant.

Clothes: Corduroy pants—not breeches, pants—tucked into boots, a flannel shirt and one of those oiled cloth raincoats, unlovely and stiff but serviceable.

"The first thing is to get the weight off your chest," she decided out loud.

Jim smiled. "I'm afraid that will be impossible," he pointed out. "Even if there were something solid to stand on it would take two or three men to budge it."

"Or one horse," amended the girl. "I've got the horse. We keep a few specimens of that nearly extinct species around just to show tourists along with the Indians. You wait here." She started away.

"I promise," Jim told her superfluously.



In a moment or so she was back with an efficient looking "rope," the noose of which she adjusted scientifically to the channel iron frame of the chassis near the center of gravity of the car but on the side away from the road.

"It's going to hurt when we lift this thing," she advised as she worked, "but it's the only way. Are you ready?"

Jim nodded. No use to let her discover how desperately ready he was. Two or three minutes more and he knew that he would have to give up the struggle.

She was floundering away as she spoke. "Here we go," she told him from a distance, "just as soon as I can tighten my cinch so the saddle won't slip."

He heard her speak to her horse, felt the car quiver above him, then slowly lift with an agonizing relief so overwhelming that

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### Chicken Doyle

had told Patsy May the whole story. "I seem to have arrived just in time," she said.

CHARLES D. MITCHELL

he promptly let go of his hold on consciousness and went to join Chicken Doyle in a painless oblivion.

### III

THE doctor was making his second visit when Jim Danger began to realize which were the places that hurt the worst.

He had come back to life in an adobe house with a surprising interior. It had hardwood floors, plumbing and all the absolutely necessary luxuries.

The doctor was apologizing for the mud on his boots. "I'm sorry to track this stuff around on your rug, Sherry, but I couldn't scrape it all off."

"That's all right, Doctor Dan, everybody who has to be out in this weather gets plastered from head to foot. I had to sandpaper your patient in order to get him clean enough to recognize."

So her name was Sherry.

"You're a wonderful nurse, Sherry, and you certainly saved this young man's life twice, once by pulling the car off from him before it crushed him and the second time by the way you held him together all last night when that hemorrhage started.

My hat is off to you, girl. You're more capable than most men."

Additional information for Jim. She was a capable person and had saved his life twice. Well, she had looked capable in her boots and pants and slicker. Women who live in the out of the way Western places doubtless have to be capable or perish.

Jim opened his eyes to take a look at the two people who were discussing him so impersonally.

The doctor was in his range of immediate vision. Three days' growth of whiskers hid a Pickwickian face. He was not tidy in other respects as one has rather grown to expect medical men to be. As a concession to the dressiness of his profession he wore a black suit and a shirt about eighty-five percent white. Around the frayed cuffs was the evidence that it had not been donned for the first time that morning. There were spots on his clothes some of which could probably be brushed out and others of which most certainly could not.

He was big but not tall—and about forty-five.

And there was only one other outstanding fact about him; he was in love with the person he was talking to. The expression with which he was regarding the girl, whose back was turned to Jim, was so incongruously tender on a countenance full of whiskers that it interpreted itself even to a casual masculine observer such as his patient.

Sherry's back was very erect, well proportioned and covered just then by

a fresh wash dress of white with wide crossbars of deep pink. Her hair was dark and there was lots of it, piled high. She was nearly as tall as the doctor but only one-third as wide.

She turned. Hers was a sweet face, patient and kind, not beautiful. She smiled. It was beautiful. Can you see her? The nicest girl you know is like that.

"Doctor Dan," she said, "you've brought him back to this earth again." Her voice was soft, not like silk but like fine wool, rich, warm, with just a little throaty quality in it—a voice to be caressed by.

"Nonsense, you did it yourself. His case was beyond mere medicine and surgery. You're the best nurse in Arizona."

"I ought to be, with you for an instructor." To Jim: "Excuse this exchange of compliments. Mr. Danger, this is Doctor Dan. I am Sherry MacNeil. You must not talk much but you may ask for anything you want."

"Is my mechanic dead?"

Sherry laughed pleasantly. "Far from it. He was not even very badly hurt—just stunned. He's out back of the corral now tinkering with your car. He says you can drive it in to Los Angeles tomorrow. Doctor Dan and I say you can't for several weeks."

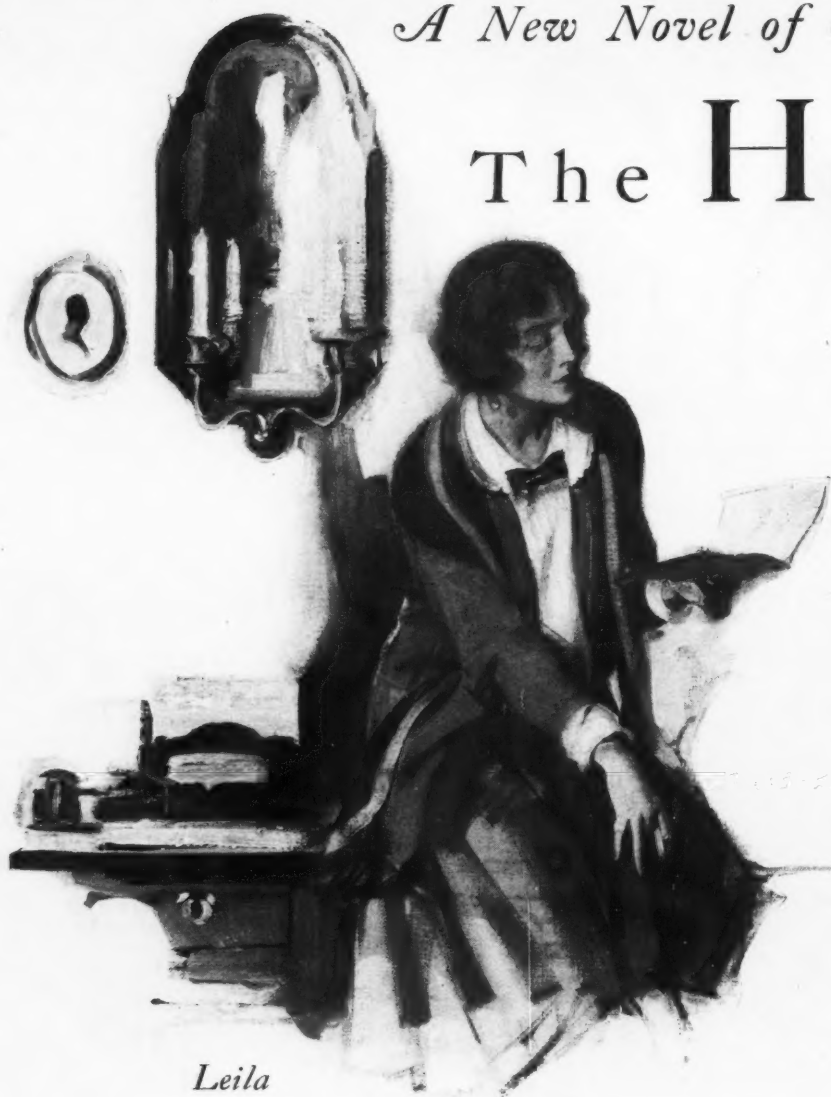
(Continued on page 130)



*A New Novel of American Life*

# The Hope of

*Illustrations by*



*Leila*

## *A Résumé of Part One:*

**T**HE story takes place in an Ohio city and deals with the lives of:

**BRUCE STORRS**, a young architect who has recently received a confession from his mother just before her death: that he is not the son of John Storrs, her husband, but of one Franklin Mills, with whom she had had a brief but tense love affair two years after her marriage. The confession is a blow that brings Bruce's world tumbling about his ears; and when his supposed father dies, he takes a long walking trip to readjust his views. His love for his mother remains unchanged; he knows that this was the one lapse of a really fine character, and that she was faithful in all other obligations to her husband.

Mrs. Storrs had begged Bruce to work near his real father and help him if necessary. Bruce obeys this dying wish and, keeping his secret to himself, goes to find a position in the Ohio city where his father, of whom he knows nothing, lives. The first person he runs into there is

**BUD HENDERSON**, an old college friend, erratic, charming and generous. Bud, it appears, is advantageously married, runs an automobile sales agency and knows everyone worth while in the city. He breezily assures Bruce of an immediate job with

**BILL FREEMAN**, the city's best man in domestic architecture. Indeed, Bud gets himself and Bruce invited out at once to the Freemans' house by

**DALE FREEMAN**, Bill's wife, a charming woman whose home is something of a rendezvous for an intelligent and companionable social set. Freeman is glad enough to take Bruce as his assistant.

Meantime, by way of Henderson's gossip regarding the city's celebrities, Bruce has learned to his relief that his father is a very prominent man, successful, conservative, reticent and something of a puzzle to his fellow citizens; and that evening Bruce meets at Dale's

**SHEPHERD MILLS**, his own half-brother, who is a pleasant, diffident young fellow, keenly interested in social reform and head of a storage battery plant given him by his father. Shepherd at once takes a liking to Bruce, as does also his wife

**CONSTANCE MILLS**, a girl of restless aspirations who, following her nature, immediately begins a mild flirtation with Bruce.

Bruce is destined to meet still another of his father's children when next evening he goes for a walk along the river and finds stalled in the middle of it

**LEILA MILLS**, whose motorboat he tows ashore. Leila, he observes, is young, vivacious, inclined to be wild and on this occasion rather more than mildly tipsy. With her is her friend

**MILLICENT HARDEN**, who attracts Bruce considerably and who, he later learns from Henderson, is the artistically gifted daughter of a wealthy patent medicine manufacturer living next door to Franklin Mills. Socially Millicent is rather out of it because of her father's occupation; but Bruce subsequently meets her at a dance, is more deeply impressed by her singular charm, and is introduced by her to

**FRANKLIN MILLS**, his father, whom he studies guardedly as they engage in casual conversation. Bruce, of course, does not show the depth to which the meeting has affected him.

## *Part Two: CHAPTER IV*

**B**RUCE STORRS. The name of the young man he had met at the Country Club lingered disturbingly in Franklin Mills's memory. He had heard someone ask that night where Storrs came from and Bud Henderson, his sponsor, had been ready with the answer, "Laconia, Ohio." Mills had been afraid to ask questions himself. He computed the number of years that had passed since, in his young manhood, he had spent a summer in the pleasant little town, sent there by his father to act as auditor of a manufacturing concern in which Franklin Mills III for a time owned an interest. Long closed doors swung open slowly along the dim corridor of memory and

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

# Happiness

Author of  
"Broken  
Barriers"

Pruett Carter

phantom shapes emerged—among them a figure Franklin Mills recognized as himself . . . Had he ever been like that? He was young then; the spirit of adventure and the passions of youth had not yet been brought under the stern control he had since exercised over them . . . Marian Storrs had been as passionately young as he. She was a lovely young being—vivacious, daring, already indifferent to the man to whom she had been married for two years . . .

He had been a beast to take advantage of her, to accept all that she had yielded to him with a completeness that touched him poignantly now as she lived again in his memory. He did not question that the boy was hers; but was he John Storrs's son or his own? There was that question, hateful, hideous, that would not down. Nothing was so precious to Franklin Mills as his peace of mind, and here was a problem that might forever menace his peace. And if this young man was in reality his son would not Marian Storrs have told him . . . given him at least some hint? But there was little comfort in this, or in the hope that the young man himself might know nothing . . .

Mills stood by one of the broad windows in his private office gazing across the smoky industrial district of his native city. With his hands thrust into his trousers' pockets, he was a picture of negligent ease. His face was singularly free of the markings of time. His thick, neatly trimmed hair with its even intermixture of white added to his look of distinction. His business suit of dark blue with an obscure green stripe was evidently a recent creation of his tailor and a white wing collar with a bow tie that matched the suit contributed further to the impression he gave of a man who had a care for his appearance.

The respect of his fellow man, one could see, meant much to him; but he would not be likely to inconvenience himself to win approval. He was Franklin Mills, the fourth of the name in succession in the Mid-western city, enjoying an unassailable social position and able to command more cash at a given



*Franklin Mills*

moment than any other man in the community. Nearly every piece of property in the city's original mile square had at some time belonged to a Mills. The earlier men of the name had been prominent in public affairs, but Franklin Mills had never been interested in politics, except to give his individual support, as unostentatiously as possible, to candidates who promised to safeguard the business interests of the country.

Mills never served on those bothersome committees that promote noble causes and pursue the public with subscription papers. When he gave he gave liberally but he preferred to make his contributions unsolicited. As for boosting the town, the matter didn't interest him a particle; he was mistrustful of all attempts to stimulate growth by artificial means. Mills never sold anything in a hurry. Voluble, hustling promoters of apartment house and office building schemes were unable to stampede him into making leases of coveted sites.

Some cynic said that the most human thing about Mills was his love of horses and dogs. He liked to ride and shoot, and a horse breeder or a dog fancier could always gain an audience with him. Like his father and grandfather he kept in touch with the soil, and his farm, fifteen miles from his office, was a show place, and his Jersey herd enjoyed a wide reputation. It pleased him to be represented at the State Fair with cattle and saddle horses from Deer Trail Farm. The farm was as perfectly

managed as his house and office. Its carefully tended fields, his flocks and herds and the dignified Southern Colonial house were but another advertisement of his substantial character and the century-long identification of his name with the State.

Mills disliked any communication that couldn't be compressed on a single letter sheet. His private office was so furnished as to look as little as possible like a place for the transaction of business. There were easy lounging chairs, a long leathern couch, a bookcase, a taboret with cigars and cigarettes. The flat-top desk, placed between two windows, contained nothing but an immaculate blotter and a silver desk set that evidently enjoyed frequent burnishings. It was possible for Mills to come and go without crossing the other rooms of the suite. Visitors who passed the office boy's inspection and satisfied a stenographer that their errands were not frivolous, found themselves in communication with Arthur Carroll, Mills's secretary, a young man of thirty-five, trained as a lawyer, who spoke for his employer in all matters not demanding decisions of first importance. Carroll was not only Mills's confidential man of business, but when necessary he performed the duties of social secretary. He was tactful, socially in demand as an eligible bachelor and endowed with a genius for collecting information that might assist Mills in keeping in touch with the affairs of the community.

The gray eyes that looked out over the city narrowed occasionally as some object roused Mills's attention—a freight train crawling on the outskirts of the city, or some disturbance in the street below. Then he would resume his reverie as though enjoying his sense of immunity from the fret and jar of the world about him. Presently he glanced at his watch and turned to press a button in a plate on the corner of his desk. Carroll appeared immediately.

"You said Shepherd was coming?" Mills inquired.

"Yes; he was to be here at five but said he might be a little late."

Mills nodded, asked a question about the survey of some land adjoining Deer Trail Farm for which he was negotiating, and listened attentively while Carroll described a discrepancy in the boundary lines.

"Is that all that stands in the way?" Mills asked.

"Well," said Carroll, "Parsons shows signs of bucking. He's thought of reasons, sentimental ones, for not selling. He and his wife moved there when they were first married and their children were all born on the place."

"Well, of course we have nothing to do with that," remarked Mills, slipping an ivory paper knife slowly through his fingers. "The old man is a failure, and the whole place is badly run down. I really need it for pasture."

"Oh, he'll sell! We just have to be a little patient," said Carroll.

"All right, but don't close till the boundary's cleared up. I don't buy law suits. Come in, Shep."

Shepherd Mills had appeared at the door during this talk. His father had merely glanced at him, and Shepherd waited, hat in hand, his topcoat on his arm, till the discussion was ended.

"What's that you've got there?" his father asked, seating himself in a comfortable chair a little way from the desk.

In drawing some papers from the pocket of his overcoat, Shepherd dropped his hat, picked it up and laid it on the desk. He was trying to appear at ease and replied that it was a contract calling for a large order, which the storage battery company had just made.

"We worked a good while to get that," said the young man with a ring of enthusiasm in his voice. "I thought you'd like to know it's all settled."

Mills put on his glasses, scanned the document with a practiced eye and handed it back.

"That's good. You're running full capacity now?"

"Yes; we've got orders enough to keep us going full handed for several months."

The young man's tone was eager; he was clearly anxious for his father's approval. He had expected a little more praise for his success in getting the contract but was trying to adjust himself to his father's calm acceptance of the matter. He drummed the edge of the desk as he recited certain figures as to conditions at the plant. His father disconcertingly corrected one of his statements.

"Yes; you're right, father," Shepherd stammered. "I got the July figures mixed up with the June report."

Mills smiled indulgently; took a cigarette from a silver box on the taboret beside him and unhurriedly lighted it.

"You and Constance are coming over for dinner tonight?" he asked. "I think Leila said she'd asked you."

His senior's very calmness seemed to add to Shepherd's nervousness. He rose and laid his overcoat on the couch, drew

out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead, remarking that it was warm for the season.

"I hadn't noticed it," his father remarked in the tone of one who is indifferent to changes of temperature.

"There's a little matter I've been wanting to speak to you about," Shepherd began. "I thought it would be better to mention it here—you never like talking business at the house. If it's going to be done it ought to be started now, before the bad weather sets in."

He paused, a little breathless, and Mills said, the least bit impatiently:

"Do you mean that new unit at the plant? I thought we'd settled that. I thought you were satisfied you could get along this winter with the plant as it is."

"Oh, no! It's not that!" Shepherd hastily corrected. "Of course that's all settled. This is quite a different matter. I only want to suggest it now so you can think it over. You see, our employees were all mightily pleased because you let them have the use of the Milton farm during the summer. There's quite a settlement there by the plant and the Milton land is so near they can walk to it. I kept tab in July and August and about a hundred of the men went there Saturday afternoons and Sundays; mostly married men who took their families. I could see it made a big difference in the morale of the shop."

He paused to watch the effect of his statements but Mills made no sign. He merely recrossed his legs, knocked the ash from his cigarette and nodded for his son to go on.

"I want you to know I appreciate your letting me use the property that way," Shepherd resumed. "I was out there a good deal myself and those people certainly enjoyed themselves. Now what's in my mind is this, father"—he paused an instant and bent forward with boyish eagerness—"I've heard you say you didn't mean to sell any lots in the Milton addition for several years—not until the street car line's extended—and I thought as the factory's so close to the farm we might build some kind of a clubhouse the people could use the year round. They can't get any amusements without coming into town, and we could build the house near the south gate of the property where our people could get to it easily. They could have dances and motion pictures and maybe a few lectures and some concerts during the winter. They'll attend to all that themselves. Please understand that I don't mean this as a permanent thing. The clubhouse needn't cost much, so when you get ready to divide the farm the loss wouldn't be great. It might even be used in some way. I just wanted to mention it; we can talk out the details after you've thought it over."

In his anxiety to make himself clear Shepherd had stammered repeatedly. He waited, his face flushed, his eyelids quivering, for some encouraging word from his father. Mills dropped his cigarette into the tray before he spoke.

"What would such a house cost, Shep?"

"It can be built for twenty thousand dollars. I got a young fellow in Freeman's office to make some sketches—Storrs—you met him at the country club; a mighty nice chap. If you'll just look at these—"

Mills took the two letter sheets his son extended, one showing a floor plan, the other a rough sketch of the proposed building, inspected them indifferently and gave them back.

"If you'd like to keep them—" Shepherd began.

"No; that isn't necessary. I think we can settle the matter now. It was all right for those people to use the farm as a playground during the summer, but this idea of building a house for them won't do. We've got to view these things practically, Shep. You're letting your sentimental feelings run away with you. If I let you go ahead with that scheme it would be unfair to all the other employers in town. If you stop to think you can see for yourself that for us to build such a clubhouse would cause dissatisfaction among other concerns that I'm interested in."

"And there's another thing. Your people did considerable damage last summer—breaking down shrubbery and young trees I'd planted where I'd laid out the roads. I hadn't spoken of this, for I knew how much fun you got out of it, but as for spending twenty thousand dollars for a clubhouse and turning the whole place over to those people, it can't be done!"

"Well, father, of course I can see your way of looking at it," Shepherd said with a crestfallen air. "I thought maybe, just for a few years—"

"That's another point," Mills interrupted. "You can't give it to them and then take it away. Such people are bound to be unreasonable. Give them an inch and they take a mile. You'll find as you grow older that they have precious little appreciation





"It's too bad," Millicent was saying. "happiness can't be bought as you buy records to play in a machine and wind up and sit by and listen. You have to do a little work yourself."

of such kindness. Your heart's been playing tricks with your head. I tell you, my dear boy, there's nothing in it; positively nothing!"

Mills rose, struck his hands together smartly and laid them on his son's shoulders, looking down at him with smiling tolerance. Shepherd was gripping Storrs's sketches, and as his father stepped back he hastily thrust them into his pocket.

"You may be right, father," he said slowly, and with no trace of resentment.

"Storrs, you said?" Mills inquired as he opened a cabinet door and took out his hat and light overcoat. "Is he the young man Millicent introduced me to?"

"Yes; that tall, fine looking chap; a Tech man; just moved here—friend of Bud Henderson's."

"I wasn't quite sure of the name. He's an architect, is he?" asked Mills as he slowly buttoned his coat.

"Yes; I met him at the Freemans' and had him lunch with me at the club. Freeman is keen about him."

"He's rather an impressive looking fellow," Mills replied. "Expected to live here, does he?"

"Yes. He has no relatives here; just thought the town offered a good opening. His home was somewhere in Ohio, I think."

"Yes; I believe I heard that," Mills replied carelessly. "You have your car with you?"

"Yes; the runabout. I'll skip home and dress and drive over with Connie. We're going to the Claytons' later."

When they reached the street Shepherd ordered up his father's limousine and saw him into it and waved his hand as a parting salutation. As he turned away to seek his own car the smile faded from his face. He was deeply hurt. It was not merely that his father had refused to permit the building of the clubhouse, but that the matter had been brushed aside quite as a parent rejects some absurd proposal of an unreasoning child. He strode along with the quick steps compelled by his short stature, smarting under what he believed to be an injustice, and ashamed of himself for not having combated the objections his father had raised. The loss of shrubs or trees was nothing when weighed against the happiness of the people who had enjoyed the use of the farm. He thought now of many things that he might have said in defence of his proposition; but he had never been able to hold his own in debate with his father. His face burned with humiliation. He regretted that within an hour he was to see his father again.

## II

THE interior of Franklin Mills's house was not so forbidding as Henderson had hinted in his talk with Bruce. It was really a very handsomely furnished, comfortable establishment that bore the marks of a sound if rather austere taste. The house had been built in the last years of Mrs. Mills's life, and if a distinctly feminine note was lacking in its appointments this was due to changes made by Mills in keeping with the later tendency in interior decoration toward the elimination of nonessentials. He had a highly developed sense of order and disliked having things about him that were likely to get out of place.

It was only a polite pretense that Leila kept house for her father. Her inclinations were decidedly not domestic and Mills employed and directed the servants, ordered the meals, kept track of expenditures and household bills, and paid them through his office. He liked formality and chose well trained servants



Connie's father-in-law regarded her quizzically. "You're quite perfectly turned out, I should say," he remarked.

capable of conforming to his wishes in this respect. On the second floor there was a large sitting room, its walls lined with books indicative of the cultivated and catholic taste of the owner, and throughout the house there were pictures, chiefly representative work of contemporary French and American artists. When Mills got tired of a picture or saw a chance to buy a better one by the same painter, he sold or gave away the discard. He knew the contents of his house from cellar to garret—roved over it a good deal in his many lonely hours.

He came downstairs a few minutes before seven and from force of habit strolled through the rooms on a tour of inspection. In keeping with his sense of personal dignity he always put on his dinner coat in the evening even when he was alone. He rang and asked the smartly capped and aproned maid who responded whether his daughter was at home.

"Miss Leila went to the Country Club this afternoon, sir, and hasn't come in yet. She said she was dining here."

"Thank you," he replied colorlessly, and turned to glance over some new books neatly arranged on a table at the side of the living room. A clock struck seven and on the last stroke the remote titter of an electric bell sent the maid to the door.



"Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd Mills," the girl announced in compliance with an established rule, which was not suspended even when Mills's son and daughter-in-law were the guests.

"Shep fairly dragged me!" Mrs. Mills exclaimed as she greeted her father-in-law. "He's in such terror of being late to one of your feasts! I know I'm a fright." She lifted her hand to her hair with needless solicitude; it was perfectly arranged. She wore an evening gown of blue velvet, with a sweeping train; an effective garment; she knew that it was effective. Seeing that he was eyeing it critically she demanded to know what he thought of it.

"You're so fastidious, you know! Shep never pays any attention to my clothes. It's a silly idea that women dress only for

each other; it's for captious men like you that we take so much trouble."

"You're quite perfectly turned out, I should say," Mills remarked. "That's a handsome gown. I don't believe I've seen it before."

Her father-in-law was regarding her quizzically, an ambiguous smile playing about his lips. She was conscious that he never gave her his whole approval and she was piqued by her failure to evoke any expressions of cordiality from him. Men usually liked her, or at least found her amusing, and she had never been satisfied that Franklin Mills either liked her or thought her clever. It was still a source of bitterness that Mills had objected strongly to Shepherd's marrying her. His objections she attributed



After meeting his gaze, Bruce noted that Mills would lift his eyes and look intently at something on the wall over the bookcases. Whatever it was brought a fleeting look of perplexity to his face.



to snobbery; for her family was in nowise distinguished, and Constance, an only child, had made her own way socially chiefly through acquaintances and friendships formed in the Misses Palmers' school, a local institution which conferred a certain social dignity upon its patrons.

She had never been able to break down Mills's reserves, and the familiar tone which she had adopted in her intercourse with him had been arrived at after a series of experiments in the first year of her marriage. He suffered this a little stolidly. There was a point of discretion beyond which she never dared venture. She had once tried teasing him about a young widow, a visitor from the South for whom he had shown some partiality, and he hadn't liked it though he had taken the same sort of chaff from others in her presence with perfect good nature.

She was buoyed by a hope that some day she would penetrate his armor. Shepherd, she realized perfectly, was a disappointment to his father. Countless points of failure in the relationship of father and son were manifest to her, things of which Shepherd himself was unconscious. It was Mills's family pride that had prompted him to make Shepherd president of the storage battery company, and the same vanity was responsible for the house he

had given Shepherd on his marriage—a much bigger house than the young couple needed. He expected her to bear children that the continuity of the name might be unbroken, but the bearing of children was repugnant to her. Still, the birth of an heir, to take the name of Franklin Mills, would undoubtedly heighten his respect for her—diminish the veiled hostility which she felt she aroused in him.

"Where's Leila?" asked Shepherd as dinner was announced and they moved toward the dining room.

"She'll be along presently," Mills replied easily.

"Dear Leila!" exclaimed Constance. "You never disciplined her as you did Shep. Shep would go to the stake before he'd turn up late."

"Leila," said Mills a little acidly, "is a law unto herself."

"That's why we all love the dear child!" said Constance quickly. "Not for worlds would I change her."

To nothing was Mills so sensitive as to criticisms of Leila, a fact which she should have remembered.

As they took their places Mills asked her, in the impersonal tone she hated, what the prospects were for a gay winter. She was on the committee of the Assembly, whose entertainments



were a noteworthy feature of every season. There, too, was the Dramatic Club, equally exclusive in its membership, and Constance was on the play committee. Mills listened with interest, or with the pretense of interest, as she gave him the benefit of her knowledge as to the winter's social program.

They were half through the dinner when Leila arrived. With a cheerful "hello, everybody" she flung off her wrap and without removing her hat sank into the chair Shepherd drew out for her.

"Sorry, dada, but Millie and I played eighteen holes this afternoon; got a late start and were perfectly starved when we finished and just had to have tea. And some people came along and we got to talking and it was dark before we knew it."

"How's your game coming on?" her father asked.

"Not so bad, dada. Millie's one of these lazy players; she doesn't care whether she wins or loses. I guess I'm too temperamental to be a good golfer."

"I thought Millie was pretty strong on temperament herself," remarked Shepherd.

"Well, Millie is and she isn't. She's not the sort that flies all to pieces when anything goes wrong."

"Millie's a pretty fine girl," declared Shepherd.

"Millicent really has charm," remarked Constance, though without enthusiasm.

"Millie's a perfect darling!" said Leila. "She's so lovely to her father and mother! They're really very nice. Everybody knocks Doc Harden but he's not a bad sort. It's a shame the way people treat them. Mrs. Harden's a dear, sweet thing; plain and sensible and doesn't look pained when I cuss a little." She gave her father a sly look but he feigned inattention. "Dada, how do you explain Millie?"

"Well, I don't," replied Mills with a broad smile at the abruptness of the question. "It's just as well that everything and everybody on this planet can't be explained and don't have to be. I've come to a time of life when I'm a little fed up on the things that can be reduced to figures. I want to be mystified!"

Leila pointed her finger at him across the table.

"I'll say you like mystery! If there was ever a human being who just had to have the facts, you're it! I know because I've tried hiding milliners' bills from you."

"Well, I usually pay them," Mills replied good-humoredly. "Now that you've spoken of bills I'd like to ask you—"

"Don't!" Leila ejaculated, placing her hands over her ears with simulated horror. "I know what you're going to say. You're going to ask why I bought that new squirrel coat! Dada, it was to keep me from freezing to death."

"Well, the house is well heated," Mills replied dryly. "The answer is for you to spend a little time at home."

Leila was a spoiled child and lived her own life with little paternal interference. After Mills had failed utterly to keep her in school, or rather to find a school in which she would stay, he had tried tutors with no better results. He had finally placed her for a year in New York with a woman who made a business of giving the finishing touches to the daughters of the provincial rich. Here there were no lessons to learn which these daughters didn't want to learn, but Leila had heard operas and concerts to a point

where she really knew something of music, and she had acquired a talent that greatly amused her father for talking convincingly of things she really knew nothing about. He found much less delight in her appalling habit of blurting out things better left unsaid, and presumably foreign to the minds of well bred young women.

Her features were a feminized version of her father's, and she was dark like him and with the same gray eyes; but here the resemblance ended. She was alert, restless, quick of speech and action. The strenuous life of her long days was expressing itself in little nervous twitchings of her hands and head. Her father, under his benignant gaze, was noting these things now.

"I hope you're staying in tonight, Leila?" he said. "It seems to me you're not sleeping enough."

"Well, no, dada; I was going to the Claytons'. I told Fred Thomas he might come for me at nine."

"Thomas?" Mills questioned. "I don't know that I'd choose him for an escort."

"Oh, Fred's all right!" Leila replied easily. "He's always asking me to go places with him and I'd turned him down until I was ashamed to refuse any more." (Continued on page 154)



PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. R. SUGMAN

# Playing—Now That I'm

**Y**OU will see little groups of men—men who have been shoved by Father Time over the fifty year line with no chance of Referee Fate giving them any years for offside play—you will see these groups, lounging in the windows of clubs, in the corners of resort verandas, or solemnly surrounding the green baize in the card room.

Do you suppose they like it?

They do not.

Take that on the testimony of this fifty year old. They do not. Do four cripples in a hospital ward love to congregate with one another; and thus to be reminded of their own plight?

No, but fellow cripples are the only people there to associate with. So they make the best of it.

So do we oldsters.

Don't you know there is no especial joy in unmitigated association with the old? Of course you do. That is why you are shyly or stiffly civil to the old; and hideously ill at ease with them; and that is why you escape as soon as possible to the companionship of younger folk.

Well, do you suppose the old care to be with one another, all the time, any more than you care to be with them? They don't. But they have to. It is the only companionship in which they can be sure of any sort of a glad welcome.

(Once more let me remind you that when I speak of the Old I don't mean the Aged. I am talking of us who are still only fifty or thereabouts. Seasoned, not decayed.)

Yes, yes, I know—there are lots of people in the fifties whom you youngsters like and respect and who are ever so interesting and all that. "As interesting as anyone in the twenties."

But the fact remains that your pals of both sexes are of your own age or thereabouts. And with such pals you are far more at home than ever you are with us who are fifty.

You could learn much from us, though. Yes, and we could relearn much from you. I say "*re*-learn," because once we knew the same wonderful things and spoke the same language that

you do. Only, the passage of the years has blurred our memory of it.

I'll tell you why it has blurred our memory. One brain can hold only just so much; even as one room can hold only so much. As the added years keep piling into our brain-room vast heaps of experience and new happenings and new viewpoints and the knowledge of new duties and new phases of life—something must be crowded out to make place for them.

So—unconsciously, because we'd lack the courage or the desire to do it willingly—we shove out of the window, bit by bit, the nonessential luggage stacked there in our youth.

Out go the golden freshness, the faculty of regarding everything as either glorious or tragic, the cryptic small talk, the gift of laughing uproariously at less than nothing. Out go these and a myriad other beautiful things. Out into the scrap heap.

Then when you youngsters come along, years afterward, holding out your glittering wares, we search our memory storeroom in vain to match them. And, failing, we snarl and scowl at you for having what we have lost; and we call you Young Fools.

It is *we* who are the fools. We have thrown away what we can't get back. And we sneer at you for still having it all, or else we listen stupidly to a language which no longer we can understand.

To only one man, so far as I know, is it given to remember his youth and to imprison its memories in cold type. He is Booth Tarkington. But for "Seventeen," a lost language would never have been recorded.

Yes, we could relearn from you if we'd have the humility to do it; and if you'd have the patience to teach us. You could learn a lot from us, too. But you won't. We bore you. I don't wonder.

Two mighty well bred lads in the dawn of the twenties wasted half an hour not long ago trying to be polite to me. And, forgetting that neither Youth nor Age can ever learn secondhand, I expanded under their flattering questions about old days.





## Fifty—*by* ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

I told them of the insane Southern night in 1891 when a stripling named Corbett knocked out the unknockoutable John L. Sullivan. I told them of the first night when John Drew cast off the Daly shackles and appeared as a Frohman star, with a wisp of a kid named Maude Adams as his leading woman.

I told them of the days when I crossed the Syrian wilderness on horseback and swam the Jordan in flood, because trains and Jordan bridges were then unknown in Palestine.

I told them of Marie Tempest's heartbreaking prowess on her first visit here, back in 1890, in "The Red Hussar"; of Fay Templeton and Agnes Huntington in the age when burlesque was still burlesque; and of the roaring jollity at Tony Pastor's, with Kelly, the Rolling Mill Man and Maggie Cline and the rest; and with David Mannes scratching away at the fiddle for the Pastor clog kings to dance by.

I spoke, first-hand, of Heffelfinger and Riggs and McClung, of Buck Ewing and Johnny Ward.

I even waxed highbrow and told them of the first performance of "Siegfried" here, and how all opera traditions were smashed by its absence of a chorus; and how, as a lad, I slept throughout the sword-forging scene.

I told them, too, of Theodore Thomas and of grand Pat Gilmore and of Patti in her late bloom.

I put on the soft pedal in telling how I thrilled at Booth's Hamlet and Iago; and of my pride when I was actually introduced to both Booth and Barrett, as a fifteen year old.

Oh, I told them a million things; and I waxed reminiscently excited over it all!

Finally I said that as a child I had been taken to New York's City Hall to see General Grant "lying in state."

One of my hearers interrupted me at that point by almost choking to death in an effort to masticate and swallow a yawn. The other sought to soothe my feelings at the ungodly gargling sound by asking me respectfully:

"Did you ever know Abraham Lincoln, sir? I mean, did you know him personally?"

"No, son," I groaned, in keen misery. "The only President of the United States I ever had the honor of shaking hands with was Thomas Jefferson."

And then I let them escape.

But it was I who learned from them, not they from me. Do I blame them? I do not.

In my own early twenties I met dear old Doctor Conant, then in extreme age. He was most courteous to me. I recall his starting to tell me of a hot quarrel he once witnessed on the street, in Washington, between Henry Clay and Daniel Webster.

I never heard the whole story, for at its climax I caught sight of a girl I knew—this was on a hotel porch—and I made excuse to sneak away and join her.

Yes, we oldsters herd together. It is either that or herd in solitude. Some few of us—and these are descendants of the Gaderene swine—seek to win for ourselves a welcome among young chaps by regaling them with raw stories and still more raw reminiscences. We mistake their fascinated disgust for flattering interest.

The more hopelessly insane of us try ponderously to flirt with flappers or with youthful matrons—poor old fools that we are!

The old must play with the old. Because the old are the only willing playmates of the old. Who, under our own age, wants to play with us? Surely no normal young man. Assuredly no non-golddigger young woman—and the golddigger only if we have the wealth to install her as an Old Man's Darling.

No, we of Fifty must be content to flock with our own kind; and mighty dull flocking it is sometimes. But at that it is flamingly interesting, compared to what we inflict on Youth by trying to be young with it or by trying to make it old with us.

I wonder what men of seventy-five find to talk about, when they are together and at their ease. I shan't find out for another quarter century. For I don't speak their silly language—yet!

# DISCIPLINE

Illustrations by C. D. Williams



**M**Y FRIEND, First Sergeant John Ryan, United States Army, retired, is, as the reader has doubtless already suspected, of direct Celtic ancestry, but without even the ghost of a hyphen.

Thirty years of soldiering, from private to first sergeant, in the infantry and cavalry before the war with Germany, two years as a captain of field artillery during the war, and then "blooeyed" back to first sergeant after the armistice, is this veteran's record; a third of a century of service under the Stars and Stripes has obliterated all other interests save that of his adopted country, and of the multitudinous problems which confront the United States the sergeant is interested in but one.

That is his first, last and only love—the army. Upon the occasion when he told me this story he prefaced it with the remark, apropos of something he had read in a newspaper, that the service was going to the dogs entirely.

"Thank God," he added piously, "'twas given to me to have my service in a day when the army, though small, was commanded be officers and gentlemen, and composed of enlisted men to whom the service was as dear as a monastery to a monk.

"Now the poor pay is drivin' the good men out of the service, the pluckin' board an' the Class B rating is completin' the ruin of the army morale, whilst the tinderness toward enlisted men that has resulted from the adoption of newfangled methods of discipline advocated by civilian doctrinaires an' mollycoddles is drivin' the ould non-coms out of their happy homes that was into the could, could wor'ld known as civil life. Sure, the army's

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"Your men did this, Sultan," says Johnny, "and I want the murderers within one hour."

gone to Hell completely. There's no discipline at all, at all."

"Opinions differ as to what constitutes discipline," I ventured.

"That's because few men know what discipline is," he retorted, "and fewer still are to be entrusted wit' the job of instillin' it into enlisted men.

"No man can succeed as a disciplinarian who has not learned to conthrol himself; if he tries to swank before enlisted men an' prate of pride of service and djooty to the counthry an' loyalty to the command, his men will know him for a hypocrite before the week is out an' despise him accordingly. They will take small pleasure in makin' his job an aisy one."

"But there are various grades of discipline and various methods of administerin' it," I suggested. "For instance, the methods of discipline practiced so successfully in the German army would result in mutiny if foisted upon our troops."

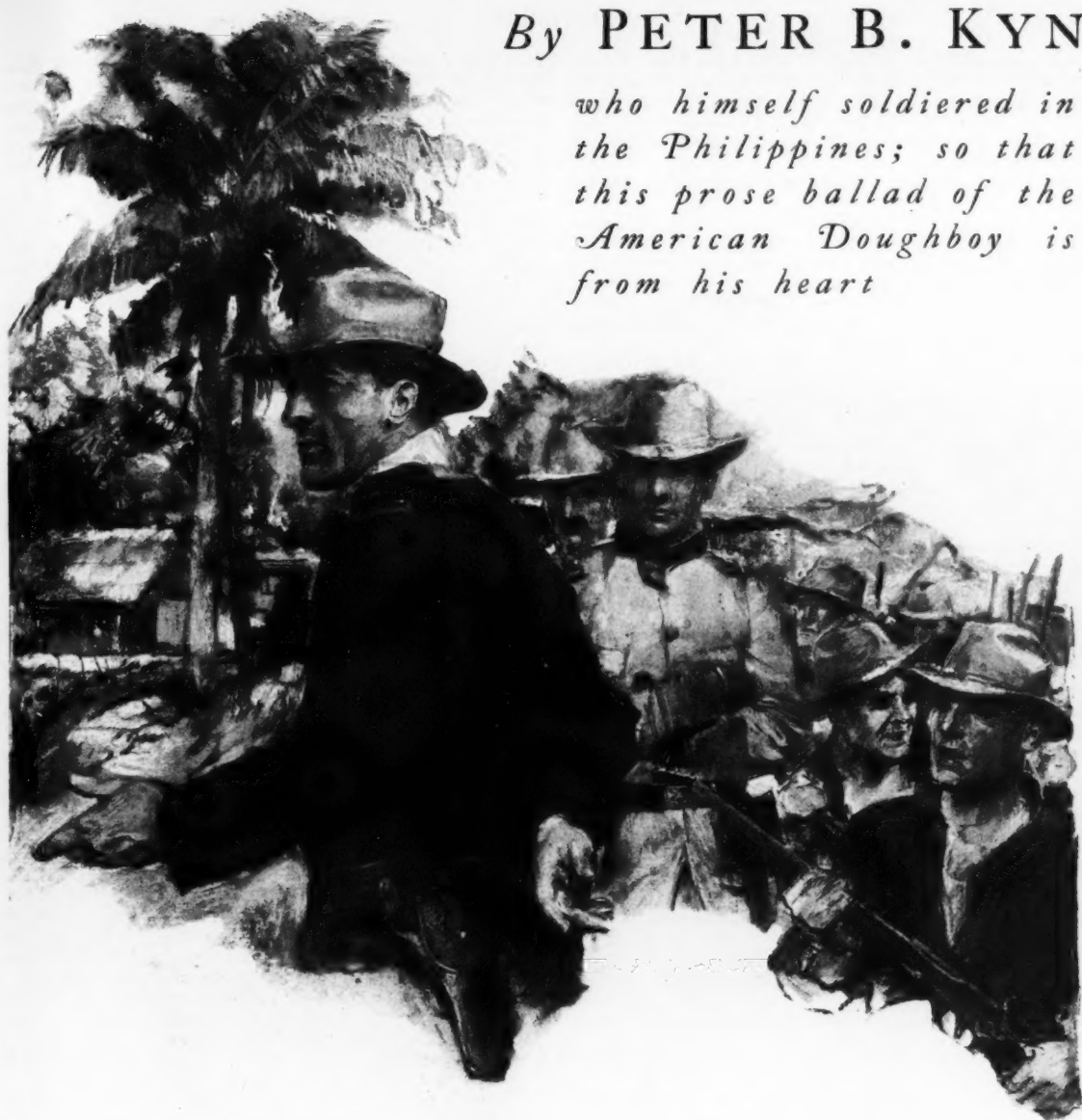
The old soldier smiled reminiscently.

"Yes," he agreed, "the Teuton's military training robs him of initiative and makes him docile, submissive and automatically obedient.

"There can be no drivin' of our throops into action, however. They must be led, and when properly led they'll go far an' fast

By PETER B. KYNE

*who himself soldiered in  
the Philippines; so that  
this prose ballad of the  
American Doughboy is  
from his heart*



an' the Divil fly away wit' discipline, so called. They obey, not through fear an' not that they give two hoots in Hell for the Regulations but because of a little thing called *esprit de corps*.

"The seed of it is love an' respect for the leader, his qualities as a man and his ability as a sojer. It sprouts quickly and shows itself in the firm belief in the heart of each an' every enlisted man in that command that he is the best private in the best squad in the best section of the best platoon of the best company of the best battalion of the best regiment of the best brigade of the best division of the best corps in the only army on earth that can't be defeated.

"*Esprit de corps*, thin, is pride of service, which is founded in decency an' patriotism an' confidence in the leader, an' out of *esprit de corps* is born that something that has won all the battles that have ever been won—an' that same is the winnin' spirit."

The old soldier settled himself more comfortably in his chair, loaded his pipe and prepared to resume his thesis.

"Men in the mass," he announced presently, "are so aisy to mold, so aisy to handle, so childishly eager to be good bhoys and earn the approbation of their leader that sure 'tis not a knowledge of discipline, rules and regulations an' the wieldin' of power that one requires to get the best results out of them, but a bit of commonsense, shtrict justice, manly dignity, a sinse of humor an' a bit of sympathy an' undhershtandin' for them beneath you."

"I suppose ye've hear'd the ould regular sojer's recipe for a happy enlistment, have ye not? 'Give me a martinet of a

captain, a plain red Divil for a first sergeant, an' lieutenants I can borrow money from,' says he, 'an', faith, I'll be a happy member of a happy family!'

"Whin I was the summary court officer of my late regiment, an' the gods o' war sint wan o' these laddy bucks before me, sure I knew how to handle him. Wit' a wave of me hand I'd cut short his palaverin'.

"That'll do ye, me bhoys," says I, 'I know all about it. Sure I was too long an enlisted man meself not to. Now, thin, ye plead not guilty. Hum-m-m-m! Well, I'm not callin' ye a liar, although privately I have me own fir'm convictions regardin' the triflin' manner in which ye dally wit' facts, so on general principles I find ye guilty.

"I know what I know—an' why shouldn't I?—me that has been lookin' the rascals of the service in the eye since before you were born? I know what I know an' that's that there's no virtue in ye; ye'd do this thing if ye got the chance, I know ye got it an' if ye didn't we'll save time an' argumint by assumin' ye did.

"Ordinarly I'd give ye a fine of two-thir'ds of two months' pay, confinement to the limits of the camp for thirty days, an' at the ind of that time I'd suggest to yer commandin' officer the propriety, for the sake of the service, of givin' a three day furlough wit' the hint that ye might utilize that three days gettin' a good shtart goin' over the hill.

"As matthers shtand, ye're a disgrace to a decent line outfit, so I shall make it me business to dispose of yer case in a manner all me own. The divisional personnel officer sojered



three enlistmints wit' me an' he'll do what I ask him. I'll see to it, young man, that ye're transferred to a bakin' company or the sanitary corps. In two days yer comrades will know ye no more. Also, for the sake of appearances, I'll fine ye five dollars. Sinthry, take the prisoner to his company commandher an' report him for djooty!"

"And what," I ventured, "would be the result of that unusual sentence?"

"Nine times out of ten the lad would report blubberin' like a child to his captain. Here he would confess error an' contrition an' promise reform. He was a sojer—not a very good sojer, to be sure, but shtill a sojer, an' God knows his heart would break to be a baker or grave digger. An' wouldn't the captain forgive an' forget an' intercede for him wit' the summary court officer to save him this disgrace?"

"Afther long pleadin', reluctantly the captain would consint, only to be refused. Returnin' to the culprit wit' this disheartenin' intelligence, he'd confide to the accused that no less a person than the colonel himself could save him an' wit' that he'd give the poor divil permission to interview the colonel.

"Sure, 'tis well known that the older a man grows the kindlier an' more forbearin' he grows, an' 'tis so wit' colonels. Likewise they're all puffed up wit' pride in their regimints, an' since regimints consist practically of enlisted min, sure he's a poor colonel entirely who hasn't a warm spot in his heart for a private an' in particular for a private who's repentant an' shows he loves the colonel's regimint so fervintly his poor heart is breakin' at the prospect of lavin' it!

"At wast the colonel'd sind his ordherly to me wit' his complimentims an' desire that I should report to him immediatly. I do an' am confronted be the accused an' thin an' there the colonel asks me, as a personal compliment to him, to give over my plan of seein' to it that this man is plucked out of the regimint. This I decline to do, on the grounds that what I plan to do is for the good of the regimint, but I wink at the colonel as I say it, an' wit' that he exthtracts from the culprit a solemn promise to refrain from disgracin' the regimint if Captain Ryan agrees to lay off on the proposed plan. I agree to it wit' grace.

"Now, what's the result of all this? To begin wit', I have acquired a reputation as a bad lad to go up ag'in on charges. The man's company commandher is voted a dacint man wit' a heart in his chist. As for the colonel, sure isn't he the ould darlint entirely? An' who could he blackguard enough to go back on him an' the captain?

"Within a month ninety-five percent of the enlisted men of the command are guardin' their comrade's morals an' guidin' them in the back way and puttin' them to bed whin they come in a bit tight. An' that's the beginnings of discipline or *esprit de corps*.

"Which brings to me mind the case of ould Johnny Packard—the Lord 'a' mercy on his soul—he was kilt at Soissons.

"It happened twenty-odd years ago, whin the army was what it is not now and will never be ag'in—God help us in our hour o' need! I was a roysterin' young corp'ral in B Throop of the —th Cavalry thin, an' the regimint was on active service in Mindanao, roundin' up Moros. 'Twas in Datto Ali's time, an' we were fairly busy an' enjoyin' the campaign, for the fightin' was plentiful, the casualites slight an' the counthry interestin' an' diversified. In fact, there was but one bug in our amber, an' that was our throop commandher, a Captain Massie.

"I was a young man in his time, an' like all young men given to snap judgments. I'd had three years of active service all over the Islands, in both infantry and cavalry, and I'd sojered under enough officers to know an officer, a gintlemin an' a sojer whin I saw one. I didn't think then, nor do I think now, that Captain Massie was either. He was a square peg in a round hole. God a'mighty intended him for the presidency of a mortgage loan company.

"To begin, he had not a military bearin'. He was short an' squat, wit' unlovely legs an' his head sunk bechune his two shouldhers an' his chin outthrust in a manner that would anger a sheep. His eyes were mean an' deep-set an' he had a habit of lookin' at an enlisted man as if that man was dir't. Also, he could give wan an unwinkin', unblinkin' stare. His voice was high an' thin, an' he had a poor command, in consequence of which, in case of mounted throops, he got a poor dhrrill. For this he laid upon us a bitter tongue, an' seein' be the dark looks an' the sullen faces he was unloved, he retaliated by dhrrivin' us from mornin' till night.

"B Throop was operatin' more or less independintly at the time an' Captain Massie actually had the poor taste to dhrrill us in the field. Afther a hard day in the saddle, he'd have us out

for a most critical inspebtion, pickin' here an' complainin' there. He had the bad taste to rawhide his non-coms in the presence of privates an' in order to enforce the regulations ag'in gamblin' he snooped an' spied upon us both day an' night. He was savin' wit' the throop rations, an' though we fed afield on government shtraight, the captain never encouraged our cooks to disguise the ration and make it more palatable or plentiful.

"Of course, such a man quickly had a throop to match him. The men retaliated by neglectin' to jump to attention whin the captain appeared in the throop shstreet; not a man Jack of them, seein' him first, would call 'Attenshun!' for the benefit of those who still had him to see.

"Whin he shpoke to them they pretindin' not to hear him an' thin apologized for their carelessness; they lost his personal baggage or dhropped it in mud holes an' rivers; there wasn't a man in the throop low enough to be his shtriker, an' the stable sergeant was forever swearin' he'd do this an' that to the captain's horse, but never quite havin' the heart to make good, owin' to the respect he had for the horse.

"Whin at attention the men coughed an' sneezed unnecessarily an' whin rawhided pleaded they couldn't help it; they were forever slyly gaffin' their mounts in the shouldher wit' the spur an' causin' them to go crazy an' disrupt the formation, just to harass the throop commandher. If he ordered the bugler to sound 'Boots and Saddles' the stupid lad would blow 'Commence Firin!' pretindin' he was mixed in his music. Thin he'd have the captain whistle the call for him to set him right.

"Now, I'll say this for Captain Massie. He was not a coward, yet he was a poor sojer in this, that he had not a bould, offensive spirit. He was contint to put the enemy on the run but not wishful to follow hard an' change a rethreat into a rout. By an' large, I think he was a bit touched in the head, for I remember that once when battle, starvation, hard work, an' disease had kilt off all our mounts, Captain Massie wan day undhertook to dhrrill us in the proper way to groom a horse. Down to the vacant picket line he led us.

"Now, thin, says he, 'imagine you see tied to this picket line a lot of horses badly in need of groomin', an' proceed to groom them. Ye will shstart in at the head, with a light brush an' gintly, bein' careful not to frighten the horse by brisk work bechune his ears, for that will inculcate in the animal the habit of rearin' or tossin' his head or holdin' back on the halter-shank. Wit' the currycomb in the right hand an' the brush in the left go gintly but forcibly over him from the neck backward an' down, an' never attempt to use the currycomb below the knees. Now, thin, fall in an' let me see ye do some dacint, groomin'."

"Well, sir, there was nothin' to do but go through the motions of groomin' horses that were not there; and faith 'twas a solemn business until a private named Flannigan of a sudden let out a whoop of agony, clapped his two hands to his belly an' rolled in the dir't at Captain Massie's feet.

"What's the matter wit' you, Flannigan?" says the captain. "Ochone, captain dear," says the blackguard Flannigan, 'that big mad brute of a horse I was groomin' has kicked me!'

"That was the cue for the rest of them an' in a minute the air was filled wit' cries of 'Whoa, there!' 'Shtand shtill, I tell ye, or I'll put a twitch on yer nose!' 'Captain Massie, sir, I have to report me horse down wit' the glanders.' 'Sir, that big bay do have the heavens!' 'Beggins' the throop commandher's pardon, but wan of those imaginary horses has bit me!' And so on, till the picket line was a riot an' the throop completely out of hand, an' the only thing the captain could do to save the shreds of his dignity was to dismiss the throop. Be the same token, that was the last we had of him, for that same day he was made a major an' transferred to the Q. M. where he belonged.

"Three weeks later our new throop commandher come down from Manila an' took us over about half-past ten of a mornin' when we was restin' quietly in a *barrio* we'd took be force of arms, to wait for remounts to be sint up from Zamboanga. At tin forty-five he issued his fir'st order, to the effect that be virtue of paragraph this of departmental order that, he thereby took command of B Throop. Signed, John H. Packard, Captain, —th U. S. Cavalry.

"At a quarter of twelve he drifted down to the kitchen and hailed the cook with a pleasant smile and this announcement:

"Cook, I am Captain Packard, the new throop commandher. I'll have a look at the rations ye are about to feed to me brave lads."

"The cook lifted the lid off a pan and disclosed a mess of corned beef hash."

"It has an agreeable odor," says the captain. "I believe I'll taste it." He did. "Very good hash," he complimented the cook,



"'Gwan, ye devil,' says I, and give him first the contints and then the bucket I was squatted beside."

whose hard face lighted up like the jungle surrounding a burning *barrio*, for 'twas a year since any human bein' had done aught but curse him for his best efforts. 'However,' the captain added, 'if I may offer a suggestion, I'd say that there's just a trifle too much salt in it, although I dare say that's due to the salty corned beef we're furnished. I think, too, that the average man might relish just a few more onions in his hash. Onions are a good, sound, reliable vegetable, splendid for the digestion. Hello, these soda biscuits aren't half bad. Light enough and very white, but don't you think you skimmed a little bit on the soda, cook?'

"The cook didn't think so, for he was a hard-headed man with a good opinion of himself, but something in the new skipper's aisy manner, an' the pleasant, friendly, human smile of him, moved the blackguard of a cook to lie an' say the biscuits *were* shy on soda. Meanwhile Captain Packard had helped himself to a dipper an' was samplin' the coffee. 'Twas bitter, black coffee, an' faith, as he sipped it the cook noticed a bitter, black

look come over the new captain's face. He tur'ned on the cook like a savage ould dog.

"'Are ye in the habit, me man,' says he, 'of savin' the coffee left over from breakfast, addin' fresh coffee to it at noon, b'ilin' hell out of it all ag'in an' servin' it to the men?'

"'Yes sir,' says the cook.

"'Be whose orders?'

"'The quartermaster sergeant's, sir.'

"'Tell that quartermaster sergeant to report to me immediately.'

"The quartermaster sergeant reported, and due to somethin' the cook tould him, he reported double time, snapped to attention at six feet, gave the new captain a salute that should have earned him a cheer an' says:

"'Sir, Quartermaster Sergeant Miller reports to the captain.'

"'Miller,' says the captain, 'what do you mean by feedin' my boys this damnable concentrated extract of caffeine? Why, this infernal coffee is pure poison. It's so strong a pewter soup ladle will stand to attention in it.'



"'Twas quite dark,' the Rat told Johnny. 'and I had but six shots left, or else I'd have evened the score.'"

"Why, the men seem to like it strong, sir, and I was saving on the coffee in order to buy somethin' more tasty to serve as a dessert, sir."

"To any other man Miller would have told the truth, which was that Captain Massie's orders were to serve the sort of coffee that was bein' served. He was an ould sojer, was Miller, and he could recognize an officer an' a gentleman an' a sojer the minute he clapped eye on one. Well, he knew this new man would not like him if he tossed the blame where it belonged—on the shoulders of Captain Massie—for no man loves a snitch."

"That's dacint of you, Sergeant Miller," says Captain Packard. "in view of the fact that Captain Massie is not presint to contradict you if you had seen fit to tell the truth. Did Captain Massie feed with the line?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he dhrink the throop coffee?"

"Yes, sir."

"You're a charming and lovable liar, Miller. The second cook informs me that he did not. How long have you been in the service?"

"Two years and a butt on my third enlistment, sir," says Miller, reaching for the tongs. He clamped them in the handle of the hot coffee boiler and with a flip of his arm he spilled the mess on the ground. One glare of his hard eye at the cook's police and they were grindin' fresh coffee.

"I'm not a difficult man for a quartermaster sergeant to get along with, Sergeant Miller," says the new captain. "While I'm a bit of a crank in the matther of food and dhrink for me command, I try not to be unreasonable. By the way, I'll feed with the line. I undershtand my lieutenants feed with it also."

"This was his polite way of informing Miller that a violent change was necessary in that kitchen at once and that he

would be on hand three times a day to check up on him.

"Well, sir, that episode in the kitchen marked the dawn of a betther day in B Throop. There was *mucho hablar*—lots of talk—that afthernoon, an' whin fir'st call for retreat wint, 'twas obser'ved that Captain Packard was shtandin' in front of the *nipa* shack he occupied, an' him wit' a watch in his hand."

"Fall in!" roars ould man Melody, the top sergeant, in a voice like a Nubian lion roarin' for fresh meat, an' the way that the throop formed, right dressed wit'out command an' snapped into it was proof that the *esprit de corps* had already shtarted to ferment in B Throop. Faith, we made it snappy! An' for why? Because we wanted to do for the new captain the only little favor we could do for him, as acknowledgmint of what he'd done for us, for what every man Jack of us knew he'd do for us in the days to come. We wanted to give him the only kind of obedience that's ever worth a damn, an' that is affectionate obedience."

"As the top barked 'Front! Attention to roll call!' Captain Packard snapped his watch closed and nodded a bit to himself as if to say: 'Well, they're fast, but shtill 'tis no more than I expected of them. Thank God I'm not disappointed!' As the names were called each carbine came down to an order with the three hearty, distinct snaps a captain likes to hear, and not a butt plate hit the ground with the thump that denotes the rookie. Whin roll call was completed ould Melody did an about face an' a rifle salute that seemed to say to the new captain: 'Here I am, an' be the great gun of Athlone, I'm hard-boiled an' I know my business. If you an' me, sir, can't run this throop bechune us, begorra I'd like to see the photographs of the two that can!' What Melody did say was: 'Sir, B Throop is presint an' accounted for.'"

"Where is Sergeant McMurdo?" says the new captain. "You called his name, Sergeant Melody, but if his carbine came down I didn't see it."

"Sergeant McMurdo is sick in quarters, sir."

"Ah! Thin you forgot to take his name off the djooty list. Very well, sergeant. I wasn't criticisin' you or hintin' that you were hidin' somewan on me, undhershtan'."

"Sergeant McMurdo is marked djooty, sir, an' for that I called his name," says ould Melody. He was an obstinate little Irishman—a Far-Down, wit' more Gaelic nor Celt in him, or Scotch, if ye'll have it that way."

"Thin why isn't he doin' djooty?"





"'Because he cannot, sir. He's down wit' dysentery in that shack yonder, sir."

"The hell he is!" says Captain Packard, an' the voice of him had a cuttin' edge on it. "Thin why is he not in hospital where he belongs?"

"Whin Sergeant McMurdo fir'st wint on sick report, sir, 'twas just before a bit of a row. 'Twas a spalpeen of a conthraet surgeon that looked him over an' diagnosed McMurdo's case as could feet." "All you need, me man," says this conthraet surgeon, "is a pair of Arctic socks. Steward, give this man a dose of ipecac to relieve him."

"And what did Sergeant McMurdo say to that?" says Captain Packard quietly.

"Not a word, sir. Sergeant McMurdo is a sojer, sir. He holds a certificate of merit for gallantry in action an' he was the runner-up for the championship of the army in the last rifle shoot at Fort Riley."

"The captain nodded an' we held rethreat. As the captain about faced ag'in an' the top saluted Captain Packard says to him:

"Sergeant, have the bugler sound Boots and Saddles. We'll have to escort the bearers carryin' McMurdo down to the coast to hospital. Have ye any idea at all where one might find that conthraet surgeon?"

"I have, sir. Whin we get to hospital I'll p'int him out to the captain."

"We were at that hospital be noon next day an' ould Melody made good on his promise. An' oh, the glorious sight the meetin' of Captain Packard an' that brute of a conthraet surgeon was! In a quiet manner the skipper tould that poultice walloper what he'd been guilty of, an' the M. D. did not deny it. 'Whin ye're longer in the service,' says the captain, 'ye'll lear'rn that no officer or gentleman ever insults an enlisted man. 'Tis crool an' brutal, because he cannot resent the insult. However, Sergeant McMurdo belongs to me, body, bones an' belt buckle. His joys are mine an' likewise his sorrows. Take off your blouse,

sir. I'm goin' to clout you until your carcass rings like a Chinese gong!"

"'Twas a beautiful battle. Faith, the docthor could fight, an' be the same token he did! Our C. O. was thirteen minutes, be the watch, layin' him out, an' whin the job was done our poor Johnny—the men were callin' him be his fir'st name behind his back be now—looked like he'd been fed through a concrete mixer. 'Twas the terrible sight it was entirely as he shtaggered over to his horse. Both eyes were closed an' he fiddled a bit wit' his foot tryin' to find the stirrup.

"Fall in the throop," says he to Melody, 'an' we'll go back to our legitimate job o' chasin' Moros. Give me compliments to the fir'st lieutenant an' tell him to take command; then do you ride boot to boot wit' me for a bit an' see that I shtay in me saddle. Faith, if that saw-bones had held out another minute yer captain would have disgraced ye, Sergeant Melody."

"We rode back into the bush in silence an' each enlisted man was thinkin': 'The captain is for us! You bet he is! He is for us! He won't let anybody on earth hand us anything that isn't comin' to us, an' if we've got it comin' he'll give it to us

himself and right between the eyes. McMurdo represents the throop an' Johnny took a hell of a beatin' for the throop, for its glory an' honor and because he loves us. We must buck up. We must be good sojers, shtayin' moderately sober around pay day an' behavin' ourselves to the ind that we'll not annoy him or make him ashamed of us. Begorra, Johnny's all right."

"Before we'd gone a mile the captain *knew*. Little Rat Hosmer, who'd been a 'prentice bhoyn on a windjammer in his Godless youth, waited until we were at route step an' then set up a song. 'Twas an ould sailor chantey called 'Whisky for My Johnny,' an' faith, for all that it hurt his split lip, Johnny grinned like the head of an ould fiddle. Sure he knew we were for him. Of course he did. Sure how could he help it, with the whole throop roarin' the chorus, like bulls of Bashan?"

"An' whin the original chantey had been sung, one private, Felix McSheehy, who was be way o' bein' a spring poet in civil life, changed the refrain from 'Whisky for My Johnny' to 'Whisky for Our Johnny,' and with a quiet aise that branded him a better poet than soldier Felix invinted new worl'ds for the ould music. Sure, 'tis an ancient habit of the Irish to perpetuate the glorious deeds of their heroes in song, an' Felix was a bor'rn minstrel an' the wag o' the throop. What wit' the men rollin' in their saddles, laughin' at the villain as he described the battle in verse, wit' a dash of profanity here an' there to season it, five horses of B Throop had galled backs before we reached camp. Johnny give the throopers three-ply hell for it, an' put their names in his doomsday book, but sure nobody give a damn. We were a happy family at long last an' such we stayed for seven hard, wet, dir'rt, dangerous months before an unexpected bit of bad luck ripped the silver linin' out of our cloud of contintmint.

"Like everything that happens in the Moro country, the fir'st hint we had of it was a killin'. We were at peace at the time. All the local *datos* had followed the Sultan for that district into Zamboanga for an undhershtandin' wit' the commandin' officer, an' 'twas agreed that all war was a mistake an' in the future we'd cut it out. So

(Continued on page 184)



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P. G. WODEHOUSE  
*Laugh-maker of London*

P. G. WODEHOUSE

*introduces to you*

Mr.

Stanley

Featherstonehaugh

Ukridge

*who will take*

*the place*

*formerly occupied by*

Bertie & Jeeves



# Ukridge's Dog College

*Illustrations by T. D. Skidmore*

"LADDIE," said Stanley Featherstonehaugh Ukridge, that much enduring man, helping himself to my tobacco and slipping the pouch absently into his pocket, "listen to me, you son of Belial."

"What?" I said, retrieving the pouch.

"Do you want to make an enormous fortune?"

"I do."

"Then write my biography. Bung it down on paper, and we'll split the proceeds. I've been making a pretty close study of your stuff lately, old horse, and it's all wrong. The trouble with you is that you don't plumb the wellsprings of human nature and all that. You just think up some rotten yarn about some damn thing or other and shove it down. Now if you tackled my life, you'd have something worth writing about. Pots of money in it, my boy . . . English serial rights and American serial rights and book rights and dramatic rights and movie rights . . . well, you can take it from me that at a conservative estimate we should clean up at least fifty thousand pounds apiece."

"As much as that?"

"Fully that. And listen, laddie, I'll tell you what. You're a good chap and we've been pals for years, so I'll let you have my share of the English serial rights for a hundred pounds down."

"What makes you think I've got a hundred pounds?"

"Well, then, I'll make it my share of the English and American serial rights for fifty."

"Your collar's come off its stud."

"How about my complete share of the whole dashed outfit for twenty-five?"

"Not for me, thanks."

"Then I'll tell you what, old horse," said Ukridge, inspired. "Just lend me half-a-crown to be going on with."

If the leading incidents of S. F. Ukridge's disreputable career

are to be given to the public—and not, as some might suggest, decently hushed up—I suppose I am the man to write them. Ukridge and I have been intimate since the days of school. Together we sported on the green, and when he was expelled no one missed him more than I.

An unfortunate business, this expulsion. Ukridge's generous spirit, ever ill attuned to school rules, caused him eventually to break the solemnest of them all by sneaking out at night to try his skill at the coconut shies of the local village fair; and his foresight in putting on scarlet whiskers and a false nose for the expedition was completely neutralized by the fact that he absent-mindedly wore his school cap throughout the entire proceedings. He left the next morning, regretted by all.

After this there was a hiatus of some years in our friendship. I was at Cambridge, absorbing culture, and Ukridge, so far as I could gather from his rare letters and the reports of mutual acquaintances, flitting about the world like a snipe. Somebody met him in New York, just off a cattle ship. Somebody else saw him in Buenos Aires. Somebody again spoke sadly of having been pounced on by him at Monte Carlo and touched for a fever.

It was not until I settled down in London that he came back into my life. We met in Piccadilly one day and resumed our relations where they had been broken off. Old associations are strong, and the fact that he was about my build and so could wear my socks and shirts drew us very close together.

Then he disappeared again, and it was a month or more before I got news of him.

It was George Tupper who brought the news. George was head of the school in my last year, and he has fulfilled exactly the impeccable promise of those early days. He is in the Foreign Office, doing well and much respected. He has an earnest, pulpy heart and takes other people's troubles very seriously. Often he had mourned to me like a father over Ukridge's erratic progress



## Ukridge's Dog College

through life, and now, as he spoke, he seemed to be filled with a solemn joy, as over a reformed prodigal.

"Have you heard about Ukridge?" said George Tupper. "He has settled down at last. Gone to live with an aunt of his who owns one of those big houses on Wimbledon Common. A very rich woman. I am delighted. It will be the making of the old chap."

I suppose he was right in a way, but to me this tame subsidence into companionship with a rich aunt in Wimbledon seemed somehow an indecent, almost a tragic end to a colorful career like that of S. F. Ukridge. And when I met the man a week later my heart grew heavier still.

It was in Oxford Street at the hour when women come up from the suburbs to shop; and he was standing among the dogs and commissionaires outside Selfridge's. His arms were full of parcels, his face was set in a mask of wan discomfort, and he was so beautifully dressed that for an instant I did not recognize him. Everything which the Correct Man wears was assembled on his person, from the silk hat to the patent leather boots; and, as he confided to me in the first minute, he was suffering the tortures of the damned. The boots pinched him, the hat hurt his forehead and the collar was worse than the hat and boots combined.

"She makes me wear them," he said moodily, jerking his head towards the interior of the store and uttering a sharp howl as the movement caused the collar to gouge his neck.

"Still," I said, trying to turn his mind to happier things, "you must be having a great time. George Tupper tells me that your aunt is rich. I suppose you're living off the fat of the land."

"The browsing and sluicing are good," admitted Ukridge. "But it's a wearing life, laddie. A wearing life, old horse."

"Why don't you come and see me sometimes?"

"I'm not allowed out at night."

"Well, shall I come and see you?"

A look of poignant alarm shot out from under the silk hat.

"Don't dream of it, laddie," said Ukridge earnestly. "Don't dream of it. You're a good chap—my best pal and all that sort of thing—but the fact is, my standing in the home's none too solid even now, and one sight of you would knock my prestige into hash. Aunt Julia would think you worldly."

"I'm not worldly."

"Well, you look worldly. You wear a squash hat and a soft collar. If you don't mind my suggesting it, old horse, I think, if I were you, I'd pop off now before she comes out. Good by, laddie."

"Ichabod!" I murmured sadly to myself as I passed on down Oxford Street. "Ichabod!"

I should have had more faith. I should have known my Ukridge better. I should have realized that a London suburb could no more imprison that great man permanently than did Elba Napoleon.

One afternoon, as I let myself into the house in Ebury Street of which I rented at that time the bedroom and sitting room on the first floor, I came upon Bowles, my landlord, standing in listening attitude at the foot of the stairs.

"Good afternoon, sir," said Bowles. "A gentleman is waiting to see you. I fancy I heard him calling me a moment ago."

"Who is he?"

"A Mr. Ukridge, sir. He —"

A vast voice boomed out from above.

"Bowles, old horse!"

Bowles, like all other proprietors of furnished apartments in the southwestern district of London, was an ex-butler; and about him, as about all ex-butchers, there hung like a garment an aura of dignified superiority which had never failed to crush my spirit. He was a man of portly aspect with a bald head and prominent eyes of a lightish green—eyes that seemed to weigh me dispassionately and find me wanting. "H'm!" they seemed to say. "Young, very young. And not at all what I have been accustomed to in the best places." To hear this dignitary addressed—and in a shout at that—as "old horse" affected me with much the same sense of imminent chaos as would afflict a devout young curate if he saw his bishop slapped on the back. The shock, therefore, when he responded not merely mildly but with what almost amounted to camaraderie was numbing.

"Sir?" cooed Bowles.

"Bring me six bones and a corkscrew."

"Very good, sir."

Bowles retired, and I bounded upstairs and flung open the door of my sitting room.

"Great Scott!" I said blankly.

The place was a sea of Pekingese dogs. Later investigation reduced their numbers to six, but in that first moment there seemed to be hundreds. Goggling eyes met mine wherever I looked. The room was a forest of waving tails. With his back against the mantelpiece, smoking placidly, stood Ukridge.

"Hullo, laddie," he said, with a genial wave of the hand as if to make me free of the place, "you're just in time. I've got to dash off and catch a train in a quarter of an hour. Stop it, you mutts," he bellowed; and the six Pekingese, who had been barking steadily since my arrival, stopped in mid-yap and were still.

Ukridge's personality seemed to exercise a magnetism over the animal kingdom, from ex-butchers to Pekes, which bordered on the uncanny. "I'm off to Sheep's Cray in Kent. Taken a cottage there."

"Are you going to live there?"

"Yes."

"But what about your aunt?"

"Oh, I've left her! Life is stern and life is earnest, and if I mean to make a fortune I've got to bustle about and not stay cooped up in a place like Wimbledon."

"Something in that."



Ukridge's sad case seemed to move George deeply. "We ought to do something practical for him," he remarked.

"Besides which, she told me the very sight of me made her sick and she never wanted to see me again."

I might have guessed, directly I saw him, that some upheaval had taken place. The sumptuous raiment which had made him such a treat to the eye at our last meeting was gone, and he was back in his pre-Wimbledon costume, which was, as the advertisements say, distinctively individual.

Over gray flannel trousers, a golf coat and a brown sweater he wore like a royal robe a bright yellow mackintosh. His collar had broken free from its stud and showed a couple of inches of bare neck. His hair was disordered, and his masterful nose was topped by a pair of steel rimmed pince-nez cunningly attached to his flapping ears with ginger beer wire. His whole appearance spelled revolt.

Bowles manifested himself with a plateful of bones.

"That's right. Chuck 'em down on the floor."

"Very good, sir."

"I like that fellow," said Ukridge as the door closed. "We had a dashed interesting talk before you came in. Did you know he had a cousin in the music halls?"

"He hasn't confided in me much."

"He's promised me an introduction to him later on. May be useful to be in touch with a man who knows the ropes. You see, laddie, I've hit on the most amazing scheme." He swept his arm round dramatically, overturning a plaster cast of the Infant Samuel at Prayer. "All right, all right, you can mend it with glue or something, and anyway you're probably better without it. Yessir, I've hit on a great scheme. The idea of a thousand years."

"What's that?"

"I'm going to train dogs."

"Train dogs?"

"For the music hall stage. Dog acts, you know. Performing dogs. Pots of money in it. I start in a modest way with these six. When I've taught 'em a few tricks, I sell them to a fellow in the profession for a large sum and buy twelve more. I train those, sell 'em for a large sum, and with the money buy twenty-four more. I train those—"

"Here, wait a minute." My head was beginning to swim. I had a vision of England paved with Pekingese dogs, all doing tricks. "How do you know you'll be able to sell them?"

"Of course I shall. The demand's enormous. Supply can't cope with it. At a conservative estimate I should think I ought to scoop in four or five thousand pounds the first year. That, of course, is before the business really starts to expand."

"I see."

"When I get going properly, with a dozen assistants under me and an organized establishment, I shall begin to touch the big money. What I'm aiming at is a sort of dogs' college out in the country somewhere. Big place with a lot of ground. Regular classes and a set curriculum. Large staff, each member of it with so many dogs under his care, me looking on and superintending."

"Why, once the thing starts moving it'll run itself, and all I shall have to do will be to sit back and endorse the checks. It isn't as if I would have to confine my operations to England. The demand for performing dogs is universal throughout the civilized world. America wants performing dogs. Australia wants performing dogs. Africa could do with a few, I've no doubt. My aim, laddie, is gradually to get a monopoly of the trade. I want everybody who needs a performing dog of any description to come automatically to me. And I'll tell you what, laddie. If you like to put up a bit of capital, I'll let you in on the ground floor."

"No, thanks."

"All right. Have it your own way. Only don't forget that there was a fellow who put nine hundred dollars into the Ford car business when it was starting and he collected a cool forty million . . . I say, is that clock right? Great Scott, I'll be missing my train. Help me mobilize these dashed animals."

Five minutes later, accompanied by the six Pekingese and bearing about him a pound of my tobacco, three pairs of my socks and the remains of a bottle of whisky, Ukridge departed in a taxicab for Charing Cross station to begin his life work.

Perhaps six weeks passed, six quiet Ukridgeless weeks, and then one morning I received an agitated telegram. Indeed, it was not so much a telegram as a cry of anguish. In every word



"My Aunt?" mumbled Ukridge, swaying on the door handle.

of it there breathed the tortured spirit of a great man who has battled in vain against overwhelming odds. It was the sort of telegram which Job might have sent off after a lengthy session with Bildad the Shuhite.

COME HERE IMMEDIATELY LADDIE LIFE AND DEATH MATTER  
OLD HORSE DESPERATE SITUATION DON'T FAIL ME

It stirred me like a bugle. I caught the next train.

The White Cottage, Sheep's Cray—destined, presumably, to become in future years a historic spot and a Mecca for dog-loving pilgrims—was a small and battered building standing near the main road to London at some distance from the village. I found it without difficulty, for Ukridge seemed to have achieved a certain celebrity in the neighborhood; but to effect an entry was a harder task. I rapped for a full minute without result, then shouted; and I was about to conclude that Ukridge was not at home when the door suddenly opened. As I was just giving a final bang at the moment, I entered the house in a manner reminiscent of one of the Ballet Russe practising a new and difficult step.

"Sorry, old horse," said Ukridge. "Wouldn't have kept you waiting if I'd known who it was. Thought you were Gooch the grocer—goods supplied to the value of six pounds three and a penny."

"I see."

"He keeps hounding me for his beastly money," said Ukridge bitterly as he led the way into the sitting room. "It's a little hard. Upon my Sam, it's a little hard. I come down here to inaugurate a vast business and do the natives a bit of good by establishing a growing industry in their midst, and the first thing you know they turn round and bite the hand that was going to



"Great run while it lasted, laddie," remarked Ukridge, "cat and I doing a steady fifty-five."

feed them. I've been hampered and rattled by these blood-suckers ever since I got here. A little trust, a little sympathy, a little of the good old give-and-take spirit—that was all I asked.

"And what happened? They wanted a bit on account! Kept bothering me for a bit on account, I'll trouble you, just when I needed all my thoughts and all my energy and every ounce of concentration at my command for my extraordinarily difficult and delicate work. I couldn't give them a bit on account. Later on, if they had only exercised reasonable patience, I would no doubt have been in a position to settle their infernal bills fifty times over. But the time was not ripe.

"I reasoned with the men. I said: 'Here am I, a busy man, trying hard to educate six Pekingese dogs for the music hall stage, and you come distracting my attention and impairing my efficiency by babbling about a bit on account. It isn't the pull-together spirit,' I said. 'It isn't the spirit that wins to wealth. These narrow, petty cash ideas can never make for success.' But no, they couldn't see it. They started calling here at all hours and waylaying me in the public highways till life became an absolute curse. And now what do you think has happened?"

"What?"

"The dogs."

"Got distemper?"

"No. Worse. My landlord's pinched them as security for his infernal rent! Sneaked the stock. Tied up the assets. Crippled the business at the very outset. Have you ever in your life heard of anything so dastardly? I know I agreed to pay the damned rent weekly and I'm about six weeks behind, but my gosh!

surely a man with a huge enterprise on his hands isn't supposed to have to worry about these trifles when he's occupied with the most delicate . . . Well, I put all that to old Nickerson, but a fat lot of good it did . . . So then I wired to you."

"Ah!" I said, and there was a brief and pregnant pause.

"I thought," said Ukridge meditatively, "that you might be able to suggest somebody I could touch."

He spoke in a detached and almost casual way, but his eye was gleaming at me significantly, and I avoided it with a sense of guilt. My finances at the moment were in their customary unsettled condition—rather more so, in fact, than usual, owing to unsatisfactory speculations at Kempton Park on the previous Saturday; and it seemed to me that, if ever there was a time for passing the buck, this was it. I mused tensely. It was an occasion for quick thinking.

"George Tupper!" I cried on the crest of a brain-wave.

"George Tupper!" echoed Ukridge radiantly, his gloom melting like fog before the sun. "The very man, by gad! It's a most amazing thing but I never thought of him. George Tupper, of course! Big-hearted George, the old school chum. He'll do it like a shot and won't miss the money. These Foreign Office blokes have always got a spare tenner or two tucked away in the old sock. They pinch it out of

the public funds. Rush back to town, laddie, with all speed, get hold of Tuppy, lush him up, and bite his ear for twenty quid. Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party."

I got hold of George, took him out to dinner, and on the way home sketched out what was expected of him. I had been convinced that George Tupper would not fail us, nor did he. He parted without a murmur—even with enthusiasm. The consignment was one that might have been made to order for him.

As a boy, George used to write sentimental poetry for the school magazine, and now he is the sort of man who is always starting subscription lists and getting up memorials and presentations. He listened to my story with the serious, official air which these Foreign Office fellows put on when they are deciding whether to declare war on Switzerland or send a firm note to San Marino, and was reaching for his check book before I had been speaking two minutes. Ukridge's sad case seemed to move him deeply.

"Too bad," said George, as we walked back from luncheon. "So he is training dogs, is he? Well, it seems very unfair that, if he has at last settled down to real work, he should be hampered by financial difficulties at the outset. We ought to do something practical for him. After all, a loan of twenty pounds cannot relieve the situation permanently."

"I think you're a bit optimistic if you're looking on it as a loan."

"What Ukridge needs is capital."

"He thinks that, too. So does Gooch the grocer."



"Capital," repeated George Tupper firmly, as if he were reasoning with the plenipotentiary of some great power. "Every venture requires capital at first." He frowned thoughtfully. "Where can we obtain capital for Ukridge?"

"Rob a bank."

George Tupper's face cleared.

"I have it," he said. "I will go straight over to Wimbledon tonight and approach his aunt."

"Aren't you forgetting that Ukridge is about as popular with her as a cold Welsh rabbit?"

"There may be a temporary estrangement, but if I tell her the facts and impress upon her that Ukridge is really making a genuine effort to earn a living . . ."

"Well, try it if you like. But she will probably sick the parrot on to you."

"It will have to be done diplomatically, of course. It might be as well if you did not tell Ukridge what I propose to do. I do not wish to arouse hopes which may not be fulfilled."

A blaze of yellow on the platform of Sheep's Cray station next morning informed me that Ukridge had come to meet my train. The sun poured down from a cloudless sky, but it took more than sunshine to make Stanley Featherstonehaugh Ukridge discard his mackintosh. He looked like an animated blob of mustard.

When the train rolled in he was standing in solitary grandeur trying to light his pipe, but as I got out I perceived that he had been joined by a sad looking man who, from the rapid and earnest manner in which he talked and the vehemence of his gesticulations, appeared to be ventilating some theme on which he felt deeply. Ukridge was looking warm and harassed, and as I approached I could hear his voice booming in reply.

"My dear sir, my dear old horse, do be reasonable, do try to cultivate the big, broad, flexible outlook . . ."

He saw me and broke away—not unwillingly; and, gripping my arm, drew me off along the platform. The sad looking man followed irresolutely.

"Have you got the stuff, laddie?" inquired Ukridge in a tense whisper. "Have you got it?"

"Yes, here it is."

"Put it back, put it back!" moaned Ukridge in agony as I felt in my pocket. "Do you know who that was I was talking to? Gooch the grocer!"

"Goods supplied to the value of six pounds three and a penny?"

"Absolutely!"

"Well, now's your chance. Fling him a purse of gold. That'll make him look silly."

"My dear old horse, I can't afford to go about the place squandering my cash simply in order to make grocers look silly. That money is ear-marked for Nickerson, my landlord."

"Oh? . . . I say, I think the six pounds three and a penny bird is following us."

"Then for goodness sake, laddie, let's get a move on. If that man knew we had twenty quid on us, our lives wouldn't be safe. He'd make one spring."

He hurried me out of the station and led the way up a shady lane that wound off through the fields, slinking furtively "Like one that on a lonesome road Doth walk in fear and dread, And having once looked back walks on And turns no more his head, Because he knows a frightful fiend Doth close behind him tread." As a matter of fact, the frightful fiend had given up the pursuit after the first few steps, and a moment later I drew this fact to Ukridge's attention, for it was not the sort of day on which to break walking records.

He halted, relieved, and mopped his spacious brow with a handkerchief which I recognized as having once been my property.

"Thank goodness we've shaken him off," he said. "Not a bad chap in his way, I believe—a good husband and father, I'm told, and sings in the

church choir. But no vision. That's what he lacks, old horse—vision. He can't understand that all vast industrial enterprises have been built up on a system of liberal and cheerful credit. Won't realize that credit is the lifeblood of commerce. Without credit commerce has no elasticity. And if commerce has no elasticity, what damn good is it?"

"I don't know."

"Nor does anybody else. Well, now that he's gone, you can give me that money. Did old Tuppy cough up cheerfully?"

"Blithely."

"I knew it," said Ukridge, deeply moved, "I knew it. A good fellow. One of the best. I've always liked Tuppy. A man you can rely on. Some day, when I get going on a big scale, he shall have this back a thousandfold. I'm glad you brought small notes."

"Why?"

"I want to scatter 'em about on the table in front of this Nickerson blighter."

"Is this where he lives?"

We had come to a red-roofed house, set back from the road amidst trees. Ukridge wielded the knocker forcefully.

"Tell Mr. Nickerson," he said to the maid, "that Mr. Ukridge has called and would like a word."

About the demeanor of the man who presently entered the room into which we had been shown there was that subtle but well marked something which stamps your creditor all the world over.

Mr. Nickerson was a man of medium height almost completely surrounded by whiskers, and through the shrubbery he gazed at Ukridge with frozen eyes, shooting out waves of deleterious animal magnetism. You could see at a glance that he was not fond of Ukridge. Take him for all in all, Mr. Nickerson looked like one of the less amiable prophets of the Old Testament about to interview the captive monarch of the Amalekites.

"Well?" he said, and I have never heard the word spoken in a more forbidding manner.

"I've come about the rent."

"Ah?" said Mr. Nickerson guardedly.

"To pay it," said Ukridge.



"The little dogs! They're gone. They've run away," cried Mr. Nickerson.

"To pay it!" ejaculated Mr. Nickerson incredulously.

"Here!" said Ukridge, and with a superb gesture flung money on the table.

I understood now why the massive-minded man had wanted small notes. They made a brave display. There was a light breeze blowing in through the open window, and so musical a rustling did it set up as it played about the heaped up wealth that Mr. Nickerson's austerity seemed to vanish like a breath off a razor blade. For a moment a dazed look came into his eyes and he swayed slightly; then, as he started to gather up the money, he took on the benevolent air of a bishop blessing pilgrims. So far as Mr. Nickerson was concerned, the sun was up.

"Why, thank you, Mr. Ukridge, I'm sure," he said. "Thank you very much. No hard feelings, I trust?"

"Not on my side, old horse," responded Ukridge affably. "Business is business."

"Exactly."

"Well, I may as well take those dogs now," said Ukridge, helping himself to a cigar from a box which he had just discovered on the mantelpiece and putting a couple more in his pocket in the friendliest way. "The sooner they're back with me, the better. They've lost a day's education as it is."

"Why certainly, Mr. Ukridge, certainly. They are in the shed at the bottom of the garden. I will get them for you at once."

He retreated through the door, babbling ingratiatingly.

"Amazing how fond these blokes are of money," sighed Ukridge. "It's a thing I don't like to see. Sordid, I call it. That blighter's eyes were gleaming, positively gleaming, laddie, as he scooped up the stuff. Good cigars, these," he added, pocketing three more.

There was a faltering footstep outside, and Mr. Nickerson reentered the room. The man appeared to have something on his mind. A glassy look was in his whisker-bordered eyes, and his mouth, though it was not easy to see it through the jungle, seemed to me to be sagging mournfully. He resembled a minor prophet who has been hit behind the ear with a stuffed eelskin.

"Mr. Ukridge!"

"Hullo?"

"The—little dogs!"

"Well?"

"The little dogs!"

"What about them?"

"They have gone!"

"Gone?"

"Run away!"

"Run away? How the devil could they run away?"

"There seems to have been a loose board at the back of the shed. The little dogs must have wriggled through. There is no trace of them to be found."

Ukridge flung up his arms despairingly. He swelled like a captive balloon. His pince-nez rocked on his nose, his mackintosh flapped menacingly and his collar sprang off its stud. He brought his fist down with a crash on the table.

"Upon my Sam!"

"I am extremely sorry . . ."

"Upon my Sam!" cried Ukridge. "It's hard. It's pretty hard. I come down here to inaugurate a great business which would eventually have brought trade and prosperity to the whole neighborhood, and I have hardly had time to turn round and attend to the preliminary details of the enterprise when this man comes and sneaks my dogs. And now he tells me with a light laugh—"

"Mr. Ukridge, I assure you—"

"Tells me with a light laugh that they've gone. Gone! Gone where? Why, dash it, they may be all over the country. A fat chance I've got of ever seeing them again. Six valuable Pekingese, already educated practically to the stage where they could have been sold at an enormous profit . . ."

Mr. Nickerson was fumbling guiltily, and now he produced from his pocket a crumpled wad of notes, which he thrust agitatedly upon Ukridge, who waved them away with loathing.

"This gentleman," boomed Ukridge, indicating me with a sweeping gesture, "happens to be a lawyer. It is extremely lucky that he chanced to come down today to pay me a visit. Have you followed the proceedings closely?"

I said I had followed them very closely.

"Is it your opinion that an action will lie?"

I said it seemed highly probable, and this expert ruling appeared to put the final touch on Mr. Nickerson's collapse. Almost tearfully he urged the notes on Ukridge.

"What's this?" said Ukridge loftily.

"I—I thought, Mr. Ukridge, that if it were agreeable to you you might consent to take your money back and—and consider the episode closed."

Ukridge turned to me. "Ha!" he cried. "Ha ha!"

"Ha ha!" I chorused dutifully.

"He thinks that he can close the episode by giving me my money back. Isn't that rich?"

"Fruity!" I agreed.

"Those dogs were worth hundreds of pounds, and he thinks he can square me with a rotten twenty. Would you have believed it if you hadn't heard it with your own ears, old horse?"

"Never!"

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Ukridge after thought. "I'll take this money." Mr. Nickerson thanked him. "And there are one or two trifling accounts which want settling with some of the local tradesmen. You will square those—"

"Certainly, Mr. Ukridge, certainly."

"And after that—well, I'll have to think it over. If I decide to institute proceedings my lawyer will communicate with you in due course."

And we left the wretched man cowering despicably behind his whiskers.

It seemed to me as we passed down the tree-shaded lane and out into the white glare of the road, that Ukridge was bearing himself in his hour of disaster with a rather admirable fortitude. His stock in trade, the lifeblood of his enterprise, was scattered all over Kent, probably never to return, and all that he had to show on the other side of the balance sheet was the canceling of a few weeks' back rent and the paying off of Gooch the grocer and his friends. It was a situation which might well have crushed the spirit of an ordinary man, but Ukridge seemed by no means dejected. Jaunty, rather. His eyes shone behind their pince-nez and he whistled a rollicking air. When presently he began to sing, I felt that it was time to create a diversion.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Who, me?" said Ukridge buoyantly. "Oh, I'm coming back to town on the next train! You don't mind hoofing it to the next station, do you? It's only five miles. It might be a trifle risky to start from Sheep's Cray."

"Why risky?"

"Because of the dogs, of course."

"Dogs?"

Ukridge hummed a gay strain.

"Oh yes, I forgot to tell you about that! I've got 'em."

"What!"

"Yes, I went out late last night and pinched them out of the shed." He chuckled amusedly. "Perfectly simple. Only needed a clear, level head. I borrowed a cat and tied a string to it, legged it to old Nickerson's garden after dark, dug a board out of the back of the shed and shoved my head down and chirruped. The dogs came trickling out and I hared off, towing old Colonel Cat on his string. Great run while it lasted, laddie. Hounds picked up the scent right away and started off in a bunch at fifty miles an hour. Cat and I doing a steady fifty-five. Thought every minute old Nickerson would hear and start blazing away with a gun, but nothing happened. I led the pack across country for a run of twenty minutes without a check, parked the dogs in my sitting room, unleashed Cuthbert the cat, and so to bed. Took it out of me, by gosh! Not so young as I was."

I was silent for a moment, conscious of a feeling almost of reverence. This man was undoubtedly spacious. There had always been something about Ukridge that dulled the moral sense.

"Well," I said at length, "you've certainly got vision."

"Yes?" said Ukridge, gratified.

"And the big, broad, flexible outlook."

"Got to, laddie, nowadays. The foundation of a successful business career."

"And what's the next move?"

We were drawing near to the white cottage. It stood and broiled in the sunlight, and I hoped that there might be something cool to drink inside it. The window of the sitting room was open and through it came the yapping of Pekingese.

"Oh, I shall find another cottage somewhere else!" said Ukridge, eyeing his little home with a certain sentimentality. "That won't be hard. Lots of cottages all over the place. And then I shall buckle down to serious work. You'll be astounded at the progress I've made already. In a minute I'll show you what those dogs can do."

"They can bark all right."

"Yes. They seem excited about something. You know, laddie, I've had a great idea. When (Continued on page 143)



**L**IONEL BARRYMORE, with Alma Rubens, in the greatest part he has played in his screen career—Prince Lubimoff in Ibañez's famous "The Enemies of Women," produced by the Cosmopolitan Corporation.





***J**EANNE EAGELS, an actress since childhood, who with her vivid and eager beauty has created something of a sensation in "Rain," a play of American Samoa from a story by W. Somerset Maugham.*



**H**ELEN MENKEN, whose parents were deaf and dumb, who began acting at the age of five, and whose "Diane" in "Seventh Heaven" has been compared by able critics with the acting of Bernhardt and Duse.

ALFRED CHENEY JOURNALIST



**L**ILLIAN-MAC KENZIE of the bewitching eyes, whose singing and dancing has charmed the audiences of such Broadway triumphs as "The Queen of Hearts," the Ziegfeld "Follies" and "Good Morning, Dearie."

PHOTOGRAPH BY APENIA

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By  
GOUVERNEUR  
MORRIS

*A real Love Story—  
therefore a story of*

# MIRACLES

*Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg*



THE first thing that happened wasn't exactly a miracle. Just the same it was a wonderful happening.

Suppose that you were twenty-one years old and that all your life long you had desired (even beyond diamonds and pearls) an automobile (any kind of an automobile that would go) and a fruit ranch. Suppose then that being twenty-one years of age, and indeed upon the morning of your twenty-first birthday, a man of law came to the house in which you resided with your parents and informed you that your mother's brother, a crochety old fellow whom nobody had seen or heard of for years and years and years, had died and made you his heir and left you nearly a thousand dollars in lawful currency, and a little fruit ranch in that loveliest of valleys which suns itself the year round between the city of Salinas and the city of Monterey.

It would seem wonderful to you, I think. It seemed wonderful to Ruddy Copeland, for it was to him that the amazing thing happened, and his twenty-second year was no more than five days old before he had bought a very second-hand flivver—but it *did* have a very special roadster body, shaped like a half smoked cigar and painted a delicate baby blue—and set forth to view the more productive part of his inheritance.

The way led through the old mission city of San Juan. And here he ran plump into his first miracles. But I am afraid he scoffed at them at that time and was very skeptical as to the true miraculousness of them.

Upon the top of a hill just outside the city a miracle man and his disciples had pitched a tent. The miracle man wore a long white robe and a long white beard like a character out of the Bible, and from morning till late at night he talked in a sing-song voice about his ability to cure sick people by the simple act of laying his hands upon them and wishing them well. His disciples, a stout man and stout women with gold-rimmed spectacles, went about saying that everything the miracle man said was true, and selling photographs at twenty-five cents apiece.

The hill upon which the miracle tent had been pitched was covered with people. They had flocked to see the miracle man

from points more than a hundred miles distant. Some of them were very sick people who had to be carried by their friends. Every kind of crutch, cripple and ear trumpet was to be seen. There were hunched backs in the crowd, legs that had shriveled to the size of broomsticks and spines so twisted that they resembled pretzels. But most of the people who had come to see the miracle man, or like Ruddy Copeland had stopped off on their way to see something else, were only suffering from curiosity.

Once a panic broke out halfway up the hill and several people were knocked down and trampled on. It all came about because of a Mexican with a big white scar on his face. The scar gleamed like silver and suddenly somebody said to somebody else that the man was a leper. Then everybody tried to get away from the vicinity of the leper as quickly as possible.

Around the miracle tent itself and the space in front of it the crowd was for ten days. Ruddy never got near enough to the miracle man to see him, but he got near enough to hear him, and word of what the miracle man was doing was passed by the fortunate spectators in the front rows to those behind them.

Except for the endless singing boasting of the miracle man there would be silences. At the end of these silences there would be a clapping of hands. This applause might mean that the power of locomotion had been returned to a hopeless cripple, or sight to a blindman. Whenever the applause sounded the sick people on their way up the hill who had been waiting for hours and hours to get a chance at the miracle man would become half frenzied with excitement.

The sick believed that they would be cured. Their friends and relatives hoped against reason and knowledge. But people who had never been sick themselves or taken a vital interest in sick people had no faith at all. They thought that the miracle man was a fake.

That was what Ruddy Copeland thought.

The show sickened him. He believed in doctors and surgeons. He thought that miracle men with sing song voices, and disciples with gold-rimmed spectacles who sold photographs ought to be locked up and put where they couldn't impose on the ignorant and the half-witted.

He tried for a while to find someone or other who had personally been cured by the miracle man of something or other, but failed. Only the front rows on the top of the hill saw the cures made, and thereafter the cured persons never seemed to come out of the charmed circle where common persons could get at them and talk with them.

Ruddy Copeland gave up in disgust. Whatever doubts he had about cures, he had none about disease. There were Biblical diseases on view, running sores and the things that troubled Job. And there were undoubtedly diseases more serious and less evident that one might breathe in and develop inside oneself. Also there were little children, so lame and sick and miserable that they could never possibly grow up. And Ruddy, whose heart was unsophisticated and tender, could not bear to look at them.

So he climbed into his baby blue flivver and proceeded over the mountain pass to Salinas. Here he made inquiries as to the exact location of the little ranch which he had inherited, and how to find it.

Now the word *ranch* is an elastic word. It means anything from a half-acre of cabbages to a million acres of sage brush. The ranch to which Ruddy's directions led him, and of whose ranch house he had the keys in his pocket, was easily found.

The little white house stood on the top of a very little hill. The hill, perhaps forty feet high, had been neatly terraced for the accommodation of blackberry vines and their orderly trellises, and was entirely surrounded by twenty acres of well-grown pear trees. Gentle hills dotted with live oaks in turn surrounded the orchard, and a half mile of winding dirt road separated it from the highway over which people travel between Salinas and Monterey.

The dwelling house contained a living room, a bedroom, a bathroom and a kitchen. Outside it looked like an old house, the kind that a child draws on a slate, but inside it looked new.

Ruddy's late uncle may have been crochety, but he had loved simplicity and white paint. Ruddy's new home may have

been as simple and unpretentious as a monk's cell, but it was as clean and sweet as a rosebud.

At the moment, however, considering the house together with Ruddy's youth and good health, the house had one grave drawback. It contained nothing to eat.

It was Ruddy's intention to eat in Monterey, to buy groceries and return to his ranch. But when he saw the Mission Church perched aloft, with the lagoon at its feet and the tiled roofs of the little city beyond and the surrounding hills softened with pines and oaks and the blue sparkling bay, something queer happened to his eyes, and for the first time in his young life he perceived that the world is not only to be considered in terms of utilitarian progress but in terms of beauty as well.

And that was Ruddy's first real miracle.

When he had eaten and bought groceries he did not at once return to his ranch. In the restaurant they spoke to him of a certain seventeen mile drive, of strange trees which grow nowhere else in the world, of an ocean-bound city called Pacific Grove, where sin is unknown, of Carmel, where artists and authois live in amity and speak well of one another, and of the old Carmel Mission and the wonderful Highlands beyond.

And he determined to see all these wonders before returning to his ranch and taking up his life's work at the beginning.

A first acquaintance with the Monterey Peninsula has made persons even less sensitive and accustomed to beauty than Ruddy Copeland absolutely groggy. Neither the Bay of Naples nor the Riviera nor the Isles of Greece where Sappho sang—and ought to have been arrested—can hold a candle to it.

After a day and a half of sight-seeing Ruddy drove slowly down the long hill which is the approach to Monterey from Carmel, a very different person from the twenty-one year old boy who so recently had inherited a fruit ranch and nearly a thousand dollars in cash.

His heroes had always been those persons who appear to make the world go round and who through personal initiative, energy and inventiveness have acquired large fortunes. And now he felt that a false rating of those persons had hurt his life instead of helping it. He wished that at the university, instead of studying business and mechanics, he had taken all the courses in art and literature. He felt very tender hearted and a little sad.

## II

A GIRL sat at the open window of a house which had only two windows and a door between them. There was a hearse in front of the house and a dilapidated touring car.



The girl looked at Ruddy in an adoring, worshipful kind of way and said, "Oh please take me—please—please take me."



Ruddy was badly rattled. He gave a despairing look toward the door—and the look changed to wonder.

Some men were carrying a coffin through the gate in the house fence—this gate was made of a whale's jawbone—and presently they heaved up one end of it and slid it into the hearse. Two of them climbed into the front seat of the hearse, and the others, with two fat women with black veils who had been looking on, piled into the touring car.

Then one of the men jumped out of the touring car and ran back to the girl at the window, took her hand and patted it and said something or other to her. She gave two or three quick little nods and compressed her lips.

Ruddy just managed to avoid running into a car that was on its way up the hill. The tragic beauty of that sweet, grave face at the window had upset him dreadfully.

He could not get it out of his mind.

After a while he turned about and drove back up the hill. The hearse and the touring car had gone, but the girl was still sitting at the window, looking out, and as it seemed to Ruddy, seeing nothing. He had the feeling that something terrible had happened to her . . . He drove clear to the top of the hill, a mile and a half away, turned and drove slowly down.

A few blocks above the house of mourning he parked his car and continued the descent on foot. He did not know what he was going to do. He had no plan. And he could not have helped doing what he did.

He passed under the whale jaw and went straight to the window at which the girl sat. He asked for a drink of water. And that made her blush. She had to confess that she couldn't get it for him.

"I'm very lame," she said. "I've nearly always been lame. It's really worse than that. I can't walk at all."

This statement affected Ruddy just as a piece of bad news about somebody he had always known and liked would have done.

"But," he said, "suppose you wanted a drink of water or something for yourself? Are you all alone in the house?"

"I would have to wait," she said, "until somebody I knew came by . . . But you can come in and get yourself a drink of water."

The house seemed to be divided into two halves. In one of them the girl sat with a blanket around her knees. The other was probably a bedroom. A ladder led to a loft. At the back was a lean-to kitchen.

Ruddy found a tumbler and a faucet. And though he was not thirsty he drank.

The house was very bare and unlovely. "They must be poor people," he thought. He wanted to stay and talk with the girl. Her beauty and her helplessness had touched his heart.

He had always heard that there was much good Castilian blood in Monterey, and that some of the girls were very beautiful. This girl had a Spanish look, and her beauty could not have been denied.

He paused with his hand on the door latch.

Her eyes were lifted squarely to his.

"Could you tell me the time?" she asked. He looked at his watch and told her.

"Oh dear!" she said. "Is that all?"

"Every minute of it," said Ruddy. (Continued on page 138)



# Happy Endings



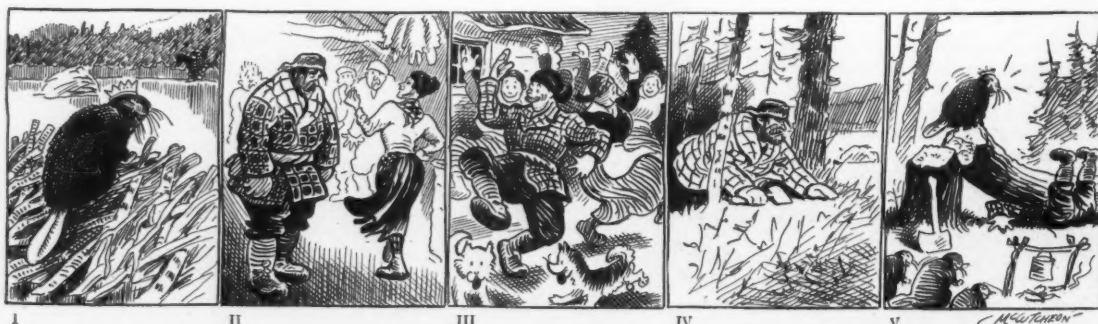
## MARMADUKE'S RETURN

I. It was Christmas eve, and a sorry one in the old homestead. Tomorrow the landlord is to sell the place. II. Ah, things look dark. Thirty years before had little Marmaduke run away from home and for years had been given up for lost. III. See, his picture in the album. Each Christmas eve his mother had hoped for his return. IV. "Don't you know me, father?" V. "Marmaduke! !!" "Don't worry, mother, I've come back to buy the old homestead!"



## LE CHEVALIER SANS-CULOTTE

I. "Oh, something besides that rent bill! An invitation to spend the week-end at the Scadworths'." II. "Only ten minutes to pack! I can think of nothing but Drusilla Scadworth." III. "Great heavens, I've packed everything but my trousers! I must feign a sudden illness." IV. "I will nurse you back to health. I took a course in nursing during the war." V. "Drusilla!" "David!"

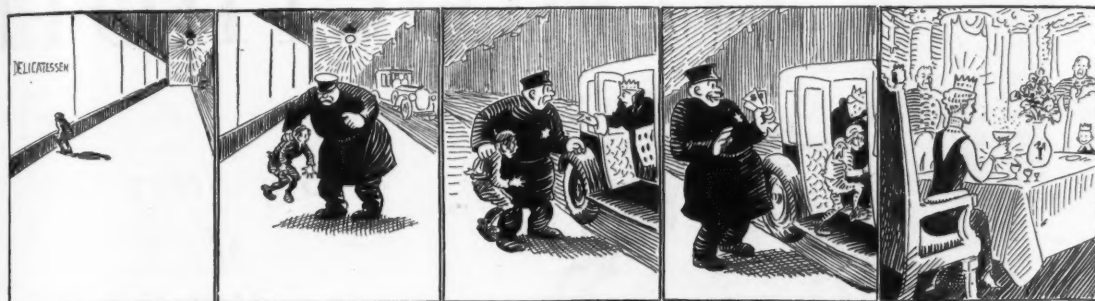


## SNAG TOOTH

I. In all the Hudson's Bay country it was said that old Snag Tooth, the beaver, would never be caught. His years were long and full of wisdom. He was wise to the snares of men. People called him bewitched. II. Pierre la Fourchet was the most dreaded man in the north country. What he wanted, he seized—all save Snag Tooth, who outwitted him, and pretty Marie La Pelle, who snapped her fingers at him. "Bring me the skin of Snag Tooth and I'll marry you," she challenged. III. Out into the great silence went Pierre. Months passed and the trading post was joyous in the thought that retribution had at last overtaken him. IV. For months the beady eyes of Pierre watched the beaver colony. Winter passed. Soon the old beavers would be on their annual migration. "By gar, I get heem then, and then that pretty Marie, he be mine!" He smiled as he lay down to sleep under the tamarack. V. As silent as the stars, creeping, creeping, old Snag Tooth edged slowly toward the tamarack beneath which Pierre lay sleeping. All through the night his teeth ate deeper and deeper into the heart of the tree. Just at daybreak it fell, true to the old beaver's plan . . . Months afterward a trapper passed that way. "Pierre's ax," he said, and gave the bones a kick . . . Thereafter there was great joy in the country and Marie La Pelle married a trapper from Bois Ste. Marie and had twelve children, six blondes and six brunettes, all of whom lived happy ever afterward.

# WORDS AND PICTURES

## By JOHN T. McCUTCHEON



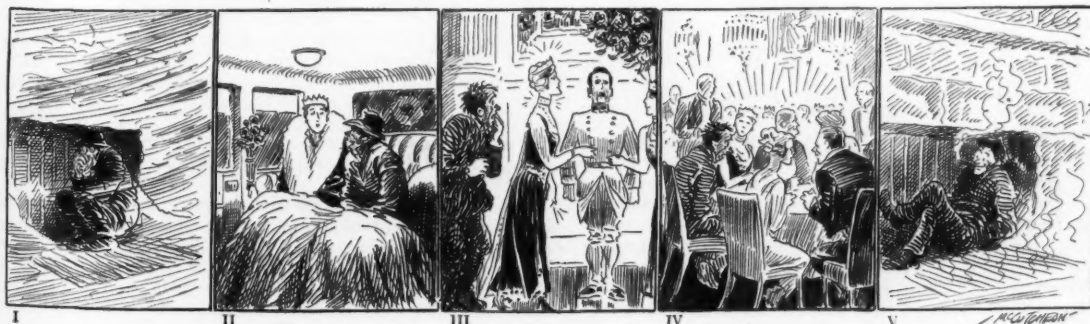
### THE HEIR OF THE HOUSE OF POINDEXTER

I. A bitter night in February! II. "Here, kid, you mustn't be blockin' up the sidewalk." III. "Officer, bring that child here. Poor little fellow!" IV. "Why, child, how much you look like our little boy who was kidnaped four years ago." V. Hooray! It was the same.



### CAPTAIN CHEVRON

I. From miles away came the shell that, bursting, left Captain Chevron bereft of memory. His past was a blank. II. Grinding brakes, a dizzy skid—too late! A crumpled figure collapsed against the curb. From the speeding car an anxious face looked out. III. "I remember the number!" exclaimed Chevron, when consciousness returned. And then burst upon him the dazzling realization that the fog had lifted! The crushing blow had restored his memory. Number 697,947,669 ran through his brain. IV. "Now to find the man who left me to die!" The search led to his own house. V. "My God, you alive!" "Yes," said Chevron. "And Gertrude?" "We thought you dead—she married me!" "When she thought you inherited my estate?" The other hung his head. Chevron laughed. "Keep her, and may you always be happier than you now look."

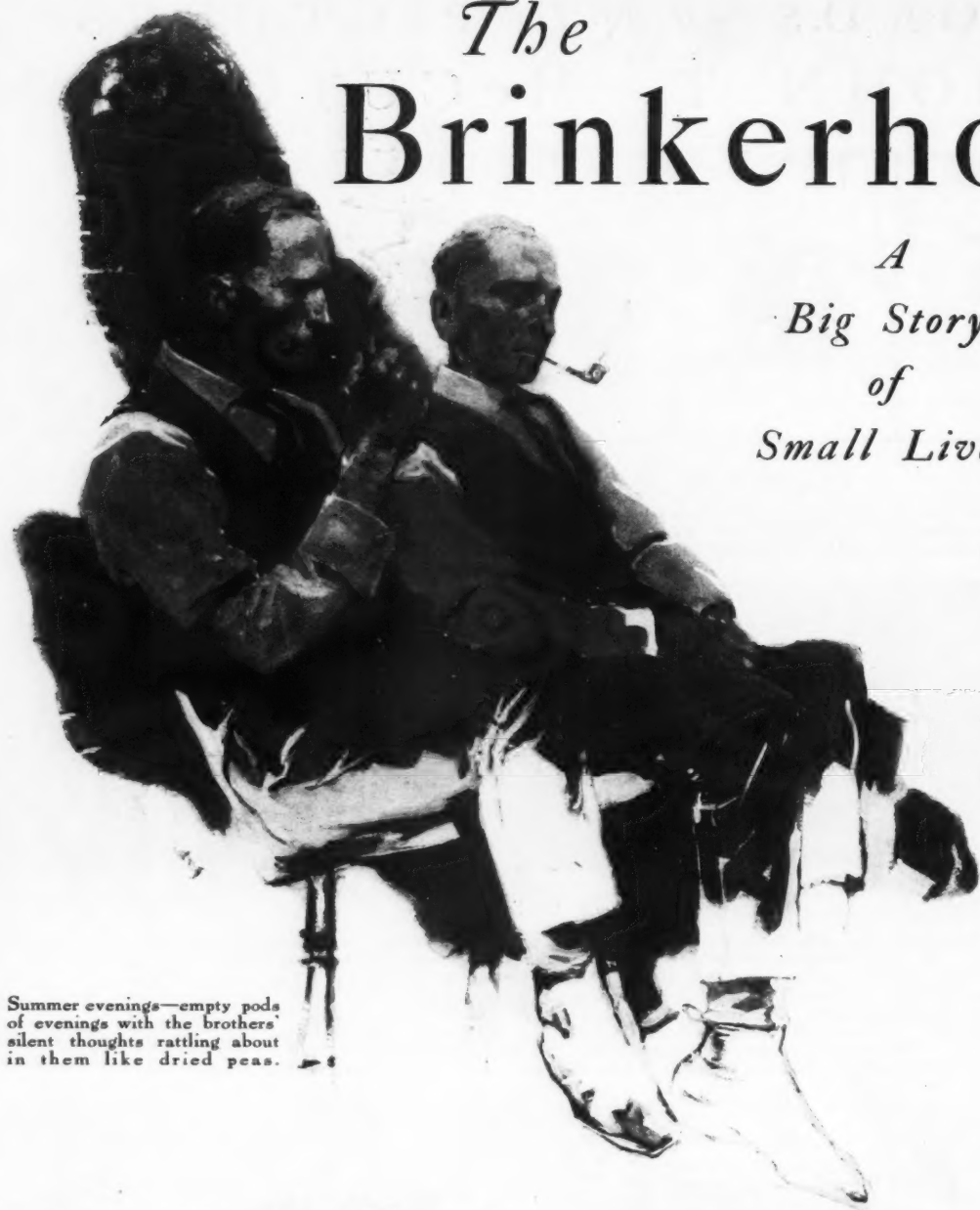


### DISCONTENT

I. Ten below! On a grating crouched a derelict, fighting off the drowsiness that meant death—a wayfarer who had lost his way. Through the blizzard, rocking under the blasts, came a limousine in which a richly attired lady and gentleman sat, swathed in furs. "Lucky dog!" muttered the derelict. "I wish I was in his place." II. A fairy, passing, heard the wish, and in an instant he was seated by the beautiful lady. "Gee, this is a swell car!" he said. The lady turned and looked long at him with emotionless eyes. He felt very uncomfortable. III. The car drew up at an imposing mansion, where the lady and the tramp were presently announced by a footman in livery. "Shall we dance?" asked the lady. "Gee, I can't dance," he answered, becoming more and more uncomfortable. "Would you prefer to sit it out?" "Sit what out?" She shrugged her shoulders. "Then you may take me in to supper." IV. At a snowy table they found places. The lady spoke to him, but he didn't know what to say, or what fork to use, or what to do with his hands. He had never been so miserable. "Gee, I wish I was out o' this," he groaned. "My car will take you back," said the lady. "I own that building, and you may use the grating as long as you wish . . ." V. By this time the storm had abated and a pleasant warmth arose from the grating. "Gee, I feel more at home here," murmured the derelict, lighting one of the cigars he had brought from the mansion.

# The Brinkerhoff

A  
Big Story  
of  
Small Lives



Summer evenings—empty pods  
of evenings with the brothers'  
silent thoughts rattling about  
in them like dried peas.

**T**HE beat to the day by day of the brothers Brinkerhoff was rather like the tick-tock of one of those family clocks with a nosegay painted on the glass door. The kind that stands on the mantelpiece between the blue glass vases with the warts blown into them.

There was the odor of the room that contained that clock about the brothers Brinkerhoff. Horsehair. The carpet hassock that always felt damp. The hard coal stove when the soot was cold.

But it was nineteen years since the brothers had known that identical room in the house on Papin Street in South St. Louis. A father with a spade-shaped beard had died there one night in a high black walnut bedstead, his face as four-cornered in death as it had been in life.

A mother who had tended him and the two sons through the long lethal silences into which these men could sink at meals, had died two months later while redding the strip of brick walk that led up to the white scoured steps of the house on Papin Street.

The brothers had boarded the nineteen years since with a "private family" on Maffit Avenue on the North Side. It was nearer the St. Louis Coal and Ice Company.

There were about eighteen months between them but most people thought them twins. You never felt quite right about their names. Somehow, Oscar's should have been Ichabod. And Henry's, well—Ichabod too.

You remember the nymph of Crete who named all her little nymphs Ariel because they simply would not resemble any other name?

Poor little Mrs. Brinkerhoff, who bore her sons in the big black walnut bedstead the very first thing after she arrived from a cisalpine village and who in all her years of mothering her three silent men had not learned how not to call them Uscar, Hennery and Puppa; poor little Mrs. Brinkerhoff, she should have called them just Ichabods all.

Oscar was the younger. His head had slightly the look of being set on a pole. The pole of his body. And his arms were very long, so long that—but "Ichabod" says it all again. Before the swift descriptive potency of Ichabod, to further describe the brothers Brinkerhoff, their little doilies of thinning hair or the dry crackle of Henry's finger joints, were redundancy.

And now back to the tick and tock of their daily lives. It was just that. Tick for Monday. Tock for Tuesday. Tick. Tock. And the little spans of silence in between were the nights, when the brothers slept side by side in the second story back of the private family named Burby on Maffit Avenue.

It was a square room with one window which overlooked the Burbys' long, narrow back yard with a brick ash pit at the far end, and little Bettina Burby's rag doll and kiddie car usually kicked into the dry stubble of city grass. It contained a double



By FANNIE HURST

# f Brothers

Illustrations by  
Herbert M. Stoops



It all happened so suddenly.  
Trina—blonde and nervous and  
twenty-eight—and Oscar.

light oak bed, chiffonier with two equidistant burnt wood collar and cuff boxes—the brothers wore detachable cuffs—and on the mantelpiece regarding each other from little fretwork balconies, velvet framed photographs of the father whose jaw was grim with the bite of false teeth; and the mother who always said Oscar and Hennery and Puppa, her face full of the ravages of the years of redding the bricks of Papin Street, and her decent, crocheted collar closed at the throat with a brooch photograph of her sons, aged four and a half and six, Oscar's left ear mashed softly against Henry's right.

Mrs. Burby kept a red velvet rocker from the parlor in the brothers' room because the springs rose up so when guests sat down on it, and up over the doorway, gazing down into the calm tick and tock of Brinkerhoff comings and goings, was a large crayon portrait of a deceased Burby, who looked like Brigham Young.

That picture exercised a slow and rather pleasant hypnosis over Henry. He liked, for instance, to start fastening his suspenders in one corner of the room and watch the eyes slide right after him over to the chiffonier for his sleeve garters. The brothers wore both suspenders and sleeve garters. They would. Well, standing, say, between the red velvet chair and the bed, these eyes above the transom could seem to press against Henry's own light blue ones like hot pennies, or sitting down on the bed edge to clump off his shoes, or shaving in the square of mirror over the washstand, he could feel their warm ball-like quality and even imagine they would give slightly if he pressed against them.

"By George, it's right human the way those photographers get those eyes to move. Just like they're human."

This was quite a speech for Henry who as a rule merely grunted while he did such things as dive into his shirt—yes, the brothers still wore them that way—or lift up a triangle of cheek to the razor.

More frequently the silence of their dressing was broken only by Bettina Burby shrilling in the back yard, the opening and shutting of a drawer, or Mrs. Burby sizzling their breakfast beefsteak in the kitchen which was directly beneath their room, or mostly just by Henry's grunts, which were nothing more than the leak of the vocal into his breathing.

There was something rather wonderful about the silences between these men. By the time they were around forty it had gathered in between them like a deep sunless pool beside which they could sit and smoke their pipes in an endless *Pu Pu* of utter passivism.

The Burbys, after years of these stilly men, came to regard them as "two of the family," and talk flew about their heads at the dinner table in a merry hailstorm that seemed literally to bounce off the slightly bald heads of the brothers.

Burby had a wall paper store on Easton Avenue, a street of small businesses that skirted the North Side. He was enormously

stout and wheezed so that when he was at home it was exactly as if a small motor were at work in the house. Mrs. Burby, who was pretty in the jelled sort of way that the overweight can be pretty, wore her apron in a perpetual muff about her short dimpled arms. She had an eighteen year old son in the Navy and a three year old daughter, Bettina. The neighborhood regarded the interval as not quite nice.

The brothers she called Mr. O. and Mr. H. to their faces, but to the neighbors with whom she held endless back yard and telephone conferences, she could wax facetious.

"Don't faint, but the Brinkeys won't be home to supper tonight. Nineteenth meal they've missed in nineteen years. St. Louis Coal and Ice Company's annual bonus picnic." Or, "I don't own a clock that runs. But I should worry about a clock when my Brinkeys' comings and goings, are as much to the minute as the sun is."

And so it was. To the dot, at twenty minutes past seven, in their alpaca suits in summer and mixture sack suits in winter, the rather stern black string ties and the square-toed shoes, well blacked, the brothers Brinkerhoff breakfasted.

First, four drops in a glass of water out of a bottle of raspberry colored liquid that stood in the center of the table beside the vinegar cruet—the brothers were subject to acid stomach—then a piece of well pounded, well done beefsteak, hashed browned potatoes, coffee from a granite pot that stood on a raffia mat, and two slices of thick untoasted bread.

Since the advent of little Bettina, Oscar, always a little the spokesman for the two, invariably left two cone-shaped chocolate bonbons on the wooden bib of her empty high chair. They were fond of the goldy little girl after a Brinkerhoff fashion. Oscar said "boo" to her and Henry made noises in between his teeth and cheek that sounded like his tin-tired buggy turning a short corner.

The St. Louis Coal and Ice Company still used horses. Round-bellied, three-ton teams with splendid, haggly forelegs and veins that could bulge thick as a wrist under the drag, moved with the dignity of leisure through the motor maze of the city's traffic.

The company, for the brothers' lighter purposes of city collecting, supplied the Brinkerhoffs each with a chestnut filly and a two-seated storm buggy with a black apron which buttoned over the front against rain. Henry covered a portion of North St. Louis and Oscar what was known as the more or less fashionable West End. The St. Louis Coal and Ice Company did not mail its city and county bills.

The brothers Brinkerhoff were city collectors. Long, satisfactory, uninterrupted records. True, that one Aloysius Jones who had once shared a portion of the North St. Louis route with Oscar was now a vice-president of the firm, and whenever a death or a resignation moved certain employees a notch along in advancement, the eyes of the corporation seemed resolutely turned away from the brothers Brinkerhoff.

But in the twenty-one years there had been five advances in salary. It was forty dollars a week now, and often a bonus at Christmas.

They were content. Little fishes, little bones, as the saying goes. The brothers apparently wanted but little here below.

Summer evenings, with the Burbys buzzing on the square of front porch and the brick wall of the house next door for their vistas, they tilted their straight chairs against the side of the house, puffing their pipes, and the pool formed between them, the pool of silence, their bodies like tall cypresses bordering it.

"That Briggs account over on De Tonty Street don't look any too strong."

"So?"

"Seventeen ton bituminous."

"So?"

*Pu. Pu. Pu.*

Long, cool, purple intervals, tip-tilted there against the side of the house until ten o'clock and to bed. Empty pods of evenings with the brothers' silent thoughts rattling about in them like dried peas.

Bricks that breathed out like a feverish little child sleeping in the dark with its mouth open.

Often a radio machine in the house next door caught up a woman's singing voice from the air and flung it like a scarf across the darkness. A lovely, fluctuating scarf that had color to it. It was not difficult to squeeze sibilant colors out of the darkness. Squinting the eyes did it. Orange, for instance, had a soaring note to it that could mount and mount until it became just a gleaming point of melody, like a star. Trills were sort of the blue of running water. Colorature, that adorable watermelon pink of a woman's mouth when she yawns. These particular fancies could play the very devil with Oscar. No sooner conceived than they could confuse him violently. Color has melody. No—melody has color. Oh, nonsense—just nonsense!

"Sofia's got a stone bruise on her left hind leg, Henry, bothering her right much."

"So?"

"Yes."

"Freckert's Liniment."

"M-m-m."

There! That little note from the radio! A wounded mouse-colored note with a woman crying down in it. A Mrs. Snyder on Newstead Avenue, who opened the door for him the first of every month, had a throat that must hold a note like that. It throbbled a little when she talked like the bleating breast of a dove. He must turn in that claim. Otto B. Snyder. Three thousand pounds of ice—her lips. No, no. Not her lips. Any lovely lips. He could conjure a curved and scented pair into the darkness that poised like butterfly wings against the brick wall opposite. Lips. Even Mrs. Burby's, which dragged a bit and

could be greasy from gnawing along a chop bone—even her lips—fluty—bah—

"Freckert's Liniment is too weak."

"Try iodine."

Oscar had never touched a woman's lips, except his mother's. He had kissed them when they lay dead, they were so pitiful to him. But not—that way. The way of the lips in the darkness.

These imagings, modernly called suppressed desires and picked at random, might have been either Oscar's or Henry's. Except that, of the two, Henry was perhaps the more ascetic. Curious that these two men could have slid through life so narrowly. Like slab-sided cats oozing between porcelains. Deep down in the secret places of Henry's pool, his own submerged water lilies of fancy could open too, under the silence. They were so naively free of desire, his fancies. Almost ludicrous because they belonged to Henry. He really had a lovely favorite lily pad. It was the color of Bettina. All goldy it could rise and flaunt in an enormous rosette right before his eyes. Somewhere imprisoned in his spangled fancy was the innocent Bettina herself. And so his darkness, all inchoate, could vignette off into just a gold-dust kind of haze with little girl laughter in it. Henry, whose adolescence had been even more languid than Oscar's, dozed in this haze. The haze of the golden laughter of the little girl Bettina.

At ten o'clock then, by the thick disk of Oscar's watch, bed. The thud of four shoes. The decent black string ties laid straight beneath the mattress. Pipes cleaned and airing on the window sill. The brothers kept two pipes each going. For sweetness. Monday's pipe airing on Tuesday, and Tuesday's pipe airing on Wednesday.

These were the Brinkerhoff brothers when Mrs. Burby took to her bed of sciatic rheumatism and Miss Trina Blankenmeister, a sister of Mrs. Burby's step-mother, came from Herculaneum, Missouri, to run the house.

It all happened so suddenly. Henry first detected it in a laugh. An upward rush of it from Oscar one morning when Trina handed him the coffee pot, as if a lot of unsuspected emotions over which he had absolutely no control had suddenly clattered out over everything like a dropped tray of tin things. It was horrible. Henry felt his pores begin to swell outward and then seem to prick open as if he were a nutmeg grater, and Trina jumped back with the pot so that she splashed coffee up her bare arm.

Oscar alone seemed innocent of his plight. The plight of baring his long horsy teeth to laugh out loud and then reaching over with a killing expression to flick off with his napkin the stain on Trina's arm.

Henry felt actually sick for him, and as if not another bite of beefsteak nor his Adam's apple would ever swallow down again.

For the first time in nineteen years and for highly different reasons, two portions of unfinished beefsteak went back to the kitchen that morning. When Mrs. Burby, from her bed of pain, heard about it she said, "Great heavens, it's the millennium!"

But then that sharply faceted thing, her woman's intuition, pounced and just lifted Trina up, so that she saw several different lights on her at once.

"Don't throw it away," she said, meaning the beefsteak of course. "You can grind it up for Burby's lunch."

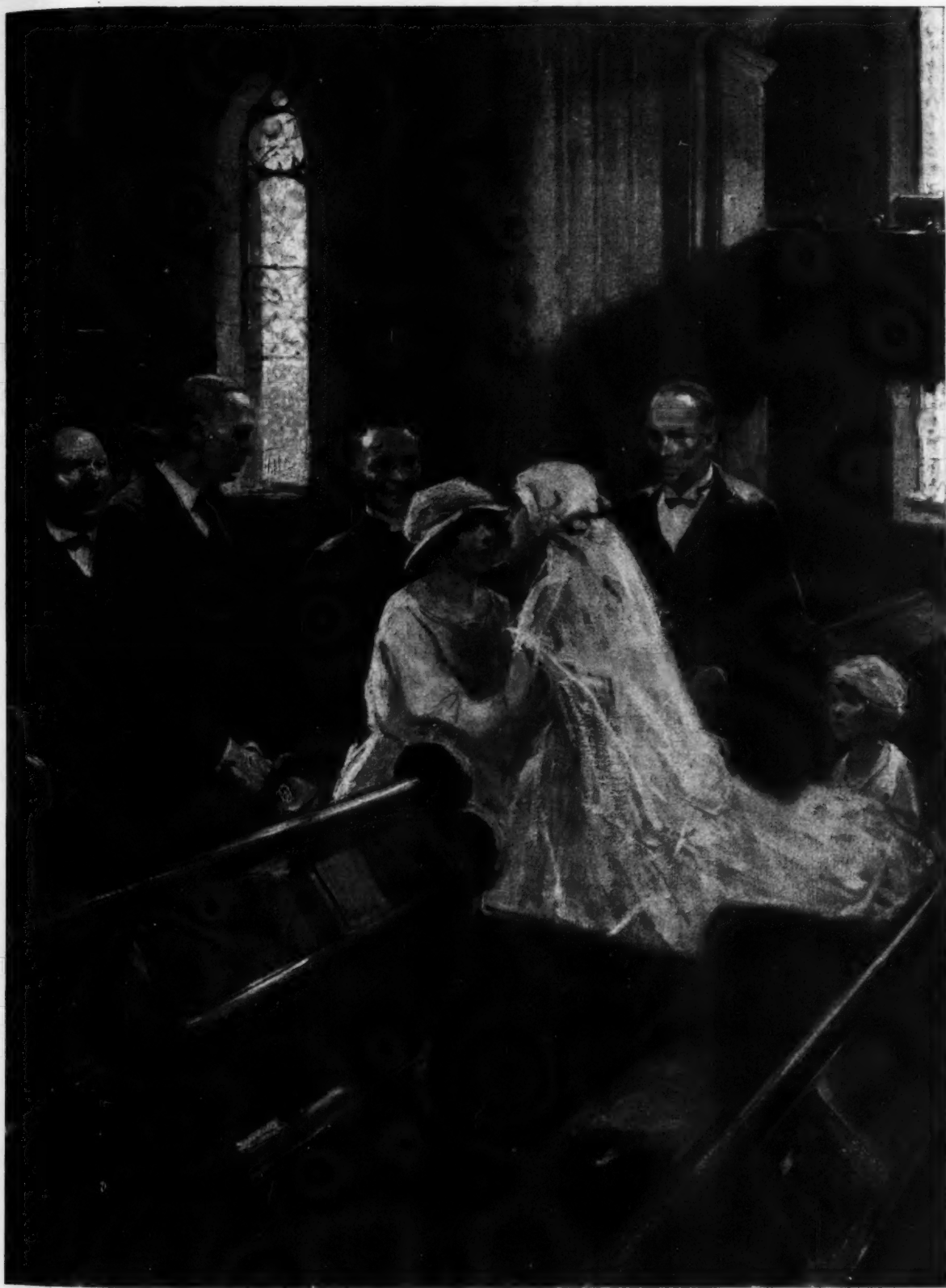
But her eyes from their angle on the pillow followed Trina out of the room. The little swing to the uncorseted hips. The cling of the gingham skirt to their roundness.

Trina was blonde and nervous and twenty-eight. She wore such high-power glasses, the rimless kind with gold frames, that her eyes seemed to swim right up against the lenses like an enormous and terribly intent gaze that could remain open in water and stare through it.

When she removed the spectacles, they left a red welt across her nose and a sort of doused Trina as if someone had put out a light. She was so nervous she would jump if you spoke without first clearing your throat or indicating that you had intentions, as she did when Oscar's laugh spilled over the breakfast, and for the life of her she could not keep one particular strand of hair, which she crimped with an iron, from dangling.

The one gesture which describes her most clearly was the arc of her narrow arm going up to wind that strand behind her ear. Her indulgence of it was mammoth. It made you hot inside each time she wound it, as if a nerve of your very private own were suddenly going to throw up its hands and yell. It made Henry feel that way. Trina, passing him the hashed-browned potatoes with one hand and winding her hair with the other.

But  
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All



Already Henry was aching with the sense of his thirdness. And there was something terrible about Oscar.

But Oscar—suddenly and for the first unsuppressed time that upward curve of a woman's arm, with the little white nest at the elbow, shot through him with the lancinating jab of a hypodermic.

All those darting elusive gadflies across the pool of the silence.

The shimmer of submerged sensation. The golden flank of half an ecstasy that never rose to the surface. That shiny, slimy pool beside the cypress of himself, full of the forbidden thoughts of women's lips and sound that was like a colored scarf across his senses. All suddenly concrete in Trina, risen luminous



## The Brinkerhoff Brothers

out of this pool of scuttling desires. Trina, who must have floated downstream looking at him with her blue eyes magnified by water, here at his side now, passing him the kohlrabi and the stewed rhubarb, and scalding her precious real arm because he had startled her with the long-toothed laugh of his ecstasy.

She had come to him so suddenly, turning the long dull years of his feeble adolescence into a garden that led to her. Oscar was in love to the beating of shawms and cymbals in his brain.

To Henry, the three events that led to Oscar's marriage were every bit as decisive as the battles of Marathon and Arbela and Tours. The Tuesday evening that Oscar stopped Trina in the pantry and asked her to walk out with him after the dishes were washed. The Labor Day excursion ride down the Mississippi to Cahokia. The Sunday afternoon that Henry usurped his place and Oscar took Trina for a drive in the storm buggy to Chain of Rocks. This last, of course, was the precipitant event. Oscar and Trina came home engaged.

That evening, no sooner were the brothers in their room than Oscar suddenly faced Henry, two round spots of color on top of his cheeks as if they had been placed there with a rubber stamp. It is doubtful whose heart beat loudest, Oscar's or Henry's, whose Adam's apple wouldn't swallow down again.

"Henry," said Oscar, "that little, gold band from Mutter. You don't mind if I got use for it now? Trina . . ."

It was the first reference between them to Trina. Henry, who wanted to answer, only stood there sort of waving his eyelids, and so finally, when his throat would not unlock, he walked over to the chiffonier and drew out of a drawer the little pasteboard box of their joint relics. There were a pair of gold and black earrings shaped like urns. A gold and black bracelet to match. The ceramic of the two little boys with their ears touching, and the band ring set with a chip diamond, the gold cut out in little rays around it.

Handing it to Oscar, something that he would have burst his throat to avoid happened to Henry. He broke out crying. A long bruise of a sob, as if some fugitive terribly wounded were hiding in a marsh. The marsh of Henry's heart.

And on that moan from the innermost of Henry, Oscar, who felt as if he were drowning in his brother's tears, went down before the first sobs these men had ever known.

It was too awful. Henry, who kept his lips lashed against his teeth and his mouth working up and down like some poor old man with empty gums, and Oscar who flung one hand on his brother's shoulder and let his head sink down on his outstretched arm.

"Don't, brother, I can't stand it."

Not since their mother's funeral had they addressed one another as brother.

"I'm glad for you, brother."

"She's a goot girl, Henry."

"So?"

"A goot worker. A companion."

"We've been goot companions, too, Oscar."

"Yes, Henry. But—a woman. That's life."



"We've been well off by ourselves, Oscar. No heartaches. A quiet life is goot." Under stress they did that to their d's.

"I need a little heartache in my life, Henry. A happy heartache—like I got from Trina."

Lower sank Henry's head.

"A woman is a woman. They make troubles."

"Without troubles, Henry, I have thought it out for myself, a man has no contrast to know when he has happiness."

"Women, Oscar, I've seen it a hundred times. The best of them, the same. Shennanigans. Sickness. Doctor bills. Bearing down pains like Mrs. Burby, and pink pills."



On a Sunday afternoon Oscar took Trina for a ride. This was the precipitant event.

"Not Trina. She's goot. And strong, Henry. Strong as Sofia. Her nerves are on top, but strong."

"We've been so well off alone, Oscar. Quiet."

"A woman, Henry. God made man to want her."

"Not every man. There have always been men like us in the world. It's been so goot together, so long—without."

"Not any more for me—since Trina."

Suddenly Henry knew it was no use. So he took Oscar's hand and pressed it, digging the gold trinkets up into it until they cut.

"Brother," he said.

"It will never be different with us, Henry. Trina is a grand girl. You will always have it goot with us—in our home."

Over the phrase "in our home" Oscar seemed to swell up in a way that was actually froggy. Little puffs came out over his eyebrows and on the spots where his ears lapped to his cheeks.

"Thank you, brother," said Henry, but in his heart the tears were still running. He knew. This was his last of Oscar.

Trina and Oscar were married four weeks later in the Cote Brillante Avenue Church. Bettina Burby carried the bride's veil and spread it about her so that when she knelt down she was in the bower of her tulle. There were no other attendants, but Henry and the Burbys and the bride's sister from Herculanum occupied half of the first front row. Mr. Burby wheezed, the organ played "Melody in F," and the rector's voice, intoning the service, seemed to mount to the double archings of the church, and the gargoyles to chew it into echoes and mouth it out again.

In the yellow light from a stained window there was something terrible in the sternness of Oscar. His face was so square with his will to respond in mighty "I do's." His long black coat so solemn. Hired, but giving him the odor of a park statue of a statesman.

And Trina. She dropped her bouquet of white narcissus and twice during the ceremony, in the agony of her nervousness, wound at the strand of hair. But her eyes were soft. Like bluebells under water, and they did not seem to protrude so against the lenses, and when she kissed her (Continued on page 144)



By H. C.

Whose humor  
as Corn

# Sherlock's

Illustrations by

**Y**OU know, really, matrimony has ruined more companionships than anything else in the world. What I mean is, many a boy and girl which was the best of pals has busted up their lifelong friendship by getting wed—to each other. To your little girl friend Gladys, one of the finest things about getting married is that nobody *has* to.

Don't get the idea that I'm a grouchy old maid or an unhappy bride in a gilded cage or the equivalent. I'm not. Although I have often bumped into Cupid in hurrying along the boulevard of Life, I have yet to see a duplicate of Adam which made my heart go pitty-pat for more than briefly, though I've had as many matrimonial propositions filed with me as Solomon *ever* did. I suppose some day I'll get drunk with emotion and blushing murmur "Yes!" to some other reckless gambler before I come to my senses. But after the experience I have just went through I wouldn't marry Gunga Din, and if you don't know what a good man *he* was then you have never heard nobody recite in your life!

Maybe what makes me view the noted male sex with the eye of a Second Avenue pawnbroker examining a pledge from a sailor, is that I'm in a better position to watch 'em do their stuff than most girls. As a switchboard operator at the Hotel St. Moe, a Broadway inn where they gnash their teeth when the guest departs with his right eye, I am really seeing the boys perform from a box seat. Being young, fairly nimble at cross-fire patter and a good window dresser when it comes to tastefully arranging such attractions as I have in stock, I get a heavy play daily from the sturdy men folk. It's always the height of the social season with *me* and invitations to everything from wine to wedlock fairly swamp me, really. But as I'm just a little telephone girl alone in wild New York, I am more exclusive than I understand they are in Buckingham Palace.

I got to be! I've found out that most of these boys can't eat dinner without you take the fact that this is the Land of Liberty too seriously. Believe me, when I sit at the board and tell 'em I got their number I mean it in more ways than one! Therefore, I treat these invitations to come out and play as if they were all mad dogs and in that way I get all of the laughs and none of the tears most women get out of all men.

However, all work and no play is how to get a nervous breakdown, so sometimes I do pastime a little with the yearner sex. Every once in a while I'll meet one that I just can't resist taking apart to see what makes him go. Like Julius De Haven, for instance. I took that young man out of the chorus of a

Broadway musical comedy and made him a star and he showed his gratitude by offering me his heart and hand for a reward. Like all men, he considered that *some* gift!

Well, at the moment I couldn't use Julius as a spouse—though *he was* a nice kid—and after he was away on the road for either a couple of weeks or four months, I broke out with a yen for a mild flirtation to assassinate time till my boy friend comes back. I saw no harm in it, properly conducted, so I run my eye over the field in search of a likely victim. I found one in Mons Hurricane Sherlock, a full-blooded prize fighter and light-heavyweight champion of our popular planet. This was my first experience in toying with gentlemen who make their coffee and cakes through assault and battery and I'll tell both hemispheres it will be the last! What a shock *this* entry gave me—warm canine!

In round numbers, the way Hurricane Sherlock darkened my threshold was like thus:

Jerry Murphy is parked against the switchboard one morning, trying to do himself some good as usual. This master mind is the house detective at the St. Moe and a good scout, but he will never cause the world to forget Sherlock Holmes when it comes to gumshoe work. They could shoplift the lobby of this trap and it would be weeks before the news reached Jerry, and in the lobby is where he stands. However, I can't help bestowing a grain of womanly sympathy on this great big meaningless blah, because he really thinks I'm the clam's overshoes and I never give him a tumble. Anyways, he comes over this day and tells me to give room 1584 a bell. After a minute I pulled out the plug and informed Jerry there was no answer.

"Then I'll just bound up and give 'at baby's cave a frisk!" remarks Jerry. "His name's Bartlett—know him?"

"Bartlett?" I says. "No, I don't know him personally, but I've eaten a lot of his pears."

"What d'ye mean you have eat his pears?" asks Jerry, the picture of stupidity. "I don't make you."

"And you never will make me!" I says sweetly. "What has this Mr. Bartlett done which forces you to search his belongings?"

"Say!" says Jerry, snubbing my question while his face brightens up like a full moon, which is what it greatly resembles, "I got you now about this Bartlett and them pears. Ha, ha, ha, 'at's one for the book! You have eat a lot of Bartlett's pears, hey? I'll spring that nifty on the night clerk and—"

"And you'll get it all balled up and ask him does he know



WITWER

*is an American  
on the Cob*

# Home

J. W. McGURK

Mister Sickle," I interrupt. "I'm still waiting to hear what this pear manufacturer done."

"Oh!" says Jerry. "Why, he's got them bell-hops run ragged gettin' him Scotch from the corner drug store and if I find over a case in his room I got orders to check him out. He's thirstier than them two Enforcement guys we had here. As Doc Cooley would say, every day in every way he's gettin' wetter and wetter!"

At this critical minute a husky voice rumbles over Jerry's shoulder.

"Kin a man make a phone call here when youse people gits done kiddin' each other?"

I straighten up haughtier than haughty itself, prepared to give this noisy newcomer frostbite with a single glance, and Jerry swings around with a growl. Then an odd thing happens. The manslaughter disappears from Jerry's eyes with comical and magical speed and is replaced by a look of awe. A nervous grin appears on his shaky lips and all of a sudden Jeremiah has no longer got a florid complexion. If I wasn't acquainted with Jerry I would think he was scared. As I am acquainted with him, I knew he was scared.

"'At's—'at's Hurricane Sherlock, the light-heavyweight champ," he says to me in a hoarse whisper, bending over the switchboard. "I—I guess I'll go and see this guy Bartlett about them, now, lemons of his!" Exit Jerry.

"Who's that dizzy clown?" sneers the stranger and bends over himself for a good look at me.

I returned his glance with usurious interest and noted with pride that in two seconds flat he was attempting the difficult feat of swallowing his Adam's apple and his face was flushed a dull red. That shows me I have lost none of my potency as a pulse-quickener, and with that all settled I take stock of my opponent. I see a tall, nobbily dressed young fellow with shoulders like a set of walking beams and a whimsical quirk to his lip, à la Dick Barthelme. Later, I found out that whimsical quirk was placed there



H. C. WITWER  
*Composer of Exercises for  
the muscles of Laughter*

by one Rough House Trainor, who used a right hook for the purpose. However, I have seen worse lookers than Hurricane Sherlock, though I've never hunted for any.

But prize fighters are about as thrilling to me as a lesson in swimming would be to a middle-aged goldfish, so I quickly snapped into it. I didn't care for the gentleman's approach and there is nobody going to push *me* around, whether they're light-heavyweight champion or dark-heavyweight champion!

"Did you wish a number?" I ask, as cold as a winter's night in dear old Siberia.

Mr. Hurricane Sherlock comes to earth with a start.

"Wam!" he says, half to himself and the other half to me. "What a disturbance *you* are! Where have I been all your life, good lookin'?"

"If you think that line will get you anything here, you're crazy!" I remark, and on each word is an iceberg so large it would be a menace to navigation. "What number do you want me to give you?"

"Well, let's start with your address," says Hurricane Sherlock, with the goofiest of grins.

"Be yourself, big boy!" I says, getting a bit steamed. "I'm busy. I have no time to play with you. If you don't behave yourself, I'll call the house detective and have you put out!"

"Lady," says my adversary, "you can't have *me* put out! I ain't never been put out in my life. I ain't never even been knocked off my feet!"

"Yes, yes—go on!" I says, merrily working my plugs. "And where are the jewels now?"

Hurricane Sherlock looks puzzled for a instant and then he grins.

"Say, you're quite a kidder, ain't you?" he says. "Well, I ain't no dumb Isaac either, get me? I'm Hurricane Sherlock—does that mean anything to you?"

"Not a thing!" I says deliberately. "I don't know whether you're a traffic cop or Vice-president of Chili. Do you wish to make a call or don't you?"

"I'll make that call in good time," says Hurricane, "and don't tell *me* you never heard of me. I'm light-heavyweight champ of the world!"

"That's your own fault," I says. "Sorry, but I can't use you."

Hurricane Sherlock stares at me like he thinks both his kind of cumbersome ears have commenced lying to him.

"You don't wish no part of *me*—the world's champeen?" he says in amazement. "Say, Cutey, don't be cheatin' yourself! D'ye know I clicked off a hundred thousand smackers in the ring last year?"

"The place to go with that information is the income tax collector," I says. "Why bother *me* with your business troubles? I have quite a collection of phone numbers here, can I sell you one?"

"Yeah, gimme a pink one," grins Hurricane Sherlock. "And listen, kid—me and you is goin' to see a lot of each other, so you might as well start right in gettin' used to me. I ain't a bad guy when they treat me right—when they don't treat me right, I'm poison. Now give Worth 86753 a bell and make it snappy!"

Honest, I'm so overcome with this fellow's nerve that I can't think of a comeback! I just nodded him to a booth and got him the number. He talked about five minutes to his manager. I know it was his manager because I passed up at least four much more spicier phone conversations to listen in on him. When he come out he tossed a dollar on the switchboard.

"Keep the change and buy yourself a railroad," he says. "I'll be back again tonight and we'll talk about this and that!"

If nerve was money, Hurricane Sherlock would of made Rockefeller look like a public charge, now wouldn't he?

From then on it was a case of try and keep the world's champion light-heavyweight away from my switchboard. I treated him with about the same courtesy a ferret shows to a mouse, but if you think that bothered Hurricane you're crazy. He was what you call insult-proof and sarcasm rolled off his good natured smile like rain off a mallard's back. He soon become as permanent as the East River and he was just about as exciting to me! Furthermore, he murdered all competition, because none of these lobby hounds which ordinarily moored at my board all day trying to promote themselves had any desire to get in a jam with a gentleman who made his living by being light-heavyweight champion of the world.

Well, as the days went by and Hurricane Sherlock continued to hang around me like a tent, I get a new angle on him. I see that while he may not mean anything in my young life, he's plenty important to others.

Prominent people such as heavy business men, high-powered actors, bankers, lawyers, osteopaths and bootleggers who stop at my switchboard to try and get phone calls, look on the light-heavyweight champion with open fascination. Some of them kind of timidly say "Good afternoon, Hurricane," and when he grudgingly returns a careless nod, why, honest, they almost swoon with joy. Aren't men funny?

But that isn't the half of it. The other girls on the board make no mystery of the fact that they would be more than willing to trade off their sweeties for my great big husky boy friend. A lot of good vamping was showered on Hurricane Sherlock—and wasted, because he had eyes and words for nobody but me. The bellhops, clerks, elevator boys, porters, in fact all the help at the St. Moe give Hurricane attention that would of flattered Julius Caesar, and they tell me there was a fellow who liked

applause. All my box fighting friend has got to do is crook a finger and he gets all the service there is on tap in our hostelry. The funny part of it is that Hurricane Sherlock isn't even stopping at the hotel—he's merely stopping at my switchboard.

And the questions they ask me when they get me away from him! "Did he say anything about his scuffle with Kid Fisher?" "Is he really going to give the Frenchman a chance at his title?" "Ask him is he going to fight Young McWagon?"

All this and many more, till they got me dizzy, no fooling! Even the hard-boiled Jerry Murphy, generally annoyingly jealous of every male who throws me a glance, treats Hurricane Sherlock with respectful admiration.



The smith offers the world's champion a job at twenty a week. Fawncy that!



When Hurricane grudgingly returns a nod, why, honest, they almost swoon with joy. Aren't men funny?

Then I begin to sit up and pay attention to myself. Julius De Haven, my most promising candidate for the exacting portfolio of fiancé, had been away a long time and was scheduled to be away a long time more. Well, no matter what you might of heard to the opposite, I am human. Also, I was lonely. This attention Hurricane Sherlock was getting from the mob commences to make an impression on me, in spite of my honest attempts to throw it off. I find myself reasoning that Hurricane Sherlock is not just a fighter, *he's a world champion*, and that's hard to dismiss with a laugh!

Likewise, Hurricane was far from difficult to gaze at, if you forget that his nose is the least bit out of true and one of his ears could do with a little overhauling.

Don't get the idea that I was beginning to stumble in love with this large fellow, because I wasn't, though I was the next thing to positive that he was double cuckoo over *me*. But I was getting tired of going to the movies by myself or just sitting home wishing every night I was off duty. So I finally gave in to Hurricane's pleadings and accepted his urgent invitation to see him fight another highbrow entitled "12-Punch" O'Bernstein.



*Oo la la*, I will recall that evening for quite a space! To start with, I had never acted as a witness to a prize fight before in all my young life and you can imagine that I looked forward to this one with plenty excitement. Just what to wear at this carnival of aggravated assault was a problem which gave me no little trouble. I didn't know whether an evening gown or sport clothes were in order and the suggestions made by the jealous ones on the switchboard with me were only comical and not useful. Just what I *did* wear I don't remember now, you'll have to ask someone who saw me. People who see me usually remember everything about me, if you know what I mean.

Hurricane made me a present of two seats in a ringside box.

"Who are you goin' to take with you, kid?" he asks.

"I don't know," I says thoughtfully, thinking how Jerry Murphy would like to see this fight with me. "Why—does it make any difference who my escort is?"

"No difference at all," says Hurricane grimly. "No difference at all—as long as it ain't a man. Because should you take a man with you, why, they will be a strange guy tryin' to kid his way past St. Peter the next mornin', that's all!"

So I took the hint and Hazel Killian, my girl friend.

Well, this brawl was lovely and brutal while it lasted, but then six minutes isn't very long. It took Hurricane Sherlock just two boisterous rounds to smite 12-Punch O'Bernstein "for a loop," as Hurricane put it, and a pleasant time was had by all—with the exception of Mons O'Bernstein and Hazel Killian. It was really a beastly evening for both of them! In the second round, Hurricane Sherlock broke his tête-à-tête's ankle with a punch on the jaw and Hazel fainted when Hurricane's nose persisted in bleeding all over everything as the net result of Mons O'Bernstein's earnest efforts before he was executed. Personally, I enjoyed my first prize fight thoroughly, which I hope isn't unladylike. But really, I got quite a thrill when Hurricane waved his glove to me as he left the ring amid the thundering cheers of the big crowd.

Anyhow, Hurricane Sherlock and I got much better acquainted after that evening and one day at lunch he told me the story of his life. I simply can't understand why every man I meet is unable to prevent himself from giving me his unsolicited biography about the third time we see each other, but nevertheless, they do. Honest, it makes me feel like a jury!

However, this day my usually cheerful cave man was all gloomed up. I asked him what was the matter, expecting a noncommittal reply, and then I was going to ask him something else. I never got a chance to ask him nothing else for the best part of an hour, as his answer to my first question took that long to pass a given point. I was the given point. Try and keep awake and I'll tell you what he told me.

It seems Hurricane had just returned from a voyage to his boyhood home, East Silo, N. Y., and the visit had practically ruined him. When he was a tot there he was the town joke and they all shoved him around till at the mellow age of sixteen he leaped a freight and left East Silo prostrate on its back. Hurricane's modest plans were to conquer the world and then come back and make East Silo like it.

Well, Hurricane made good! After various ups and downs he renounced the frivolous pleasures of the world and entered the prize ring. He didn't get the nickname "Hurricane" because he was timid, and the first thing you know he had hauled off

and won the world's light-heavyweight championship. Hardly a day slips over the horizon that his name isn't in the newspapers, he takes in around a hundred thousand milureis a year, he has offers to fight in London at the National Sporting Club—where the Prince of Wales will shake his hand after he bounces some English heavyweight—and thousands turn out to cheer him every time he fights. In a word, Hurricane Sherlock has done his stuff and he *means* something!

So back he goes to East Silo, the old home town, figuring that the brass band, the mayor and a welcoming committee of important citizens would joyfully greet him at the station. He expected, and he had a right to expect, that a holiday would be declared, Main Street would be a mass of flags and bunting and speeches would flow like water.

No such thing! Nobody turned a hair when Hurricane Sherlock blew into town. They didn't give him a rumble. Boxing and boxers mean nothing to the natives of East Silo and the older citizens who remembered him told him he ought to be ashamed of himself going around hitting people and why don't he go to work? The village blacksmith stood out from under the spreading chestnut tree long enough to offer the thoroughly enraged Hurricane a job at twenty dollars a week and found. And Hurricane Sherlock is world's light-heavyweight champion. As they say on Tenth Avenue, fawncy that!

What Hurricane wants to do, he explains as the waitier brings on the nourishment, is to pull off some stunt that will make the citizenry of East Silo realize just what he means in the world of art and science. He craves to do something to show 'em that a world's champion boxer is of more importance in civilized communities where they read the newspapers than arms are important to a jockey. In other words, what can Hurricane Sherlock do to knock East Silo for a row of Patagonian milk cans?

While I am mulling over the above apple sauce, Hurricane fully cuts off the best part of the steak for himself and sadly remarks that what he has told me is only about half of his woes. I says to save the other half for our next conclave, and thus encouraged Hurricane goes right on with his funeral dirge.

It seems his own folks don't understand him either. When he first began to make important money, he tells me, delivering the last of the hash-browned potatoes to his own plate, he brought his people on to New York and set them up in a home in the Bronx which would make Nero's palace look like a deserted barn.

Hurricane dwells on this home as well as in it—he furnished me with the prices on everything connected with it from the furnace to the roofing. Considerable residence, as he describes it, and one a millionaire should be tickled to get his mail at, but still Hurricane's folks pick on him. Like the East Silo knockers, they think prize fighting is out of order and that Hurricane should go into business, now that he's got \$4.75 for every wave in Tampa Bay. The way they look at it, he could buy a garage, or a chain of orangeade stands or start an opposition elevated railroad or something, but he most certainly should get out of the ring and become a solid businessman. Until he does,

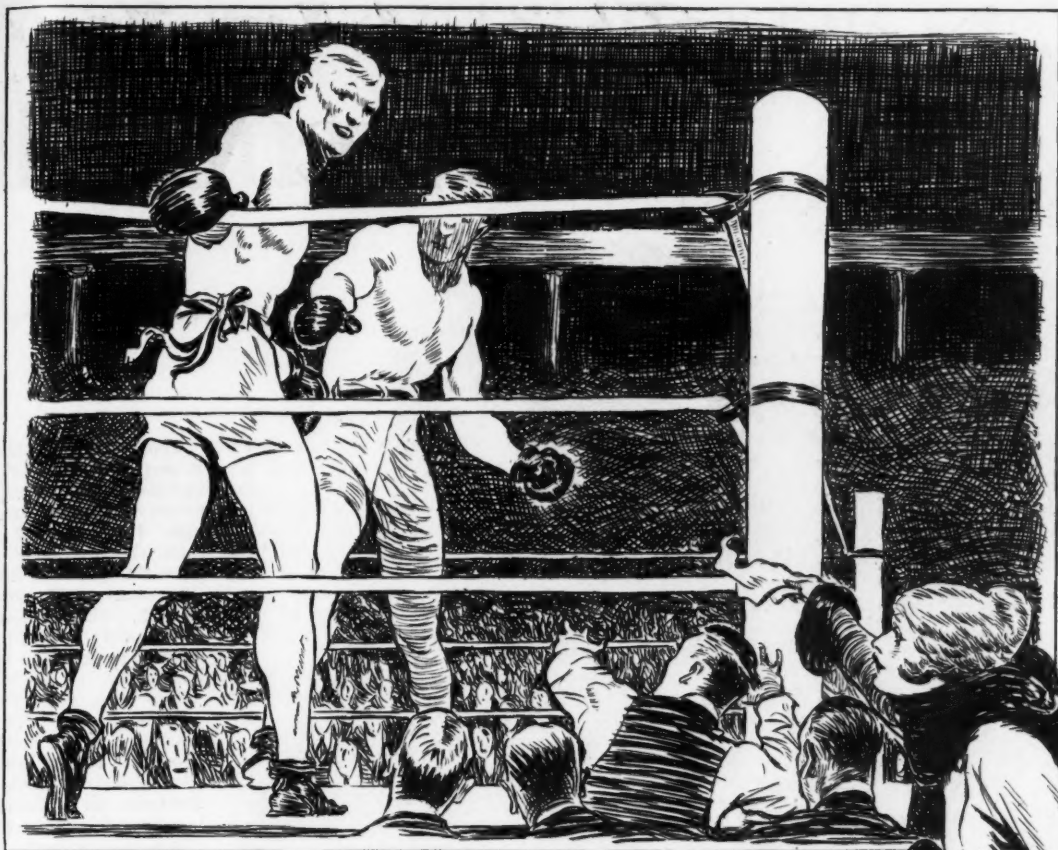
even his own folks are off him and he hasn't seen 'em for months, he wound up.

"Don't tell me any more, you'll have me crying my eyes out," I says, toying with a yawn. "Why unload all this on poor little me?"

Hurricane Sherlock gulps a couple of times and leans over the table.



Hurricane murdered all competition.



Evidently I was who Hurricane was looking for. He turns to wave a careless glove to me.



"I'll tell you why I'm givin' you the lowdown on matters," he says, as serious as a fire in a powder mill. "I been catchin' your stuff at that telephone switchboard for weeks now, and believe me, kid, you're the buffalo's beard! The nifties you toss at them he-flappers which tries to make you, the wise cracks you pull day in and day out—well, all that sells me the idea that if anybody can help me, you're the baby. I'm just a big dumb-bell which don't know nothin' at all except how to keep 'em from gettin' up off the canvas, but you pack more brains than they ever seen at Yale, get me? Won't you please be a pal and help me knock them yokels up in East Silo for a trip?"

Honest, I have to smile, he's so earnest. He seems to be hanging on my answer like it means life and liberty to him. My mind wanders back to Julius De Haven who asked me almost the same thing and who I boosted from the chorus to stardom. There's something pathetic about this big kid sitting opposite me now, who has money and fame and merely wants his home town to admit it. I'm no Miss Fix-it, but the idea of helping another member of the male sex solve a puzzle fascinates me. Maybe I'll hang out a sign after a while and go into the business of putting the boys over. But Hurricane's getting restless.

"Are you goin' to throw me down?" he asks anxiously, for all the world like an eight year old kid asking mamma for marble money.

"No," I says suddenly. "I'm not! I'll think this over and you drop into the St. Moe in a couple of days. I feel sure I'll have cooked up a scheme by that time which will make East Silo act like you're Harding the next time you enter the portals of the town!"

"You're immense!" says Hurricane. "Put me acrost in that slab and you can write your own ticket on what I'll do for you."

So far Hurricane had kept in line whenever we were out together. What I mean is, he never even mentioned the proposition "love." That's a thing for which I was thankful. I sympathized with Hurricane and could take him as a friend—but that's all!

Well, when Hurricane Sherlock next appeared on the scene I was all set for him. I have given his case plenty of due consideration and I think I have the answer.

"Have they ever seen you fight in East Silo, Hurricane?" I ask him.

"No," says Hurricane. "Them hicks ain't saw a scuffle since the Civil War!"

"Great!" I says, and I'm really overjoyed, for now I know Hurricane's problem is childishly easy. In fact, it's no problem at all.

"Hurricane," I continue, "they have laughed you off in East Silo because they haven't got the proper angle on you. If they could only see you knock out an opponent and hear the frenzied cheers as you leave the ring, they'd go crazy over you and crazy over themselves for having turned out such a product as you in East Silo!"

Hurricane Sherlock looks pensive.

"That's a good thought, Cutey," he says finally. "But it's also a plain case of no can do. They don't allow boxin' in East Silo."

That slows me up for a minute—but only for a minute.

"Where do you fight next?" I ask him.

"Madison Square Garden, on the (Continued on page 128)

# The A New Mystery Lone Wolf

Illustrations by



## A Résumé of Parts One and Two:

**T**HE action of the story takes place mainly in the New York of today and concerns:

**MICHAEL LANYARD, THE LONE WOLF**, once prince of European jewel thieves, now a member of the British Secret Service on leave of absence in America.

**EVE DE MONTALAIS**, whom he loves as he has never loved before—a woman of beauty, of charm, of wealth.

**MORPHEW**, powerful New York bootlegger and director of criminals.

**PAGAN**, a satellite of Morphew's.

**MALLISON**, gentleman crook and member of Morphew's crew.

**LIANE DELORME**, demi-mondaine and one-time underworld acquaintance of the Lone Wolf.

**MRS. FOLLIOTT MCFEE**, who is piquant and inordinately rich, whose nickname is FOLLY and who lives up to it.

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Though Michael Lanyard is deeply in love with Eve, he tells her one evening that he can never ask her to marry him. He cannot ask her to share the precarious life of an ex-thief, whose reformation society will not take seriously, whom, indeed, society is only waiting to trap again in some real or fancied misdeed.

Eve impetuously denies this reasoning; and when Lanyard sees her home, she kisses him for the first time. Then he realizes that he must overcome all obstacles and make possible marriage with this woman he loves.

As he is walking home down Fifth Avenue, he unexpectedly comes upon Liane Delorme, whom he has not seen since his Paris thieving days. Liane, overjoyed, insists on his accompanying her to the Clique Club, a fast post-Prohibition drinking and gambling affair. She seems to know a mysterious lot about his new life and takes his reform lightly.

At the Club Lanyard is introduced to Morphew, Pagan, Mallison and the charming Mrs. McFee. He has seen Morphew often before, with instinctive foreboding; and this feeling is now justified when, left alone, Morphew bluntly proposes to Lanyard that the latter shall take to thieving again under his, Morphew's, protection.

Lanyard treats this proposal with contempt. Thereupon Morphew states that he will see to it that enough crimes are "planted" on Lanyard to send him to prison for life unless he comes to terms. As Lanyard in anger threatens to strike Morphew, the Club is raided by the police.

In the ensuing confusion and darkness (someone puts the lights out), Lanyard comes upon Folly, half hysterical, and promises to get her out. As they are going, suddenly appears Crane, New York detective and an old friend of Lanyard's. Crane pilots them through the police line and gets Lanyard's address.

Accompanying Folly home, Lanyard there warns her that Morphew's crowd is composed of bootleggers, blackmailers and thieves. As they talk, Liane and Pagan call.

Drinks are mixed by Pagan, who then launches into a long monologue, the gist of which is that he hears the Lone Wolf is in New York, at his old game; that he wonders whether this is not a case of ingrained habits of thievery subconsciously defeating



Novel By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

# Returns

W. D. Stevens

a desire for reform; that such cases are well known in medical science. Lanyard is deeply angered by this subtle attack upon himself.

As he walks home, the conversation fills his mind. He also becomes aware of a strange and growing mental confusion; imagines himself wading through a sea of Folly's jewels; thinks how easy it would be to relieve his present poverty by taking them; and has a vivid delusion that he is strangling Pagan. At home, he falls on his bed in a stupor, half undressed.

He is awakened next morning with a splitting headache by Crane. The two are at a loss to account for his condition except by attributing it to the single drink of bootleg liquor mixed by Pagan at Folly's. Crane then tells the reason for his early call: Folly's jewels have been stolen. The detective hastens to exonerate Lanyard by saying that he had already searched the latter's clothing as he slept and had found nothing.

But after Crane leaves, Lanyard finds his shoes covered with mud like that in the excavation behind Folly's house; and in the tail pocket of his dress coat, which Crane had evidently overlooked, he comes on a packet. Opening it, he stands staring down at the stolen jewels of Folly McFee.



*The Woman:*

*"What! You ain't my husband! Where is he?"*

## Part Three: CHAPTER VII

IN SEQUEL the life of Michael Lanyard knew some of its busiest moments; his modest lodgings became the stage of a scene of rare activity whose solitary actor figured as the restless axis of a whirlwind of garments. Then the air, clearing, disclosed the man clad decently for the street and stowing away in a safe pocket his most unwelcome treasure-trove.

Thus far he had gone about doing what he had to do in a measure automatically, as one will in times of extremity, putting off against an hour more opportune, when he might bring a clearer head to bear upon the business, too, the deliberate study which his troubles needed. Enough now to know the longer he delayed where he was, the more immediate his peril of suffering a second domiciliary visit by the police; who on this new occasion, beyond reasonable doubt, would be represented by agents less kindly biased than Crane, more skeptical and thoroughgoing in the matter of searching for Folly McFee's emeralds. It remained for Lanyard to prove appreciation of this fleeting smile of fortune by turning to good account the slender chance it granted to work out his salvation in his own time and way.

One detail he dared not slight, though it cost minutes each more precious than the last: he left behind him shoes and trousers from which every lingering suspicion of mud had been erased.

Some two hours later, after a tedious tale of twists and turns in the labyrinth of New York's several transportation systems, he left a train at the Mount Vernon terminal of the elevated extension and addressed himself to the tramp back to New York.

The sky was bright, the Indian Summer sunlight kind, the air inspiring. By the time Lanyard had stretched his legs over a mile or two of by-roads—chosen for the long and lonely perspectives which enabled him to make sure he traveled with no other shadow than his own—he began to feel once more competent to ponder his fix and plot a way out.

No easy task; the problem posed by the fact that he had somehow, at some time in the course of the preceding night, unwittingly come into possession of stolen property, seemed open to solution only on one of two hypotheses, antagonistic, and neither at a glance more likely than the other. Failing his ability to turn up proof that another hand had rifled Folly McFee's safe and secreted its loot in his coat while he slept, Lanyard would have to become reconciled to the belief that he himself had stolen the jewels while in a phase of submerged

consciousness. Distasteful as was the bare suggestion, and human though the temptation was to adopt the more grateful theory and guide himself thereby, he still could not but falter; the other was all too possibly the true explanation.

One thing at least he might take for granted, that the drink Pagan had brought him was drugged. But here again the lane of likelihood developed a confounding fork—who could say whether the drug had been added to the drink by Pagan, or whether the whisky itself had been one of those deadly "synthetic" concoctions with which that bastard offspring of Prohibition, the bootlegging industry, had flooded the land?

If it were the whisky that Lanyard had to blame, Pagan, too, and Folly McFee and Liane Delorme must have suffered as severely, Liane even more, since she had made away with two drinks to Lanyard's one . . . A simple matter to find out the truth, given the woman's address. But she had neglected to say where she was stopping, and other than those whom under the circumstances he would hardly care to consult, Lanyard could think of nobody who would be likely to know . . .

And even though investigation might prove that nobody else had been so punished, and thus satisfy Lanyard that his drink alone had maliciously been doctored, such knowledge would not necessarily lead him nearer to the facts of the robbery. Comfortable though it was to impute to Pagan the mischief with the whisky, and assume that its object had been to throw Lanyard into coma and thus render it feasible to enter his rooms without his knowledge, smear yellow mud on his clothing and plant the plunder in his pocket, still it remained possible that the arch-intelligence which had decreed the administration of the drug, whether Morphew's or another's, had reckoned with even more diabolical cunning upon its breaking down those inhibitions which honor and faith and a good intent had imposed upon a nature perhaps—and for all Lanyard could assert to the contrary—irreclaimably a thief's.

Hashish was reputed to work like that, to act upon its victims precisely as an acid eats away lacquer, stripping off layer by layer the most stubborn crust of honor and habit ever indurated by conscience and civilized conventions, baring at last the primitive beast that lurks in every man.

No matter; though the identity of the thief must be a riddle still, to learn the truth about the whisky would resolve the primary doubts that were harassing Lanyard and leave him better advised concerning what further steps would be required to clear up the mystery altogether. The one thing now distinctly indicated was the need for action prompt, direct and drastic.

Lanyard had not forgotten that appointment for the following afternoon which he must be able to keep with a clear mind and a clear heart, unapprehensive of any sort of interference.

He began to foresee a program for the intervening night tolerably long and arduous. He had to hit upon some way to disembarass himself of the emeralds that would clear him of all suspicion of ever having had anything to do with them. He had to acquit or convict Pagan of tampering with his drink—and in the event of the conviction which he anticipated with entire confidence, to invent and enforce some means of persuading Pagan and his lot that Michael Lanyard was a good man to let alone.

Now dusk was closing down upon the world in shade on shade of lilac, violet and blue, through which, moment by moment, the lights of the outlying city were blowing their blossoms of silver and gold. Directly ahead of Lanyard the electric sign of a roadhouse exploded its soundless salvo against the sky; and thus reminded that he needed food, who had so much to do ere dawn, he entered the place and dined with a frugality considerate of digestive powers sadly out of kilter.

Then in the dark of the young night he resumed his walk, and between nine and half-past might have been—only that he took precious good care not to be—seen at pause on the Lexington avenue corner of the block in which Folly McFee dwelt, quietly reconnoitering the approach to her residence.

The house stood on the north side of the street, nearer Lexington Avenue than Park, and, with windows diffusing a dim glow through discreet draperies, presented to the beholder the demure face that suited an establishment whose youthful chatelaine sported a sobriquet so apt and so alluring.

Observers less interested than Lanyard was then have been known to comment feelingly upon the impish trick houses frequently practice of keeping their own counsel. The shrewdest reader of façades would have gathered nothing informative from the aspect worn that night by the dwelling of Folly McFee, no clue as to whether its pretty resident were at home, or, if so, alone . . .

Lanyard hazarded a saunter past on the sidewalk opposite. Under more direct scrutiny the house remained as little communicative; the only profit he had of the maneuver was the assurance that nobody was skulking in any of the areaways over across from it, on the watch for the likes of himself. But then there was no conceivable reason why anybody should be; not even his most impassioned ill-wisher, much less an unimaginative police force, could have been expected to divine that any attraction could possibly draw this putative criminal back to haunt the scene of his alleged crime.

Nevertheless, Lanyard on gaining the Park Avenue corner merely crossed the street and continued his stroll through the next to the north, passing on the way the gaping foundation pit observed the night before from the windows of Folly's study, a survey of which from this new angle confirmed his belief that the thief need not have found it difficult to make his way into the back yard and swarm up to the roof of the extension. On the other hand, this aspect of the premises afforded Lanyard no least twinge of guilty reminiscence. Another circumstance that proved nothing; if his personal acquaintance with downright drunkenness was limited, he knew too well that it was quite possible for one to drink oneself into a state of alcoholic insanity and retain, on coming out of it, no memory of one's actions while in that condition.

Circumnavigation of the block having brought him again into the street upon which the McFee residence faced, but this time on its northern sidewalk, Lanyard's pace slackened; and idlest insouciance masked the surge of acute interest in him when, at twenty paces' distance, he saw the iron gate to its service entrance swing open and a maid emerge and make briskly off toward Park Avenue—a tidy figure in black dress, white apron and cap, taking letters to post at the corner letter box in time for the last collection.

Another freak of friendly fortune, or one of ill-favored fate? The thing was too confoundingly well timed, the invitation of that unguarded entrance too tempting. Indeed, when it occurred to Lanyard that his action might have been a thought precipitate, it was too late to turn back; he had already slipped into the service hallway and restored the door to the position, half on the latch, in which the woman had left it. To change his mind now and retreat would be to court her attention, who would already be on her way back from the corner . . .

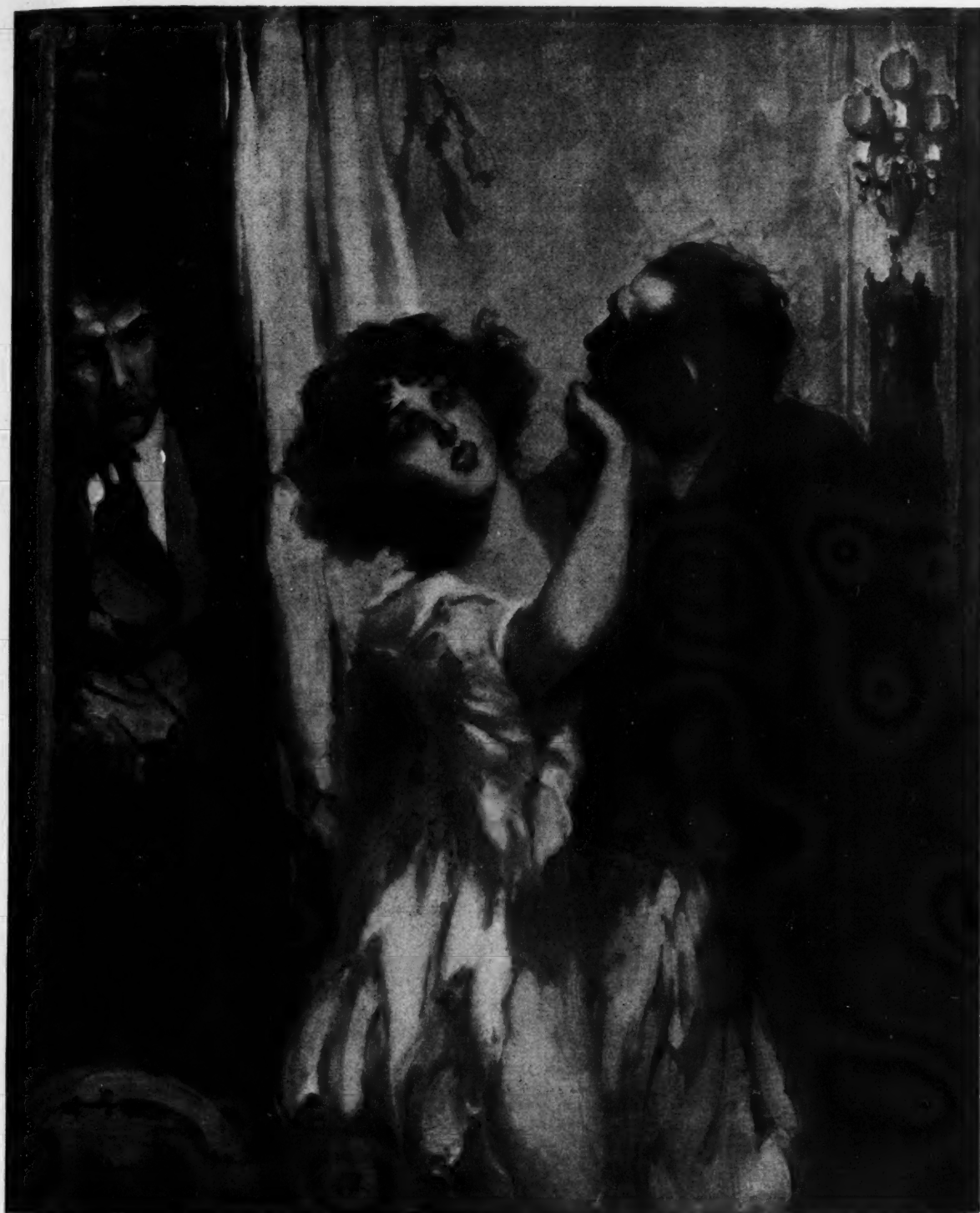
The hallway was long, narrow, dimly lighted. At its far end a stairway led down to kitchen offices. Midway, a swing door communicated with the main body of the house. Through this Lanyard had no choice but to dart, reckless of what might await him on its far side; to linger where he was, meant immediate discovery . . . and the emeralds on his person!

The swing door gave upon a butler's pantry, at the moment empty. Another opened into the dining room, a third to the main hallway of the ground floor. Stacks of dishes in the pantry sink, no less than the clash of cheerful voices in the room adjoining, with Folly's rippling laughter clearly recognizable, told of a dinner party still in progress. The other living rooms, then, ought to be untenanted. The butler due to pop back from the dining room at any instant, Lanyard passed on to the entrance hall, and experienced a relief on finding it deserted that betrayed an old hand sorely out of practice; the day had been when he could have taken far more desperate chances without a tremor.

Even so, he wasted no gestures. To go the way he meant to go, he had the dining room door to pass, the risk to run of being seen. He edged to a point whence Folly's back was visible, with the door to the pantry beyond. Through this last the butler, a decent, plodding, British body, was taking his departure and an emptied decanter. Lanyard waited a minute, then coolly ran—or, rather, stumped—the gamlet of the open door, trusting to pass as the butler with some business in the front of the house. To the best of his observation his audacity served; the dinner party seemed to be finding itself much too amusing to have attention to spare for matters of domestic routine. But one swift glance askance noted that Folly was entertaining only Pagan, Liane Delorme and Mallison.

So much for Lanyard's solemn lecture on the dangers of questionable associations!

But could one fairly have expected anything better, when Folly had been given, subsequently, every reason to believe that she had entertained in that overnight moralist a felon unawares? This, presumably, was her way of consoling herself for having been so shamefully taken in: as gay a *partie carrée* as heart could wish, figuratively making merry on the very coffin lid of Folly's most recent bereavement . . .



*Folly was fighting Mallison wildly but impotently. Neither one saw Lanyard.*

Fragments were all Lanyard could garner of the talk, who had no time at all to spare, but what little he did overhear was instructive. Folly, he learned, was firmly declining to be downhearted; the police had given her every assurance that she would be wearing her emeralds again within a few days at most. Meantime she knew no lack of objects of bedizenment; the thief in his haste had overlooked a secret cache of treasure in the safe he had used so cavalierly, she had still the McFee pearls and diamonds to don for protection against inclement elements; in witness whereto, she was wearing them now. Challenged by Pagan to state what steps, if any, she had taken to safeguard these against the chance that the marauder might return to

cancel his oversight, Folly laughed the notion to scorn, but admitted that she meant to have the combination of the safe changed as soon as she could remember to phone its maker . . .

Communications all pitched in a key of the lightest banter. Folly, for example, was pleased to recount the antics of her maiden aunt when it dawned upon her that she had actually slept all through the visit of a burglar; the good woman had forthwith gone into hysterics and had come out of them only to pack herself off—at Folly's expense—to Atlantic City, professing the slender hope that a vacation from this theater of crime would mend a shattered nervous system. In view of which Folly was disposed to hold the loss of her emeralds a not unmixed affliction.



And when Pagan suggested that it might be good business for Folly to put a professional house breaker on her weekly payroll, Liane applauded his wit with a deep-chested laugh . . .

No more need to wonder how this last had fared after her two drinks of the liquor, a single dose of which had been enough to put Lanyard *hors de combat*. True, Liane might have been innocent of what was intended. But it wasn't easy to give her the benefit of the doubt.

As for Pagan, the penciled question mark against his name was replaced by a cross in indelible ink.

#### CHAPTER VIII

**F**ROM a point close by the street door rose a flight of stairs which, taken in one swift and silent rush, introduced Lanyard

to a floor by every indication devoted wholly to the most intimate uses of Folly. There were two major rooms, a bedchamber at the back of the house and a boudoir overlooking the street, linked by a short hall on which opened a bathroom and capacious clothespresses, all furnished with an extravagance that bespoke means ample to gratify the wildest whim of even a modern young woman. Folly's wardrobe alone would have given a dozen exacting women of fashion a choice of changes for every hour of the day and have left the first owner still ridiculously overstocked. And Lanyard, taking cursory yet comprehensive note of the endless detail of luxury which went to make up the Sybaritic ensemble of the rooms, told himself it would be unreasonable to expect their tenant not to fancy herself much more than merely a little.

His first survey, however, was an abbreviated one. He had gained little more than a bare grasp of the general arrangement when a light patter on the stairs drove him to cover in a retreat whose choice had been his first care—a clothespress stored with apparel for day wear exclusively, therefore the least likely to be used by night, and furthermore so situate that its door, left—as Lanyard found it—half an inch ajar, afforded a direct and wide-angled vista of the boudoir, and also, indirectly, by grace of a long mirror in the latter, a more fragmentary view of the bedchamber.

To his taste almost too cozily snuggled into a smother of garments whose subtle fragrance was most demoralizing, he lurked for many minutes, spying—as the mirror permitted—on the maid whom he had first seen in the street and

whose present duty, it appeared, was to turn down the bedclothes and otherwise make the bedchamber ready to receive its mistress.

The quick, competent creature went about her work deftly and with a step so light that even ears trained to abnormal acuteness found it not entirely easy to keep track of her movements; so that, when she made an end and took herself off, the man in hiding wasted several minutes waiting to make sure that he had the floor all to himself again.

Emerging at length, however, he wasted no more, but turned directly to his objective of most immediate interest, that is to say to the safe which had provided the wits of last night's marauder with a test so trifling. And, Lanyard reflected, having inspected the thing, no wonder! When, he asked impatiently, would man learn anything from experience and cease



to put his trust and his treasures in repositories of such pregnable construction? A pretty, dainty thing, neatly fitted into the base of a period secretary, its door masked by a hinged frame wrought to resemble a tier of drawers, its "combination lock"—God save the mark!—capable of offering about as much resistance to trained talents as that of a child's bank . . .

Lanyard was proving all this to his own satisfaction, and indeed had already solved the combination by bending an ear to the fall of its tumblers, when the telephone rang.

"Beg pardon, but Mr. Mallison is being wanted on the telephone."

With neither delay nor compunction Lanyard turned back to the boudoir extension and had its receiver at his ear when Mallison arrived in the study and breathed a melodious "Hello?" to the waiting wire. But when a strange voice answered him, feminine at that, the eavesdropper was taken with a twinge of mixed chagrin and distaste, who had hoped for something worse than this and more illuminating, who had hastily set his heart on gaining instruction from Morpheus's pompously measured rumble, and who, finally, knew no delight at all in the prospect of prying upon some trivial affair of sentiment such as was promised by the cloying affection of this strange woman's salutation: "Is that you, Mally darling?"

Only the striking ambiguity of the reply she got helped Lanyard to overcome an impulse to hang up forthwith.

"Yes," Mallison pronounced too clearly, too loudly, and in a manner of cold inquiry that carried no conviction whatever, "this is Mr. Mallison speaking. Who wants him?"

"Clever old sweetie!" the unknown applauded with a confidential laugh. "I do hope she can hear you; but I suppose she isn't in the same room if you have to shout like that. Better soft-pedal it a bit, dear, or the little lady may get leary."

To this Mallison replied, again remarkably as to sense, and in accents of unmistakably mortified amazement: "Oh, for heaven's sake! you don't mean to say it's tonight? I don't see how I could possibly have let anything so important slip my mind . . ."

No less remarkably the woman pursued: "It's all right, then, dearie? I mean, everything is all set for the big bust?"

"Why, of course!" Mallison intoned distinctly, with a dying echo of the emotion which had colored his preceding response. "Of course I'll be there. But I shall have to go down on my knees and beg Mrs. McFee to forgive me—and I really can't quite forgive myself for being so forgetful."

"Gosh!" the other breathed in awed admiration, "got to hand it to you, kid, you stall so pretty. Well, our friend—you know—is getting impatient, so it's up to you to shake a leg. How soon shall I say you'll be ready?"

"Oh, but really! I'm afraid I can hardly make it under half an hour."

"Sure that'll be long enough?" Surprising solicitude seemed to shade the strange voice. "You know, dearie, we wouldn't for worlds crash in too soon, I mean before you get a good chance to

do your very best dirty work. 'Cause the blacker the looks of it, the better the pay—and the surer."

"Oh, quite!" Mallison cheerily agreed. "But half an hour will do me famously."

"Good enough." A sly chuckle accompanied this commendation. "You're one little fast worker, all right, darling; I only wanted you to take all the time you need to turn out an artistic job. All right, then; I'll set the alarm for thirty minutes from



*Mallison*

*made a dash for the door and found himself helpless in the grasp of Crane and the policeman.*

The sharp trill of the bell sounded in the study downstairs; the extension instrument on the little desk in the boudoir gave only a muffled click.

Lanyard used a silk handkerchief on the face of the safe to smudge out fingerprints, closed the false front and moved lightly out into the hall, arriving at the rail round the stairway at the moment when the vocational singsong of the butler broke upon the conversation of Folly and her friends.



## Lanyard

*put every ounce of his weight and all his ill will to the other's jaw and Mallison crashed back across the table.*

now—the zero hour! And mind you take good care of yourself, dearie. Ta-ta.”

With elegance indisputable Mallison returned a musical “Au revoir.”

Lanyard waited for the other receiver to refind its hook, then hung up in turn and took his seething mystification back to the head of the stairs, whence he could overhear the apologies Mallison was offering below.

“Do be charitable, Folly, and make allowances for my weak mind. I simply cannot understand how I could have been so great an idiot as to forget I’d promised Mary Ashe—Mrs. Stuyvesant Ashe, you know—I’d join a party she’s made up for the Rendezvous tonight—”

“O Mally!” Mrs. McFee lamented. “How perfectly stupid!”

“I know—isn’t it? But I promised over a week ago. And anyway, it’s partly your fault, getting up this little dinner to celebrate your robbery and making me forget everything else I had on for tonight . . . Now please don’t budge—and I don’t need Soames to put me out, either. I know where I left my hat and coat and how to open and shut a front door all by myself.”

“You can take my car, Mally, if you’ll send it right back,” Pagan put in generously. “Liane and I have got to hop along, too, in a brace of shakes. That is, you’re welcome to it if you find it waiting. I told Ben to be back around ten.”

“Thanks, old soul; but I’ll have no trouble in picking up a taxi over on Park Avenue. Besides, it isn’t nearly ten yet.”

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Pronouncing gracious but hurried good nights all round, Mallison was heard to pass through the entrance hall, in a more guarded and intimate tone, and a decidedly tender one, remonstrating with his hostess because she had insisted on accompanying him to the door.

“Consider the looks of it, Folly; Liane and Peter will think you’ve fallen for me at last.”

“No fear,” Folly returned with uncomplimentary composure. “They know better.”

“Besides, anyone would think you didn’t trust me . . .”

This rang a note so false as to cause the eyebrows of the secret audience to lift and knit in puzzlement. But Folly’s frame of mind was too completely and openly petulant to permit of her being wary and discriminative as well.

“Trust you!” she mocked lightly. “I’d like to know why I should, the way you carry on with women . . . Oh! I’m not in the least taken in by this tale about Mrs. Stuyvesant Ashe, you know; I believe that’s just bunk to cover up a heavy date with some other misguided female.”

“How perfectly flattering!”

“You wouldn’t think so if you knew my opinion of the kind of women that fall for you, Mally.”

The two moved into Lanyard’s field of vision and paused by the door, Mallison buttoning himself into his topcoat and leering down at Folly with a doggyish air, the woman maintaining for his benefit a pout that was less than half put on.

“As if you’d care a snap if I really were deceiving you!”





"You couldn't," Folly tossed her head. "I'm not quite simpleton enough to believe you mean anything you say to a woman, to any pretty woman, it doesn't matter who——"

"Now you *are* flattering me and no mistake!" Mallison clapped on his topper, gave its crown an artful pat that adjusted it at the most killing angle, and managed a still more maddening smirk of complacency. "Believe you do care," he drawled . . .

"I care about having my party spoiled this way. Now Peter and Liane are going to run, too, and leave me all lonely and lorn."

Mallison laid hold of the knob and opened the door, but put his back to the edge of it and rested so, unaffectedly loath to forego the flirtation at its piquant stage of the present. His

smile grew momentarily more personal and meaning; but some of its assurance might have been make-believe, considering the nervousness he betrayed in Lanyard's sight—though not in Folly's since she couldn't see them—by keeping his hands behind him and fiddling with the door knob. An impudent nod designated the two who had been left in the dining room.

"I'll come back if you like . . . after they've blown . . ."

"Mally!" Folly drew back, flushing. "Don't be a silly fool, don't say things like that to make me angry. I oughtn't to overlook——"

Of a sudden Mallison stood away from the door, permitting it to shut itself gently, and caught the woman in his arms. "I mean it," he breathed ardently to Folly's hair, holding her fast in spite of a notable absence of effort to escape. "I'm mad about you, Folly, simply mad about you—and you know it, you wild, sweet witch!"

"I know you're mad now," the witch replied neither wildly nor sweetly. "I may have suspected it before, but this proves it. Please let me go."

"Not a chance!" Mallison laughed confidently. "I've got you now where I've been wanting you, God knows how long! Folly dear—I'm simply desperate with love of you. Only say the word—I'll tell Mrs. Ashe where she can go and be back here inside half an hour, or as soon as I'm sure Peter and Liane have left. Folly! be kind to me——"

"Mally!" The cry was keyed low yet tense with indignation. A sudden squirm broke his embrace. Folly stood back, fending the man off with a firm hand. "Don't do that again, I won't have it . . . How dare you say, or even suggest, such things to me. You know I don't care the (Continued on page 106)

By  
BERTON  
BRALEY



# A Declaration

COMES now Mr. William J. Hicks to the bar:  
A college-bred chap and a Regular Guy,  
And one of those millions of people who are  
Not fitted with brows that are dizzily high  
Nor painfully low; just the usual sort  
Of normal American, given to sport.



To love of his family, zest in his health,  
A pride in the business that gives him employment,  
A hope of acquiring some moderate wealth,  
A liking for books and a sense of enjoyment  
In plays and in music. Thus briefly we fix  
The cultural status of William J. Hicks.

Comes, then, Mr. William J. Hicks, as before,  
And facing the daïs of Public Opinion  
Deposes and says:

For a decade or more  
I've lived as a sadly highbrow-beaten minion.  
I'm one of a throng  
That has cringed, right along,  
Before the stern council of critics Olympian,  
Who told me whatever I fancied was  
wrong;  
And being, perhaps, just a little bit skimpy in  
My classical knowledge  
Since I was in college,  
I've felt like a creature debased, ineffectual,  
Who faces ukases of gods intellectual!  
And so I have bowed  
To dogmas avowed

By Mencken and Nathan and all of that crowd.  
I've let Burton Rascoe convince me that I'm  
A mental amœba still squirming in slime,  
When I didn't fall for some novelist bird of  
Great fame in a country I never had heard of.

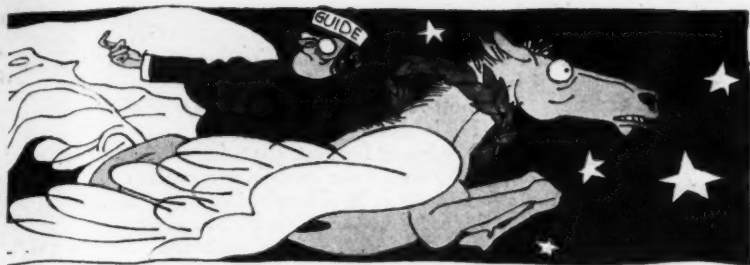
I've taken the Nation, the Freeman, the Dial,  
I've let some superior, self-assured cub lick  
My mind into thinking my taste must be vile  
Which didn't agree with the gay New Republic.  
When Wilson and Bishop with didactic air  
Wrote Jovian dicta for Vanity Fair,  
So clever and cynical  
High on their pinnacle

They have appeared, that I've felt I would score on  
Test psychologic as scarcely a moron!

Whenever I went to a concert or play  
I'd carefully read what the critics would say  
Before I would venture  
To praise or to censure;  
And when their opinions and mine didn't jibe  
I'd think, "They belong to an erudite tribe;  
They know—and I don't—  
And therefore I won't  
Reveal to the world what an ignorant gink  
I'm proving myself—so I'll say what *they* think!"

I'm fond of good pictures—or pictures that strike  
My eyes with a touch or a color I like;  
But always I learned  
That what I called art  
By critics was spurned  
As "tricky," or "smart,"  
Or "too photographic," or "too sentimental,"  
Or "too oriental," or "too occidental";  
Until I despaired  
And humbly declared





Illustrations by  
Ralph Barton

# of INDEPENDENCE

"Before I shall speak of a picture that pleases  
I'll see how it's treated by Royal Cortissoz."

And thus under fear of the critical lash,  
I dared not confess that I favored such trash  
As popular fiction or popular plays;  
And, seeking "true culture," I spent many days  
In ploughing through books that were Finnish, Roumanian,  
Czecho-Slovakian, Dutch and Ukrainian:  
Fiction as gay as a Cancer Week circular,  
Featuring heroines drab and tubercular.  
Till, ere these cheerful romances I threw aside,  
All of my dreams were of murder and suicide.

Then I tried poetry, only to find  
What I enjoyed wasn't near the right kind:  
Verse that had meter  
And rhythm and swing,  
Making life sweeter—  
That wasn't the thing!

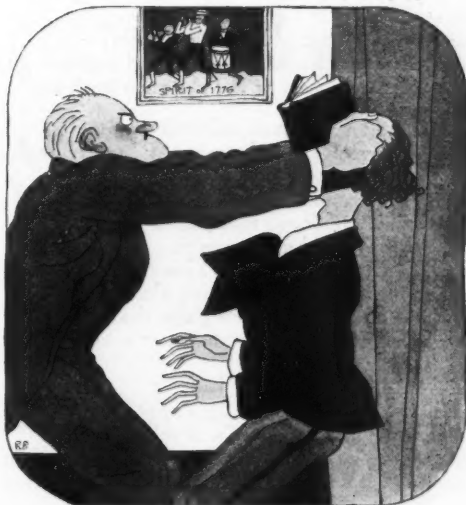
No, I must read Amy Lowell, and frown,  
Figuring whether to read up or down.  
Or I must scan  
Verse on this plan:  
"Kiftan of Biffan! Boozy, fat, fat,  
Who's this? The Hoozis! Blind, bulky bat,  
Howl, owl and prowl!"

I am telling you, that  
Poem, though utterly incomprehensible  
Is, in all verity, simple and sensible  
When it's compared to some modernist lunny verse  
Which, so the critics say, shakes the whole universe.

I couldn't get it or make the stuff out,  
So I concluded I must be a lout,  
A terrible lowbrow, an ivory knob,  
A member, in brief, of the greatly scorned "mob."  
That wasn't the worst of my cultural slavery:



The "small group of serious thinkers," I found,  
Regarded all games as a species of knavery:  
Their pleasure consisted in sitting around  
To talk of the various  
Movements in art,  
Or make multifarious  
Efforts to chart



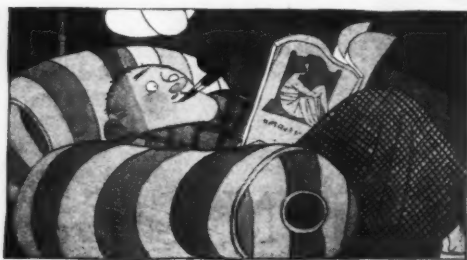
Trends astronomical  
Sociological,  
Themes anatomical  
Aims pedagogical,  
Freudian theories deep and complex,  
Einstein, Debussy, Jung, Bergson and Sex,  
Egyptian tombs of the dynastic period,  
And other such subjects and things by the myriad.  
And if one grew weary and said "Let's play bridge!"  
They'd make you feel small as a flea or a midge  
By saying, as if you were guilty of shame,  
"Er—no, I'm afraid I don't care for the game;  
It seems like a crime  
To waste so much time,  
In bridge, pool or poker, for money or chalk,  
When one could spend all of those moments in talk!"

And so they would chatter of "things of the mind,"  
And if they discovered that you were inclined  
To talk now and then about automobiles,  
Or baseball or football or table d'hôte meals,  
Or servants, or "sealing wax, shipping or soap,"  
They'd say that your brain was quite narrow in scope.



## A Declaration of Independence

That you were a bourgeois, a dullard, a Babbitt;  
And maybe it's true—but *they* also inhabit  
A world that is narrow, and there they abide,  
Expressing contempt for whatever's outside!



## II

AND when, on a sudden, I realized this,  
I said, "Let the Intelligentsia hiss!

I've cringed at their scorn for a number of years  
But now I've rebelled, and to me it appears  
That one can like Brahms, and be tickled at jazz;  
Be thrilled by a Rembrandt, yet chuckle at Tad;  
Like Whitman and Yeats without giving the razz  
To popular minstrels whose verses are glad;  
Prefer native art to the art that's exotic,  
Be—well, sentimental and quite patriotic;  
In brief, own a healthy and normal psychology  
Without any shame or the slightest apology.

And so I broke free of each cultural trammel;

I said to myself: I've been meek long enough,  
A fig for these logothete pundits who damn all  
My natural tastes as "impossible stuff";

I'm sick of these highbrows  
With uplifted eyebrows  
Who, lacking the taste and the liking for play,  
Have made quite a virtue of being that way.

I'm fond of romances and plays that are blithe,  
The scorn of the critics shall not make me writhe,  
The novels that harrow  
Me down to the marrow

I'll read if I want to, but not by compulsion—  
From dicta of critics I've had a revulsion.

They sneer at George Lorimer's Saturday Post  
And think it's a proof of their learning to boast  
They never have read it.  
That's not to their credit,

For the Post gives its readers (a number gigantic)  
More literature than the ancient Atlantic.

Wells, Galsworthy, Bennett—say, where are they  
seen?

The Nation, the Dial? Go on, quitcher kiddin'.  
You find them appearing in Hearst's Magazine,

Such writers as these are don't want their stuff hidden  
In small publications too fine for the mob  
But built for the smart intellectual snob.  
No longer I'll hide

My liking for stuff that the critics deride,  
I'll cheerfully wager the cash in my wallet on  
Finding more art in McClure's, Cosmopolitan,  
Collier's, Adventure, Pictorial Review,  
Than shows in the magazines made "for the few,"  
The organs designed for the self-chosen art set,  
Who bow down to Mencken, tin god of the Smart Set.

Herewith I declare with a spirit unawed  
That Art is a country both ample and broad,  
With room for reality, room for romance,

For humor and satire; thus giving a chance  
To Shaw and to Tarkington, Louis J. Vance,  
Ring Lardner, Bugs Baer, Henrik Ibsen,  
George Ade,

And all first class artists who work at their  
trade.

I also aver, say, asseverate, claim,  
Announce and assert with no vestige of shame,  
That one can conceivably like Julia Sanderson  
Or Doctor Frank Crane and dislike Sherwood  
Anderson,

And still be entitled to stoutly defy a  
Vicious indictment as social pariah.

I, William J. Hicks, being native and white,  
Herewith do declare myself finally freed  
From critical serfdom, which once put a blight  
On most of my pleasures. Hereafter I'll read  
Whatever I like and admit that I like it;  
In pictures and music and things histrionic  
I'll joy in what I think is art, when I strike it,  
Nor ever be frightened by highly sardonic  
And brilliant young Critics who sling a mean line—  
Which doesn't prove their taste is better than mine.

I've laughed and I've loved and I've struggled and fought,  
I'm not wholly lacking the power of thought,  
And, that being so,

If I get a glow  
Of joy out of things that are highbrow or low,  
I feel that I'm fully as sure to be right  
As people who sneer with an air erudite  
At minds that are "Puritan, crass, mid-Victorian!"  
I'm getting so these are the terms that I glory in.  
I'm one of the mob? Of the unthinking herd?  
All right, so I am! But—one brief little word  
Before I am done:

Life is short, Art is long,  
And sooner or later the commonplace throng  
Decides what shall perish in Art, what shall last,  
When all supercilious critics have passed!



*A Romance of the Pyrenees—  
where the women carry daggers*

By  
JOHN  
MONK  
SAUNDERS

A  
*Maker of Gestures*

*Illustrations by John Richard Flanagan*

IT WAS Monday and market day when Trench Gaylord arrived at Tardets, a mountain town high on the slopes of the Pyrenees. He stepped from the train into a brilliant pattern of color and life, into a triangular square surrounded by arched, steep-roofed houses of buff and mauve, filled with tiny temporary shops under cream and white and red awnings. Pots and jugs, earthenware of chrome yellows and browns, were set about on spreads of green canvas. Yawning baskets of Spanish weave overflowed with oranges and lemons; figs and raisins and dates lay in heaps upon woven trays. Panniers held pyramids of eggs and goats' milk cheeses. Mules stood at their carts under the deep arcades, the carts ranged wheel to wheel.

Gaylord paused, enchanted, to study the crowd thronging the market place. Here were the Basque people. The young men were undeniably handsome, in an unconsciously arrogant way, with fine foreheads, long straight noses and well shaped heads. They were compact of body and clean of limb. The short black jackets which they wore, the velveteen trousers, the clean white cotton shirts open at the throat, the scarlet sashes folded tightly around the hips gave them an air of grace and dash. The women were dressed in black; some had handkerchiefs twisted about their hair, some wore gold chains and lace mantillas.

In his room at the Hôtel des Pyrenees later, Gaylord was looking out across the river and marveling—at himself, for he had changed the ways and scene of his existence with the suddenness of fancy. The quaint voice of his tutor speaking in precise accents a week ago at Oxford echoed across his mind.

"As a writer you are supremely gifted, you have a fine ear for rhythm and quantity, you have imagination and an instinct for the color word . . . and you will never write anything of genuine merit."

There had been a polite pause.

"As to your ability," the tutor had pursued, "there is little doubt; as to your indolence there is no doubt."

"Ho-hum," Gaylord had sighed.

"My advice is that you forsake your habits and your friends, take yourself off to some far retreat for the summer vacation and turn out a creditable piece of writing. Write a poem for the Newdigate Prize. I suggest the Basque Provinces in the Pyrenees."

Gaylord's mind traveled back to the scene which had followed. He was in his rooms announcing the proposed pilgrimage to his coterie of satellites, a devoted group to whom he was an idol and an enigma. They envied him his brilliance, admired him for his good looks, worshiped him for his diffidence and allowed his superiority. They all knew of his affairs, inevitable wherever he went. Fragments of the ensuing conversation recurred to Gaylord.

"The Basque women are strangely and vividly beautiful."

"They have black hair and gray eyes."

In Gaylord's eyes a phantom flame had awakened.

Gregory had seen it, and said, "That's the last place on earth for you to go, Gaylord. Beware the mountain maids when you romance! If you go off by yourself among the Basques you won't come back." And they had wagered on it.

It wasn't the challenge of his tutor or the fatalism in Gregory's voice, or the restive genius within him which brought Gaylord to a strange land and an inscrutable people—it was the fascination of beauty.

His tutor would conclude that he had at last decided to make an intellectual effort. The satellites knew it for another whirl at adventure. At any rate it was a gesture, this hegira. He would be back at Oxford in the fall, he told himself.

In the late afternoon he left the hotel, walked through the town and started off on one of the roads leading into the hills. He found himself standing in the roadway staring at a great house set between two pretty white cottages. It was three stories high and had five windows across the front, facing the roadway. The shutters, the balcony and the wide eaves of the roof were painted a hedge-sparrow blue. A vine trailed in

vagrant pattern above the lower windows. The doorway was high and arched and was surmounted by a stone tablet upon which symbols were engraved. A gate led from the roadway through the wall into a grassed forecourt.

Gaylord walked rapidly back through the village to the hotel and got into conversation with the keeper. The great house up the roadway? Yes, he knew it well, everyone knew it. The home of old Hurja, a wealthy grower of grapes. Lived there with his wife and daughter; and the hotel keeper gave Gaylord a quizzical look, not unnoticed by Gaylord. Would it be possible to lodge there during the summer? The keeper couldn't say; no, house was not filled, only the three of them and an old servant. They all spoke French, too. The daughter was eighteen. Proud people.

In the early evening Gaylord sauntered down to the cabaret which the keeper had mentioned as the favorite rendezvous of the people on market days, and where, since the young men were in town, there was not a little liveliness and drinking.

It required a summoning of most of his moral courage to enter the lighted inn. It wasn't that he minded being the focal point of many curious pairs of eyes; he was not unused to that. In fact, he loved it, but under conditions or in situations with which he was familiar. There was much of the actor in Gaylord. He was able to stand apart from himself and watch his actions with an absorbed, detached interest.

He strode to the inn door, threw it open and swung inside, closing it noiselessly behind him as his eyes roved about the room. Clouds of smoke drifted hazily about; various groups of people filled the room, drinking, smoking, discussing, playing cards. There was a vacant seat well in the picture.

Eyes rose to him in sudden interest. They saw a tall youth, probably English, in a gray tweed suit, with knickerbockers, heavy stockings and stout oxfords, who carried a well shaped head gracefully erect, whose eyes, searching for a vacant place, suddenly arrested as they reached Hurja's daughter and straightway selected a seat from which a view of her was not hidden. They noted that he walked to it and sat down.

"Curious," thought Gaylord, "how one forgets one's act when one sees a pretty girl. She must be pure Basque. Black hair, straight black brows and lashes, dark skin, oval face—can never tell the age of these people, but she must be eighteen. Her arms and hands—what proportion, what strength, what modeling! Lord, the curve of her neck and shoulders! That must be her father with her—proud looking old gentleman; that is not her brother, though—lusty looking lad. Her lips are superb. Wonder if she's awake yet . . . surely . . . they mature quickly, these Latins. But she isn't Latin. Basque—well, she may not be awake but I'll wager . . ."

The oppressive weight of a dozen hostile glances roused him to the sudden realization that his concentrated study of this girl was flagrantly patent to everyone in the room. He saw the flicker of cold resentment in many eyes.

The youth at Yvonne's right was not her brother. He was Julio—and Julio had adored Yvonne during the years. The mine had been laid between moments. Gaylord had stared at Yvonne. Julio had seen that in Gaylord's eyes which stirred a fury within him. Gaylord looked into Julio's eyes and read hate. Both jaws tightened, both bodies tensed. Each sensed the danger in the other; each recognized a resolute enemy.

"We have hated each other for the same cause for seven thousand years," Gaylord was thinking. "He found my elementals in one glance. He must love that girl. So do I." Gaylord found that two wooden spindles in the back of his chair were cracking between his fingers.

Many thoughts in many minds:

"Is he mad, that Englishman, to stare so at Hurja's daughter?"

"Julio will slip a knife into his heart if he tries to approach her."

"There's trouble ahead now for those three."

"The stranger will never take her away from Julio—Julio will kill."

Gaylord thought: "They know me now; they anticipate every ruse, every excuse I would employ to speak to this girl. They



Gaylord began ostensibly to sketch old Hurja's

are all watching me like hawks. I've created a critical situation for myself. The stage is all set for a *grande geste*."

Many eyes watched the stranger as he shifted his chair into a position to establish a direct view of Hurja's daughter, watched him as he boldly scrutinized her features. It was incredible. Julio was half rising out of his chair. It was inconceivable insolence. Gaylord held a straight forefinger professionally at different angles in front of his right eye as he appeared to study her. Hurja's daughter sat unperturbed as the atmosphere electrified about her.

Gaylord reached his left hand into his inner coat pocket and drew out a half-dozen lead pencils. From a voluminous side pocket he drew a large pad. Tilting his chair backward he placed the pad in his lap and began, ostensibly, to sketch Hurja's daughter.

Gaylord had at one stroke dissipated hostility and achieved standing. With the exception of Julio they all jumped to the same conclusion. "*Artiste*." Julio sank back into his seat, stalemated. But his instinct mistrusted. The galvanism in the air dispersed.

The amusing part of it all to Gaylord was that he, Gaylord, could not sketch.

However, every move was expert, every stroke skilled. No one could have given more the appearance of an artist sketching than did Gaylord.

Very shortly, he knew, the more curious ones would pass behind him on divers errands, to peer surreptitiously over his shoulders at the work of art. Gaylord held his pad in his lap, shielded from too inquisitive eyes.

Julio chafed and fretted. Gaylord went on coolly sketching. The design growing on the pad might have been a Kansas cyclone or a cubist nightmare. If old Hurja had any feeling he did not show it.

Having completed the sketch to his evident satisfaction, with a few final, decisive strokes, Gaylord dropped his chair back on





daughter. No one could have given more the appearance of an artist. At one stroke he had dissipated hostility.

its four legs and returned the pad to his side pocket. No one had been able to see it. Julio's suspicions quickened, but he dared not test them openly. Gaylord beckoned the waiter, ordered white wine and, entirely at ease, sipped it slowly. When he again looked in the direction of the girl, she had gone, and with her Julio. The fine looking old gentleman was still there, in grave discussion with friends, watching oldish men playing cards.

The atmosphere in the room had changed, the younger men were becoming boisterous, the elders breaking up into smaller groups, some were leaving. Gaylord could move about unnoticed.

He made his way casually over to the table where Julio had sat, apparently interested in the card game. In time, using a stranger's prerogative, he asked the old gentleman, in French, a question about some play made, and receiving a courteous explanation pressed on into conversation. In which he discovered that the old gentleman was Hurja, who owned the great house, that the Beautiful One was his daughter, that his son had been killed at the Marne, early in the war. Gaylord was impressed with his dignity and his precision of speech. He found he could talk easily to him. He told Hurja who he was, whence he had come, what his plans and hopes were for the summer, his purpose to write, and finally in perfect frankness, his strange feeling about the great house and his desire to write there. Hurja was impressed. He liked the young Englishman.

His son's room on the third story across the front had been unoccupied now for a long time; he would speak to his wife and his daughter about it. Perhaps it could be arranged. The tariff? That could be settled later. He would let him know on the morrow. He was staying at the Hôtel des Pyrenees?

The next afternoon a note reached Gaylord at the hotel, written in French in a fine hand. It was from Hurja. Gaylord could come.

His entrance brought about his first meeting with the Beautiful One. He walked through the gate in the wall of the forecourt and was met at the door by Hurja, who led him into the great hall, a vast, empty place with a beamed ceiling and stone-paved floor. There was no furniture. Hurja was explaining. The various celebrations were held there, the harvest feasts, festivals of marriage and birth. He stopped. Two ladies entered, dressed in black; one was Hurja's wife, the other—Gaylord's heart jumped—Hurja's daughter. Hurja presented him. Gaylord bowed, took the hand of Madame Hurja and kissed it. Then he stepped forward and took Yvonne Hurja's hand. At the touch he felt his whole body tremble; he ceased breathing. He looked into level gray eyes.

He could never quite explain what happened then. Time stopped. A syncope of emotion arrested his thought processes. He had looked deeply, searchingly into Yvonne's eyes, and in a blinding flash he saw the awakening of recognition.

Each read in the other's eyes a perfect understanding. Yvonne Hurja, a Basque girl of the mountains, and Trench Gaylord, cultured and traveled—and wise—found that in each other's eyes which made them both tremble. Gaylord reeled. They knew each other for all time. He pressed his lips to her tiny hand and stepped away. Father and mother saw nothing. Old Hurja was speaking again but Gaylord heard him not. He could not look into the gray eyes again.

The bedroom which he was to have was spacious and exquisitely clean, with floors of polished oak, and was filled with massive old furniture.

"We are simple folk," Hurja was saying as he left Gaylord in his room. "We live simply, you may not find our customs agreeable, but I trust that you will be comfortable. We shall enjoy having you with us."

As the door closed behind him, Gaylord walked to the windows, threw them open and drew the air into his lungs in deep gulps.

He had seen the light.  
He had seen the light.  
Below, Yvonne Hurja was crossing herself before the holy-water stoup, curiously bewildered.

In the days that followed, Gaylord settled down to the writing of his poem. He arranged his room to his liking, moved the polished heavy furniture in such a way that it variously reflected the morning sun and cast somber shadows in the evening. He wrote on a dark-topped table near the French windows; at night he placed his pages between two huge wax tapers which lighted the table but surrounded him in gloom.

The actual writing of the poem to Gaylord was a piece of calculated workmanship. His books had come on. He studied his subject from every source, selected his major and minor themes, collected and arranged his material, made innumerable jottings and preliminary drafts and began the fastidious work of fitting and matching. He knew the craft. There would be no flaws in technique, his poem would be foot and accent perfect; as to merit of thought and tone, those were qualities not measurable, by himself.

He thrilled with an odd exultation. Five hundred lines of rhythmic beauty truly pitched, crystal clear—that was the image.

There began between Gaylord and Yvonne Hurja the strangest kind of relationship. Here in the same house were two people who held for each other a devastating love. Gaylord could not approach Yvonne without experiencing sensations which he had not known in his life. Yvonne told her story in her eyes, she knew and felt and understood. Gaylord made mad, tumultuous love to her with his eyes, and dared no further. He was at an impasse. Suppose he told her that he loved her. She knew that; what then? It was the beginning and the end. There was no way to turn, no road to travel. It was a light that blinded. Progress was impossible. Gaylord knew that there could be but one conclusion to such love, once they surrendered to it; but Gaylord read a deathless purity in Yvonne's eyes, and he knew that there would be no expediency, even if he attempted it. She would give him her life—for his life. He understood, and no word had passed between them. Yet marriage, to Gaylord, in the circumstances of his age and life, seemed futile folly.

There were times when he could scarce hold himself from taking her in his arms to tell her his love in words, but he dared not touch her.



Gaylord's hand dropped to his sash—  
and Yvonne knew what had to happen.

And the days went by and neither spoke of it. They tramped the hills together—he read to her, she told him old Basque fairy tales and legends. From the first time she spoke to him in French she addressed him in the second person singular, "tutoye'd" him. She spoke Basque, French and Spanish, but knew no English. There was one amusing attempt to teach Gaylord Euskara, the Basque language.

"Magyar," he said, "is an atrocity. Finnish is a barbarity. Any relation between those two languages is an absurdity." So she gave it up.

And so they journeyed down the days on a thread of gossamer, a slender thread that threatened to break and plunge them into the gulf below, whence there was no returning.

There was the day that Yvonne found the yellow drawing pad with the queer lines upon it—and recalled instantly a vision of Gaylord tilted back in his chair sketching her while the room looked on. So this was the sketch! Yvonne laughed, with a better understanding of Gaylord.

There was the day when she saw the soft pine board with the deep knife blade gashes in its face, against the wall in his room, and knew that Gaylord practiced throwing the knife. She remembered Julio and the menace in his eyes.

There was a wondrous day when they two sat on a bank on the mountain side which rose in a long sweep behind them. Tardets lay below them, a city of mist and pale gold; snow sprays of wild cherry, blue spikes of monkshood, the rose of wild apple, caught the sun and bathed in fragrant radiance.

Gaylord could not still the tumult in his blood—and he walked on the edge of the precipice. "Do you know," he murmured, "that there is no one more beautiful than you?"

in its conclusions than other villages. There came a night when Gaylord was brought to a consciousness of his position.

He had started writing early in the evening. It was midnight when he again looked at his watch. The white sheets of foolscap blurred before his eyes, the sentences trailed away uncertainly, the words uneven. The candles guttered in their sockets.

Gaylord rose and went to the windows, throwing them wide open, and stepped out upon the tiny balcony. A chiaroscuro of rare beauty lay before him. The moonlight streamed over the roofs of the village, throwing the church steeple into dark intaglio and the street below into a valley of shadow. The village itself seemed to be sleeping the tranquil sleep of a tired child.



She regarded him gravely. "It is strange, thou art meaning what thou sayest?"

"Do you know," he went on, "that since the world began, no woman has surpassed you in beauty?"

"Thy mind is wondering at that, thou art not praising me?"

"Praise," he said, "for natural endowment is silly."

"Thou seest no beauty within my eyes?"

"Forgive me," he begged. "I do, I do."

She was speaking very gently. "Thou wilt do what I ask, else I leave thee."

"I will," he said. "What is it?"

"Think out loud"—and almost before her words ended Gaylord was speaking rapidly:

"One's nature does not change; she will be what she is now wherever she goes in whatever company she moves. She will not fit into any society to which I belong. If I take her away from her people into my world, she will be my lifelong problem—is it all worth it? I cannot live here. I do not quite belong; I think, I am not sure, but I think that I would grow to hate the mountains and the sun and the sky; I do not find charm in everyday living; I am avid of adventure and I cannot endure limitations; my impulses would torment me to madness within these hills. I cannot stay here, I dare not take her away with me. *Quoi donc?*"

Yvonne was breaking in gently: "Think out loud no more. Thy thoughts have sped past thy tongue—I know thy thoughts—I wanted to find if thou wert honest with thyself."

Gaylord's desperate reluctance held him in check and he said no more.

Now the village of Tardets was cognizant of Gaylord's frequent appearance with Yvonne, and Tardets was no more charitable

Was that a shadow moving in the street below? Surely—no. Darn the candles, a flickering light is bad to write by. He closed his eyes for a moment, rubbed them and looked again, straining to penetrate the darkness. He would have sworn that there was a movement in the street below.

A wild medley of noise splintered the stillness of the night into a thousand quivering fragments. For once Gaylord was profoundly startled. Catcalls, shrill and insolent, whistles, trumpets, bells, crashed together with a furious cacophony of sound. Gaylord could distinguish cries, cries of derision followed by high pitched mocking laughter. Whistles screamed and slithered, horns blared and snarled and tore at the night air. Pans and drums clashed in maddening monotonies.

He could see now that the street below in front of the houses was filled with people, people who were making the night hideous with appalling discord. His astonishment was giving way to hot anger. Were they all drunk—what was the reason for this? He stood leaning slightly over the (Continued on page 120)



# Stories That Have Made Me LAUGH

IT WAS Harry Graham who wrote the famous couplet describing the interior decoration of Skibo Castle, Scotland, as:

A style which Ruskin much enjoyed,  
And christened Early German Lloyd.

He has also written a number of amusing books of verse and fiction, including "Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes," "Lord Bellinger" and seventeen or eighteen other published volumes of which the latest is "Biffin and His Circle." One of the characters in Biffin is a geographical song writer called Minter, who having made a hit with "I Want to Go to Wyoming," quickly follows it up with "Take My Ticket for Tacoma!"



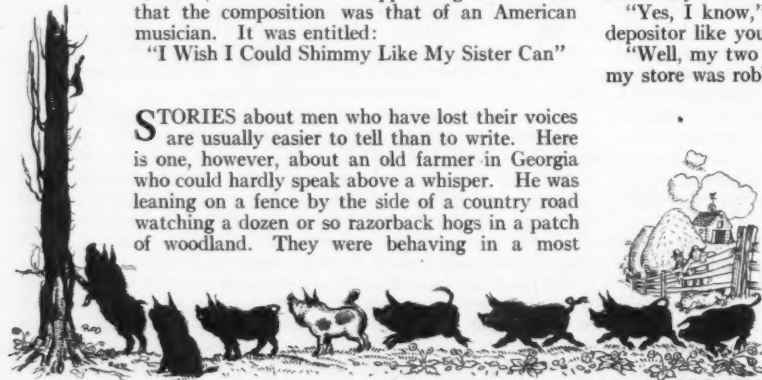
"How I Long to Be Way Back in Borneo!" "I Wish I Were in Washington." It seems reasonable, therefore, that Harry Graham is responsible for the following story. At any rate, an English friend of mine says he is.

Queen Mary and several members of the Royal Household were enjoying a concert by the band of the Coldstream Guards in the grounds of Windsor Castle. Always the first to encourage any originality in the arts of which military band music is reckoned one or at least .0031416, the Queen was particularly attracted toward a composition played with much dash and spirit and received with corresponding applause by the members of the Royal Household. Accordingly, she dispatched an equerry to inquire of the bandmaster the name of the unfamiliar composition.

During the absence of the equerry, there was much speculation as to the nationality of the composer. The Master of the Royal Buck Hounds was of the opinion that it was by Debussy. On the other hand, the Master of the Royal Stag Hounds professed to see in it some of the characteristics of Max Reger with just a dash of Arnold Schoenberg. Six Masters of Assorted Hounds declared for the Italian composer Zandonai, but Queen Mary herself secretly hoped that so interesting a composition had been written by the Englishman Delius or Goossens so that it might be placed permanently in the repertoire of the Royal Band Concerts. When the equerry returned, however, he bore the disappointing information that the composition was that of an American musician. It was entitled:

"I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Can"

STORIES about men who have lost their voices are usually easier to tell than to write. Here is one, however, about an old farmer in Georgia who could hardly speak above a whisper. He was leaning on a fence by the side of a country road watching a dozen or so razorback hogs in a patch of woodland. They were behaving in a most



extraordinary manner, for every few minutes they would burst out of a gap in the fence, run across the road to another patch of woodland, and almost immediately afterward dash madly back again.

"What's the matter with them hogs anyway?" a passing stranger asked.

"They ain't nothing the matter with them much," the old farmer whispered hoarsely. "Them hogs belongs to me and before I lost my voice, I used to call them to their feed. After I lost my voice, when it came feeding time, I used to knock on this here fence rail with my stick."

He paused and shook his head solemnly.

"And now them cussed woodpeckers up in them trees has got them poor hogs plumb crazy," he concluded.

BANKING is a profession which calls for the exercise of a nice discretion unaffected by sympathy. A banker who would grant a loan out of sheer pity is no more to be trusted with the depositors' money than a surgeon could be trusted to perform an operation if he were habitually shaken with sobs of compassion every time he started to make an incision.

Fortunately for depositors and patients, neither bankers nor surgeons allow their feelings to run away with them when it comes to a professional job. Bankers are particularly and quite properly hard-hearted, especially Mr. Edward Gandy, President of the Farmers' and Merchants' National Bank of New Rochelle, N. Y.—don't look it up in the directory. It isn't there.

In addition to a hard heart, however, Mr. Gandy had a glass eye. It was made to order in Europe and Mr. Gandy was mighty proud of it, for it exactly matched Mr. Gandy's real eye, and in fact if it had not been that he could not forbear boasting about how much he had paid for it and how natural it looked, not more than the entire population of New Rochelle would have known that his glass eye was glass.

People who wear wigs are deluded in that way, too. As the barber said, sadly, "There are plenty of hairdressers who profess to make a wig, but when you've got it on, it looks nothing like a wig at all!"



However, not to digress from Mr. Gandy, he was approached one day by a depositor who desired a loan of a thousand dollars. "Well, now, Mr. Briggs," Gandy said, "you keep a very small average daily balance—less than a hundred dollars—and you're not entitled to any loan."

"But I've simply got to have it," Briggs declared. "I've just buried my mother-in-law. My wife has been sick for months."

"Yes, I know," Gandy said, "but I can't make a loan to a depositor like you."

"Well, my two children have had their tonsils taken out, and my store was robbed last week," Briggs continued.

"That may well be," Gandy replied.

"But you can't get a loan here."

"Now, listen to me, Mr. Gandy," Briggs went on to say, "if I don't get some money somewhere, it means ruin for me. I'll commit suicide, that's all!"

Mr. Gandy felt that he was slipping. If he permitted Mr. Briggs to continue the conversation, it looked as though he might make the loan. He thought of a scheme to let Briggs down easy. He had never boasted to Briggs about the glass eye and he felt confident that Briggs knew nothing about it; accordingly he proceeded to entrap Briggs.

# By MONTAGUE GLASS

Illustrations by Gordon Ross

"Now, look here, Briggs," he began. "I'm sorry to see a man like you in such straits and I don't want to shut down on you absolutely, so I'll give you an even break. Did you ever know that I have a glass eye?"

Briggs simulated surprise, not to say astonishment.

"No, I didn't," he said, looking carefully at Mr. Gandy's natural eye. "Which one is it?"

"Ah!" Mr. Gandy replied. "That's for you to guess. And if you guess it correctly, I'll make the loan."

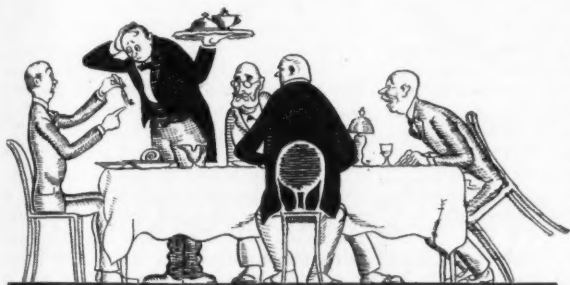
"It's the right eye," Briggs replied promptly.

"You're correct this time," Gandy said and forthwith instructed the cashier to place a thousand dollars to Briggs's credit after taking Briggs's note for the amount.

"Now, tell me, Briggs," Mr. Gandy said, after the transaction was concluded, "how did you find out that my right eye was the glass eye?"

"Because," Briggs replied, "compared with your left eye, it looked so kind and sympathetic."

NOWHERE can entomology be studied more successfully than in cheap Italian and French restaurants. Year after year Mr. Will C. Beebe goes to British Guiana and penetrates the well-



high impenetrable jungle in search of strange insects which can be found right in the village limits of Greenwich Village nestling among the leaves of a Romaine salad in the Ristorante Aurelio Saffi or masquerading in death as tea leaves at the bottom of a cup in any one of the hundreds of tea rooms conducted in New York by decayed gentlewomen.

Mr. J. F. Sayre, of San Francisco, says that some of the Italian resorts of his own fair city are particularly rich in specimens of the family *Muscidae* and the order *Diptera*, of the sub-order *Brachycera* and of the subdivision *Dichæta*. All these jaw-breaking names refer to but one animal—the housefly—and Mr. Sayre says that he knew of an instance where no less than three of them were served up in one omelette. It was at a luncheon for four and the host was not unnaturally annoyed.

"Look here, waiter," he said, "there are three flies in this omelette. Now I must insist that the next time I order an omelette for four here, you have either four flies in it or none at all. It's a damned hard matter to divide three flies equally among four people."

MY FRIEND MacLaren was rambling along the other evening something in this style:

The Scot, he observed, is a natural born linguist. There is hardly a language that he cannot pick up almost by ear, you might say, and speak it as well as a native.

For instance, the Scot has been speaking English for only a relatively short time—say five hundred years or so—and yet the purest English is spoken just as the purest Scotch is drunk right on the banks of the Clyde.



Chinese has no terrors for a Scotsman. The English have great difficulty in mastering it, but not so the Scotch. For instance, there were two members of a Highland regiment taking part in the capture of Weihaiwei or Wei-Hai-Wei, during the Boxer Rebellion. Almost immediately they began to speak in Chinese, or at any rate the Chinese recognized it as such. The conversation was as follows:

SANDY: Weel! We hae Wei-Hai-Wei!

JOCK: Hae we?

SANDY: Ay! We hae!

PIDGIN English has nearly, if not entirely disappeared from the Pacific Coast. Nowadays the classic English of Berkeley and Palo Alto is none too good for the Chinese and Japanese of California. James J. Montague says that even twenty-five years ago pidgin English was on the wane in California. He was standing one day on a wharf in San Francisco watching the approach of a tramp steamer. The weather was foggy and Montague was therefore unable to make out what flag the steamer was flying. Beside him stood a Chinaman in native costume and wearing a pigtail.

"John," Montague said, "you catchee what piecee flag him fly?"

"I cahn't exactly make out from here," "John" replied, "but I rahther imagine it must be the house flag of that particular line. Certainly it doesn't appear to be any national flag with which I am acquainted, at least."

THIS story seems to render highly improbable the story about the Governor of Hong-Kong, the late Sir Henry Pottinger, his aide and the King of Siam. The King had arrived at Hong-Kong and was lodging with his suite at the best hotel there, and notwithstanding that it was at that time the best hotel in Hong-Kong, its office staff spoke and understood only pidgin English.

Sir Henry called to make his formal visit of welcome the morning after the King's arrival. He wore the gorgeous dress uniform of a Governor of Hong-Kong. The Governor's aide wore the equally spectacular uniform of a Colonel in the Household Guards.

"Inquire if His Majesty has risen," the Governor said to his aide.

"Very good, Your Excellency," the aide replied and walked across the lobby to the clerk's desk making no more noise in his progress than a regiment of United States cavalry.

His manner toward the clerk, however, was much less formal.

"One piecee king have got?" he inquired.

"One piecee king no have got," the clerk replied.

The aide returned to the Governor's carriage and saluted ceremoniously.

"I have inquired of the management whether or not His Majesty is at home, Your Excellency," the aide announced, "and I regret to say they inform me that His Majesty has gone out."

## The Eminent Dr. Deeves

(Continued from page 36)

automobile could cover it in an hour or less. And Dougherty lived in a small city on the opposite bank of the river not ten miles north of where the refugee—if he succeeded in getting away from his warders—would cross on the ferry which plied between the shores. With a fair share of luck, one more main difficulty would be ironed out to smoothness.

The escape was simplicity itself; nothing delayed it and no alarm followed it. On the appointed day, just after luncheon had been eaten, young Shire came forth from the dining hall of the building in which he was lodged. On the lawn, as if by chance, he met the girl. Casually they walked diagonally through the grounds to where an elderly man named James Eggers sat on duty in his regular post alongside the main gates which opened in the east wall.

At a word from Miss Deeves, Eggers, touching his cap in salute, let them pass through. At least a third of the patients, including nearly all held to be harmless and known ordinarily to be well behaved, were allowed, under suitable escort, to leave the enclosure for cross-country strolls; a few even were permitted to accompany the attendants to the town. Their absence for hours, even for a whole forenoon or a whole afternoon, would not be regarded with concern. Shire, these last few months, had been listed in this favored group. True, by the regulations a nurse or a male keeper should now be with him. But in Eggers's eyes the daughter of his employer was, in effect, a qualified member of the administrative staff. If she elected to stand sponsor for this young fellow the responsibility would be hers.

Suspecting nothing, the gatekeeper watched them until they passed from his sight along the graveled drive that skirted the wall. He had not taken notice that Miss Deeves was very white and that she was trembling. His one glance of official scrutiny had been for the patient and about the latter the gatekeeper had seen nothing which was calculated to make him look a second time. He settled back in his chair and lighted his pipe. The warm soft air invited him to loaf and forget his private worries—if he had any such. He need not think again of the pair until toward evening.

An eighth of a mile away, under the rear wall of the compound, the girl's car, with oil cups and gas tank newly filled, stood where she had left it half an hour before. No one saw them mount to its seat; no one who knew either of the pair saw them driving southward along a back road to where it joined the turnpike running to the west. Westward then they traveled, going rapidly. In the run to the river they stopped only once; that was at a small railroad station, where Shire handed a rush message, which had been written beforehand, and a coin in payment, to a listless person serving there as train dispatcher and telegraph agent.

They drove on then, with speed, until they came to the edge of a slope where the shelving bank went down to meet the mile-wide river. The ferryboat, a clumsy, double-ended craft, was in midstream, headed their way but making slow work

of it against the strong current. They would have at least twenty minutes to wait, and perhaps half an hour, before the boat landed and put ashore what freight she had brought and began her return trip.

Of pursuit before dark there was now little danger. Looking back frequently as they sped along, young Shire had seen behind him no signs to suggest a chase. By heavy odds of probability he was quite safe—certainly as safe as he could hope to be until he touched the soil of the adjoining state. Nevertheless, it was at his suggestion that the car was turned off the road into the thick fringing of hazel bushes and stunted haws that ran along the brow of the low ridge above the landing. Here in this shielded place they were out of sight of any save an especially keen-eyed passer-by. In part, this move was dictated by his instincts of prudence, in part by another purpose which he had in mind.

In due time the ferryboat came to bank, discharged her cargo, took on another and headed away again for the opposite shore. No automobile went aboard her, though, but only a couple of farm wagons and a dusty buggy. Nor was there a young man or a young girl among the foot-passengers. Three countrymen and an old woman and a small boy made up the list of passengers.

In his own automobile on the far shore waited Colonel Dougherty. He had received a telegram half an hour before; he had come swiftly to the crossing place to meet his friend. He waited and waited until nightfall, then drove homeward, alone and perplexed by apprehensions.

Along towards four o'clock of this same May afternoon Doctor Deeves sat in his library, which was a room opening off the reception hall of his cottage. Since luncheon he had been there, making final revision of the proofs of his book—the book that would live long after he was gone, bearing his knowledge down to enrich the learning of men in generations yet to come. Subconsciously he heard the front door open and close. Then his own door was flung open and there before him stood one of his charges, this young man, Stephen Shire. The famous specialist laid down his pen and reared back in his swivel chair; he was mildly startled by the intrusion. His patients did not have the run of his private residence, naturally. Even so, Doctor Deeves retained the unruffled magisterial air which he used in his intercourse with the inmates of his asylum.

"Well," he said, "what does this mean?"

"It means I've come back," said the younger man. He was breathing hard as though under great stress, and now Doctor Deeves saw that the intruder's face was streaked with dust and his clothing, too.

"You've come back, eh?" he said soothingly. He was accustomed to vagaries and hallucinations; he flattered himself he knew how to deal with them. Doctor Deeves was forever flattering himself on one count or another. "And where have you been?"

"Twenty miles away—and twenty miles back. I ran away from here—two hours and a half ago. Hold on!" He spoke out

sharply as Doctor Deeves's hand reached toward a push button set in the wall just behind him. "You needn't ring that bell. Nobody at the sanitarium knows I got away, I think. I haven't been missed yet. Nobody need know. I came back of my own free will. And I brought her back with me."

"Her?" Doctor Deeves half lifted from his chair. He knew now he was confronted by realities, not by delusional fancies; a quick suspicion was rising in his mind. "Her? Who do you mean?"

"Your daughter, Hazel Deeves. It was in her car that I got away. I drove it—but she went with me. Wait—I didn't steal her—I didn't abduct her. She helped me get away. But we've both come back—God help us—yes, and God help you, too!"

"Why that? Where is she? What has happened, man?" Doctor Deeves was scarcely aware—and yet somehow was definitely aware—that he spoke now as one rational man to another rational man. He had shed his professional manner as a runner might shed a garment, hindering him. He was all the concerned father—the imperturbable scientist, with his pose of infallibility, had vanished utterly.

"She's upstairs in her own room—safe enough—she hasn't been hurt in any way. Sit down! Don't go to her yet. Wait until you hear what I have to tell you."

It was as though Shire gave his orders with due authority to give them. Mechanically the older man obeyed. All at once now the young ex-soldier dominated the room. He thrust his head forward, fairly flinging his words in the other's face. His intensity armed him with a sort of straightforward eloquence:

"Doctor Deeves, listen: I'm a sane man—you've got to believe that. And here's another thing you've got to believe because in another minute or two I'll be proving it to you—I love your daughter. And she loves me. If you'd been able to see anything except the things you're interested in, you'd have seen it months ago. But you—you couldn't see—you were blind. Oh, my God, how blind you've been!"

"She loves me—she loved me well enough to plot with me to get away from this place today. We made for the river. I've got friends on the other side who'd have helped me prove my case—friends standing ready to provide me with funds until I could get back what rightfully belongs to me. Never mind that now. She loved me well enough to be willing to come back here after I'd gotten beyond your reach—to come back alone and face you and your anger."

"But I had a different plan in my mind. I didn't tell it to her, though, until we were within sight of the crossing. Then I told her—then I began to plead with her to go on with me to the other side and when we were on that other side, to marry me. That was what I begged her to do—at the first, until—"

"But wait, I'll go back a little so you'll understand more clearly; I've been going ahead too fast in what I'm telling you."

"As we were making for the river I felt confident and overjoyed and not a bit worried over the final outcome. I was





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beating you at your own game; I was sure I could keep on beating you. The human being I loved best in all this world was with me, helping me. But somehow she seemed very much frightened. She kept trembling. She was as white as death. Suddenly I realized how frail she was and how wasted and thin. Like a little weak shadow! She kept looking about her on every side as though she expected enemies would be hiding behind every tree and every bush. I tried to soothe her.

"And then, when we'd got to the river and the ferry was in sight, coming toward us, I started to tell her the rest of my purpose; the biggest part of it. I told her I was no such coward as to induce her to help me get away and then let her come back alone to face the consequences. I told her how deeply I loved her and how sure I felt of my sanity and how certain I was of my ability to care for her. I begged her to go on across that river with me.

"She told me she couldn't. Not that she didn't care for me. I knew, without her telling me, that she cared for me. She said she couldn't go because she was afraid. I asked her what she was afraid of—was it me she feared? She said, no. She said—oh, listen, man, while I tell you what she said!—she said she must get back inside these walls here. She said this was the only place she felt safe. She said that away from here she was in danger. Still, I thought she was only overwrought, that

the excitement had been too much for her. I asked her what danger there could possibly be.

"And she said—pointing with her poor shaking finger this way and that—she said: 'Stephen, they're squatting here in these bushes all about us. I can't see them but I can hear them and I know how they look. I didn't tell you of them before but now I must tell you. They have black masks on their faces and they've long, shiny blowpipes in their hands. They're waiting to blow their poisonous vapors at me. They'll destroy me when you're gone unless I go back and get inside the wall. They won't dare follow me in there. But out in the world, even with you, I'll never be safe, Stephen. There's only one place where I ever will be safe from them.'

"That's what your daughter, Hazel Deeves, said to me, Doctor Deeves!

"So I turned around and I brought her back—brought her back to the only fit place for her to be. And I came back because I love her, because I couldn't desert her now, because I want to be near her when she's cured.

"Oh, man, man, man, don't you see what you've done? You kept her here all her life with mad people about her. You didn't think that contact with them could hurt her—I heard her say months ago that that was your belief. And you—all so blind and besotted in your own egotism—you didn't see that her loss of flesh and

her loss of spirits meant anything. You didn't see what was beginning to prey on her, didn't see that a strain or a shock might carry her across the dividing line. You, who are supposed to know so much of mental diseases, and she, your own flesh and blood, your own daughter—and still you couldn't see it—could you?

"But now, by God, you've got to see it! She's mad, Doctor Deeves, she's mad, I tell you. Go up yonder to her room—go speak with her and see for yourself. That's all. You'll find me here when you come back."

And Doctor Deeves went. He went running.

All the fire and force seemed to go out of the young ex-lieutenant in a puff. He fell down on his knees upon the floor, his arms on the littered desk-top and his face in his arms. He was still there fifteen minutes later when stumbling, fumbling footsteps sounded on the stairs outside the door. He lifted his head as the uncertain footfalls came into the room where he was, and seeing before him then a figure of a shrunken broken man, stripped of all arrogance, physically twisted by an anguish that racked and wrenched his frame and made years older in a breath of time, the young man for all his own grief could not but feel a pang of pity for the other.

You'd hardly have known this man, so marred and altered as he was, for the eminent Doctor Deeves.

*There is another treat in store for you—Irvin Cobb's big story in the next COSMOPOLITAN. It is one of those mystery stories that couldn't be written by anyone but Irvin Cobb.*

## The Lone Wolf Returns

(Continued from page 93)

least in the world for you. And even if I did . . . But I don't want to be unfair. You've had too much to drink tonight. Do go now, please, go right away and don't come back till you're ready to beg my pardon."

"Oh!" The iced sincerity of the rebuff wiped away the self-confident smirk and set in its place a scowl dark with affronted self-esteem. "That's your style, is it, my lady? Virtue on a pedestal! And after the way you've led me on."

Folly held him briefly in a stare of incredulous disdain; her rush of color slowly ebbing. A slight gesture sketched inability to understand the man; in a voice of reproach and regret she said quietly, "Oh, Mally! how can you be so contemptible?"

The countenance of the dancing man grew darker still, his too full lips took on an ugly contour beneath their closely trimmed mustache of the mode. He seemed to contemplate, even with difficulty to refrain from uttering, some embittered and withering retort. Instead, he turned in dumb fury and flung out of the house. Thanks less to his temper and intention than to its automatic air check the door closed without noise other than the click of its latch. And hearing this sound, Folly gave herself a little shake of impatience and reasserted the wonted spirit of her countenance as she ran back to rejoin Pagan and Liane Delorme.

Their three voices were once more busy when Lanyard made his way back to the boudoir telephone and took a long chance

with it, communicating to the central operator the number which Crane had left with him. But the turn of his luck was such that, though the connection was established all but instantaneously, the masculine voice that answered was not Crane's.

No, Mr. Crane wasn't in, and there was no telling when he would be in; maybe in ten minutes, maybe in ten days. But the voice was perfunctorily prepared to take any message that Lanyard might care to leave and see that it got into Crane's hands as soon as he did return, if ever.

"Tell him, please, Mr. Duchemin called him up." It was necessary to spell out that old alias which Crane would hardly have forgotten. "Say my business is urgent—Mr. Crane will understand."

"Want him to call y'up? What's yuh number?"

Without the least hesitation, in a single phrase Lanyard abolished the telephone installation at Folly McFee's: "Say there is no telephone. But give him, if you will be so good, this address." Lanyard detailed the number of the house and street and hung up. He had no fear that Crane would fail to draw an intelligent inference and guide himself by the light thereof. Nevertheless he would have been grateful for some assurance that Crane would get the message in good time . . .

Back at the head of the stairs he felt warranted in assuming that his daring with the telephone had not betrayed him. The hum of talk that rose from the diminished

dinner party was constant, or punctuated only by laughter. For all that, Lanyard escaped discovery by the narrowest of squeaks; for he stepped out into the hallway only to find that Mallison had let himself into the house again and was slinking furtively up the stairs—was even then, indeed, halfway up.

Driven back to the refuge of the clothespress, Lanyard pulled its door into position in the same instant that saw Mallison skulk into the boudoir.

It appeared from this, then, that one had not erred in mistrusting the "nervous" hands of the dancing man as they had played with the knob—and, one might no longer doubt, with the safety catch as well—what time Mallison had delayed, posing with his back to the door and philandering with Folly . . .

### CHAPTER IX

NEITHER might he who unsuspected spied, through the crack of a closet door all but closed, on Mr. Mallison with many a gesture of quiet authority making himself at home in Folly's rooms, seriously question the presence of a practitioner adept in the grammar of second story work. Mallison's footfalls would not have ruffled the repose of an insomniac, the play of his hands was certain yet light as the flutter of butterfly wings; and what he had to do by way of making ready for what he purposed doing, he did with right professional economy of effort.

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To begin with, he did nothing at all more than stand still in the middle of the boudoir and study with glances keen, direct and comprehensive what one guessed were surroundings not wholly strange to him. And seeing him thus with his guard down, naked of all his petty social airs and graces and that shining garment of conceit which clothed the man like a woven armor when he was self-conscious, the hidden watcher began to suspect that he might have erred in his first rating, that the Mallison now revealed was worthier to be reckoned with than he had guessed. The Mallison of this minute was nobody's fool, knew what he was about, and—*or* Lanyard read every surface sign awry—was dangerously capable of proving at need a disconcerting knowledge of how to take care of himself.

With a muted grunt of gratification in the sum of his survey, the man passed through to the bedchamber, wherein his maneuvers were less readily followed, since the mirror in the boudoir revealed to Lanyard only a narrow segment of the adjoining room. This comprehended, however, the head of Folly's bed, and the small table beside it from whose drawer Mallison removed a pretty trinket of a silver-plated, pearl-handled pistol, extracting its shells, thoughtfully putting them away in one of his waistcoat pockets, and finally replacing the weapon with nice precision where he had found it.

Content, it seemed, thus to have done his bit for preparedness, Mallison sauntered back to the boudoir, stripped off his topcoat, folded it with meticulous care and hid it, together with his hat, on the floor behind a capacious lounge chair.

Then consulting his watch and with a yawn politely shielded registering time to kill, he strolled over to the secretary and stooped to inspect, with a flickering, sly smile, the safe built into its base. The tip of a fingernail discreetly pried open the blind front, leaving no treacherous trace, but after a show of hesitation the man seemingly decided not to disturb the safe itself, and restored the front to its former position. Private papers, with which the pigeonholes of the secretary were well stocked, next drew his interest, and he was betraying a mean disposition to tamper with them when the chance discovery of a hand mirror resting face up on Folly's blotting book diverted Mallison with a temptation which he didn't even attempt to resist. And he had finished disciplining an imperceptibly unruly eyebrow and had begun to practice a devastating smile, an artful variation of the infallible gleam-of-teeth suite, when a bell grumbled vigorously in the bowels of the house and was interpreted as a signal for strict attention to business thenceforward.

Mallison went at once to the door to listen, an occupation in which he had the man in the clothespress at a good disadvantage. The latter none the less contrived to infer from noises in the entrance hall that Pagan's car had duly reported and that its owner and Liane were saying good night. Then, as the rumor of their voices failed, Mallison recrossed the boudoir with swift but silent tread and passed once more from Lanyard's range of vision. The latter, however, recalled having noticed a handsome painted screen in that corner, and entertained no doubt but that Mallison was making himself small behind it.

To prove this guess well grounded, Folly herself entered in another moment and gave every evidence of being unaware of any alien presence as she faltered through the boudoir, casting discontented glances round as if in aimless search for something in the nature of an occupation for her thoughts. Unmistakably disappointed, and thereby the more frankly fretted, she drifted on to her bedchamber, from whose unseen recesses her voice and her maid's were presently to be heard.

What they said was of no moment—their bedtime dialogue of every day, varied only by Folly's decision to stay up awhile longer; she wasn't sleepy and had letters to write. So saying, she dismissed the maid and sulkily trailed back into the boudoir, bringing a sizable case of tooled leather which held, one surmised, the jewelry she had worn at dinner, and which she proceeded to put away in the safe that deserved its name so little, but only as a matter of habit, demonstrating that all faith in the contraption was dead by not troubling to shut its door and set the lock. In the pause that ensued, with a sigh of boredom Folly settled down in the chair before her secretary, and Lanyard ventured to widen the crack of the door a fraction.

The woman sat toying with a pen and more than half turned away from this observer, charmingly posed with all the unconscious grace that was native to the sweetly fashioned body which her negligee, a sheer web of lace threaded with ribbon, made so bare a pretense of covering. A lamp on the top of the secretary focused upon her head rays whose fairy gold turned the dusky tangle of her hair into a living nimbus and edged tenderly a neck and shoulders kissable in the sight of any man. Indeed, Mallison was hardly to be blamed . . .

He stole up behind the woman lost in thought without making a sound; the fire of his lips on her flesh was the first that she knew of his presence. Crying out in alarm and anger, she started up to find herself in his arms.

"Hush, dear—please!" Mallison entreated, trying to insure her silence by resting fingers lightly upon her lips. "The servants might hear—"

"Might!" Folly stormed, jerking her head away. "They shall!"

If Mallison had counted on such toleration as she had shown him by the street door half an hour earlier, his lamentable error was made manifest to him without an instant's grace. Folly fought him like a miniature fury, and to such effect that she was free while her defiance was still an echo in the room—free and swelling her throat with a scream when he plumped upon his knees before her and threw wide arms of subjugation.

"Please, please!" he begged, "don't call for help. I'll do anything you say, promise to be good and go quietly when you choose to send me away—only don't call your servants. Think what they'd think!"

"What's that to me?" Folly demanded. "What do I care what they think of you?" "It's you I'm considering," the man protested. "It's what they'd think of you I'm worrying about. You can't imagine that they'd give you the benefit of the doubt . . ."

"Benefit of what doubt?"

"Do you suppose they'd believe I ever

found my way up here without your invitation?"

"Is a woman always suspected of enticing the man who breaks into her house like a thief? I'll risk that!"

"No—for God's sake, wait, listen to me, Folly! I don't deserve to be thrown out, you owe me fairer treatment—"

"I owe you—what?"

"You're a woman, not a schoolgirl—you know what you've been doing to me these last few weeks, you know you've driven me half out of my head flirting with me."

"Oh?" Folly's sense of humor reasserted itself in a little laugh. "Why half?"

"Entirely, then," Mallison conceded sullenly. He got upon his feet again, but his attitude remained conciliatory, suppliant, though he persisted in seeking to defend himself at her expense. "If it's insanity to love you, then I'm mad enough—but God's my witness, I'm not altogether to blame. And you know that's true."

"And I'm to understand you stole back here tonight to tell me that?"

"No—but to beg your forgiveness for having acted as I did awhile ago. I couldn't leave things as they were between us overnight, I couldn't think of anything but how unfair you were when I lost control of myself for just one little minute and made you see how madly I love you. I had to come back and have it out, explain—arrive at some sort of an understanding."

"And you want me to believe you considered these your best overtures?" Folly uttered a cluck of contempt. "Before you go," she pursued, instinctively dragging across her bosom the inadequate protection of the negligee, "you might be good enough to explain how you did manage to sneak up here."

But Mallison merely uttered a sibilant "*Hush!*" and lifted a hand of warning.

Below, the grumble of the doorbell resounded with an accent imperative.

"What do you suppose that means?" the dancing man demanded in a whisper of apprehension.

"Somebody at the front door . . . How should I know?" The noise was repeated. A glint of distrust kindled in the woman's eyes. "What's the matter, Mally? Expecting somebody?"

"Nonsense. What a question! Who should I be expecting?"

"How do I know?"

"I was only startled . . ."

"Yes," Folly affirmed with tightened lips, "I noticed that."

A sudden confusion arose in the lower hallway, several people giving tongue all at once; evidently whoever it was that had answered the door had been instantly made the target of a storm of questions.

Folly's face showed a stamp of deepened misgivings and suspicion. "What on earth—" she murmured.

Upon these words Mallison closed in on her again and made her captive in a tight embrace.

"What does it matter?" he insisted. "Stupid people bothering Soames; what do they matter to you and me? Folly, I love you, I'm mad—"

She was fighting wildly but impotently now, kicking, pommeling with fists that did no hurt, biting at the hand that closed her mouth. Downstairs the clamor rose to a pitch of angry disputation. Boldly Lanyard stepped out of concealment.

*You, too, can have the charm of  
"A Skin You Love to Touch"*

## Is your skin pale and sallow?

*—How you can rouse it*



**S**LEEP, fresh air, the right food—  
all these contribute to a healthy  
condition of your skin.

But your skin itself must be given  
special care, if you wish it to have the  
brilliant loveliness of which it is capable.

Your skin is a separate organ of  
your body. Neglect of its special needs  
may result in an unattractive complex-  
ion, even though your general health  
is good.

If your skin is pale and sallow, use  
the following treatment to give it  
color and life:

**O**NCE or twice a week, just before  
retiring, fill your basin full of hot  
water—almost boiling hot. Bend over  
the top of the basin and cover your  
head and the bowl with a heavy bath  
towel, so that no steam can escape.  
Steam your face for thirty seconds.  
Now lather a hot cloth with Wood-  
bury's Facial Soap. With this wash your  
face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well  
into the skin with an upward and out-  
ward motion. Then rinse the skin  
well, first with warm water, then with  
cold, and finish by rubbing it for  
thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

The other nights of the week cleanse  
your skin thoroughly in the usual way  
with Woodbury's Facial Soap and  
warm water, ending with a dash of cold.

You will be surprised at the difference  
even two or three of these treatments  
will make in your complexion.

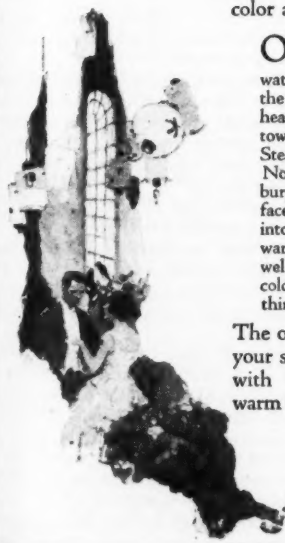
In the booklet around each cake of  
Woodbury's Facial Soap special treat-  
ments are given for each type of skin  
and its needs. Get a cake of Wood-  
bury's today and begin tonight the  
right treatment for your skin.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts  
a month or six weeks for regular toilet  
use, including any of the special  
Woodbury treatments. The same  
qualities that give Woodbury's its bene-  
ficial effect in overcoming common  
skin troubles, make it ideal for regu-  
lar use.

### *Send 25 cents for these special Woodbury skin preparations*

For 25 cents we will send you a miniature  
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taining samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap,  
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Powder, with the treatment booklet, "A Skin  
You Love to Touch."

Send for this set today. Address The  
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Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Can-  
ada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited,  
1604 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. English  
agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square,  
London, E. C. 4.



Neither Folly nor Mallison saw him until he caught the dancing man from behind, with calculated brutality broke the clasp of his arms round the woman's body, and sent him spinning and stumbling across the room to bring up against the farther wall with a crash that started his eyes in their orbits.

The disturbance below by this time had attained the proportions of a small riot. There were sounds of scuffling feet upon the stairs. Nearer at hand Folly was screaming. To this Mallison added the snarl with which, recovering, he took the offensive in turn, launching himself at his assailant's throat in murderous fury. Unhappily enough for him, Lanyard had wanted nothing better. They closed, grappled, for a breath swayed as one. Then Mallison felt one of his arms being irresistibly wrenched out of its socket, and to such exquisite torture yielded, perforce turning his back to Lanyard, who held him so another instant, then without warning released him.

With the racket of argument, physical and vocal, now loud upon the very landing outside, Lanyard dared not be merciful or give Mallison any fighting chance. As the man whirled round to launch a new onslaught, Lanyard's fist carried every ounce of his weight and all his ill will to the other's jaw. Lifted bodily by that terrific blow, Mallison crashed back across an occasional table, sweeping off and extinguishing a lamp, and collapsed, upon the floor.

Simultaneously the door flung open and four people broke into the boudoir, a struggling knot that instantly resolved itself into its elements; the McFee butler, with coat half torn from his back, with two strange men, one of rough-and-ready appearance, the other a type slightly more genteel, and a woman, a garish blonde of the synthetic school with hat over one ear.

The shaded light on the secretary alone remained to lend the several actors in this scene visibility. Lanyard stood squarely in front of it, his figure, to eyes new from the stronger illumination of the hall, hardly better than a silhouette. Folly, well out of harm's way on his one hand, was less kindly shadowed, in view of the extreme candor of her dishabille. Mallison, on the other, was screened from the invaders by the drop leaf of the table behind which he had gone down.

Thus chance set the stage and lighted it for a twist in the action of the piece unforeseen even by its first player and collaborating dramatist. For the bottle-made blonde with hat askew needed only a glimpse of that tall, slender and well poised shape, bulking black against the glow, to hurl herself across the room, fall weeping upon Lanyard's bosom and strain him passionately to the agitated abundance of her own.

"My husband!" she cried. "My husband! O Harry! how could you?"

And Lanyard suffered her,

## CHAPTER X

**H**E WAS in no hurry; the truth would all too soon be her bitter medicine; if meantime to rest on him the burthen of her wrongs were any comfort to the lady, she was welcome. Still, he inclined to think it lamentable that he didn't know her well enough to reason with her in a friendly way about her taste in the question of scent for

the hair. Chivalry he reckoned a fine gesture but a bit dear at the cost of asphyxiation . . .

For all that, the longer this unhappy creature continued blind to her blunder the better for Folly—for Michael Lanyard, too. He was far from enjoying any sort of confidence that the next dark turn of events would prosper his meddlesome hand; he was constrained by circumstance to count more heavily than he relished on the resilience of Folly's wits and their readiness to read his heart in respect of herself and play up to the cues which he must somehow manage to give her.

An anxious sidelong glance caught Folly thunderstruck and gaping, with eyes astart doubting their own dependability. The last man she had ever thought to see again, with his consent, and particularly beneath that roof, the alleged larcener of her emeralds last night, tonight figuring spontaneously in the dual rôle of knight-errant and spouse recreant!

He saw her so, and knew very well it could hardly tend but to make her bewilderment the thicker, yet an irrepressible devil of ribaldry in Lanyard prompted him to wag his head at Folly and make a comic mouth over the fair false limpet that had fastened upon his bosom. Not a little to his surprise, more to his encouragement, a gleam of lively appreciation broke through the clouds of Folly's confusion. But the limpet chose the selfsame moment to prove her protean versatility by shifting all at once into the guise of a shrew, thus rendering infeasible any further attempt to impart his mind to Folly through the medium of the speaking eye.

Abruptly and with a clever effect of casting Lanyard off by main strength, the strange creature struck a florid pose with arm leveled and eyes ablaze.

"There!" she rasped—and Lanyard wondered could this possibly be the voice that had so lately cooed endearments by telephone—"there he is, gentlemen! There stands my husband, the dirty hound that leaves me to cry my heart out at home while he steps out with fast society dames, like that shameless, half naked hussy there!"

The quivering index of denunciation picked out the shrinking shape of Folly in her informal attire, and the self-appointed censor paused to let this characterization bite deep. But when she offered to resume she half choked instead because an unpresaged glare of ceiling lights, thoughtfully switched on by Soames, revealed to her not the hang-dog mask of Mallison but an utterly strange countenance whose urbanity was shaded by an ambiguous smile.

A brief seizure of speechlessness was shared by the woman's companions and utilized by Lanyard to note the more salient features of the others, individually, against the chance of future need. There was no foretelling when some flash of temper might not precipitate a free-for-all of outcome highly problematical; it might be useful to be able to identify these precious impostors should ill luck throw one in with them another time. Commonplace scamps he accounted them, every one. Contempt for Morphew mounted; a scoundrel of really respectable caliber would have known better than to employ such cheap tools for even a simple job of villainy.

The woman was, or had been, a comely wench; but the strong light wasn't kind to

her complexion, to such of it as she hadn't scrubbed off on Lanyard's waistcoat. Her skin roughed up through its thick wash of whitening and smears of carmine, skilfully painted contours failed to amend the viciousness of thin lips that dragged in their corners, more than belladonna and mascolo would be needed to restore the pristine charm of eyes grown hard with looking too long upon life stripped of all its loveliness.

And the men seemed her well suited associates: one, a thickset body whose eyes of a pig went forbiddingly with an undershot jaw, the other a figure of saturnine cast and seedy gentility set off by a cutaway coat and a standing collar slightly soiled.

Recognizing in neither of these a personality to call for the waste of two consecutive thoughts, Lanyard returned his attention to the woman, who recoiled a step instinctively as if afraid he meant to lay hold of her. "What!" she squawked in throaty disgust. "You ain't my husband!"

"Madame!"—Lanyard did her a grave bow—"the misfortune is mutual."

"But where is he? Where's my husband?"

"Madame has mislaid one?"

The mock told; with a slack jaw and clouded eyes the woman fell back another pace. "I guess," she stammered, "there's some mistake . . ."

"The conjecture does madame's intelligence much credit."

"It's Mr. Mallison she's after, sir." The butler Soames, schooled to view without any amazement the vagaries of a mad world of masters, and sensibly putting aside the immomentous issue of his inability to account for Lanyard, addressed himself to this last as to his one intellectual peer of the time being. "They would 'ave it 'e was upstairs 'ere with Mrs. McFee, sir, and forced their way up in spite of all I could do."

"I quite understand, Soames—Mrs. McFee, too, I am sure. You do understand, don't you, Mrs. McFee, this is no fault of Soames's?"

Folly shook herself together and nodded vigorously; but Lanyard coolly forestalled whatever words they were that troubled her lips.

"Mr. Mallison is no doubt madame's husband?" he challenged the blonde female. "She had some reason to think she would find him here?"

"Just a minute, Grace." The rusty genteel half of her supporting company, now that he pushed himself forward, proved to possess a rather formidable manner, at once truculent and crafty. "Let me speak for you—"

"You have that right?" Lanyard inquired with pointed civility.

"I have been retained by Mrs. Mallison . . ." The fellow fished a passé professional card from a pocket and thrust it under Lanyard's nose. "I represent her in this case."

"Interesting—but perhaps irrelevant—if true. I mean to say"—Lanyard brushed the card aside, but not before his eye had caught the name *Hobart G. Howlin* in engraved script followed by the designation *Attorney-at-Law*; and all at once he became as ugly as he had theretofore been bland—"what of it?"

"We were led to believe Mr. Mallison was here—"

"You call yourself a lawyer and pretend





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cream every night. Let it stay a minute, then wipe it off on a soft cloth. The difference in the feel of your skin will charm you.

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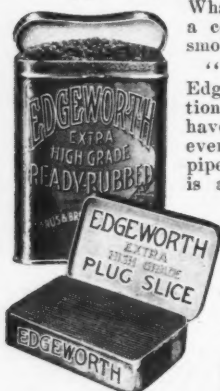
# How about the corncob?

The old family meerschaum stirs no thrills in this smoker

"Dear Sirs and so forth," begins a letter we recently received from H. T. Spenser, Madison, Wisconsin, "I am cupping my hands in the shape of a megaphone and shouting a loud echo of approval to your correspondent who smokes a meerschaum pipe fifty years old.

"But I don't want him or any other smoker to get away with the idea that a meerschaum is the only pipe where Edgeworth is concerned.

"For, you see, I am a corncob smoker. What's more, I am a corncob-Edgeworth smoker!



"The corncob Edgeworth combination is hard to beat. I have tried almost every combination of pipe and tobacco there is and have yet to find one that can approach it for year-in-and-year-out pipe smoking.

"So if you're starting a Corn-cob - Edgeworth Clan, don't forget to put me down as a charter member."

We are continually being surprised by smokers who discover things about Edgeworth that we don't know ourselves. For instance, we never suspected that Edgeworth smokes any better in a corncob than it does in a briar. Frankly, we don't believe that it does. At any rate, we have any number of friends who claim that Edgeworth is the only tobacco to use in briars, in calabashes, in meerschaums, or in clays.

In smoking, we believe, it is every man to his own taste.

That's one of the reasons why we don't try to make all of the tobacco that is smoked in pipes. We know there are men who have perfectly sound reasons for not liking Edgeworth.

At the same time we know there are any number of men who would like it if they only had a chance to try it once. That's why we are always glad to send free samples.

If you have never tried Edgeworth, send us your name and address on a postcard. We will forward to you immediately free samples of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed. If you also include the name and address of your tobacco dealer, we will make it easier for you to get Edgeworth if you should like it.

For the free samples, address Larus & Brother Company, 61 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

that gave you any right to violate the privacy of this household?"

"It sometimes becomes necessary for a wronged wife to take the law into her own hands."

"Mrs. Mallison has been wronged, then? How sad."

"Mrs. Mallison," her counsel persisted, but with shaken bravado, "happens to know her husband has been spending too much of his time of late in the society of Mrs. McFee—"

"In brief—you have had the effrontery to force your way into a private residence in the hope of securing evidence for divorce proceedings?"

"You've got the idea."

"Oh insolent!" Folly flamed.

It was now again necessary for Lanyard firmly to put down interference with his diplomacy, lest it fail. "By your leave, Folly—permit me to deal with these gentry. Their account of themselves is much too ingenious to lose. If we let them rattle on—who knows?—we may learn something to their disadvantage."

At this the rogue of ruder mien concluded that he, for one, had had enough. "Come on," he mumbled, plucking at Howlin's sleeve, "let's get out o' this."

"Not so fast. You entered here by force: you will leave in the good pleasure of Mrs. McFee. And then Mr. Mallison will go with you."

"What's that?" the lawyer demanded. "Mallison's here?"

"We have no desire to deceive you."

"But where?" the slighted wife objected shrilly. "I don't see him . . ."

"How little married folk ever know one another! The dear lad's so shy, when he heard you on the stairs he made himself small. Half a minute . . ."

Lanyard stepped behind the table to find Mallison in the first throes of coming to. An unceremonious hand twisted in his collar helped him find his feet. He swayed on them, glaring groggily around that ring of faces whose lips framed confounded murmurs, while Lanyard nodded politely to the self-confessed wife: "Permit me, Mrs. Mallison—your husband." More brusquely he added: "Now Soames—if you think you can find a policeman . . ."

The butler saluted this suggestion with unbegrudged respect, but the man who had lately been so anxious to go now moved in haste to intercept him at the door.

"Here," he growled in an effort, not too happy, to assert authority, "wait a minute, wait—a—minute, you! What's the grand idea?"

"What is your objection?" Lanyard countered.

"If you got any use for a cop, you don't have to look no farther. I'm a city detective."

"Splendid. You shall enjoy every opportunity to exercise the powers of your office. Nevertheless, Soames will proceed to fetch a policeman."

In a bluster of panic the self-styled detective elbowed the butler away from the door. "Wait, now! This is my job; if any pinchin's goin' to be done here tonight, I'll do it."

"To the contrary . . ." A hand slipped deftly beneath the skirts of Mallison's dinner jacket brought to light an automatic pistol of whose whereabouts Lanyard had become aware in the course of their struggle. "To the contrary, you will be

Cosmopolitan for April, 1923

good enough to stand back and let Soames do my bidding. Do you hear? And all of you"—a push sent Mallison reeling drunkenly into the ranks of his confederates—"all four of you will be well advised to raise your hands to the level of your ears."

A flourish of the weapon earned this good counsel prompt and unanimous respect, even Mallison proving himself sufficiently recovered to heed.

"Cut along now, Soames; and you might tell the policeman he will need assistance, with four prisoners to handle."

"Look here!" Mallison found his tongue in a splutter of spite and fear. "You're going too far, Lanyard, carrying things with too high a hand—"

"I know but one way to deal with blackmailers."

"And what about yourself—you damn burglar?" A new voice introduced itself to the dialogue. "Blackmailers?" it drawled. "Burglar? Fightin' words, folks, fightin' words!"

Soames, moving to execute Lanyard's instructions, had opened the door to find it blocked by a long, loose-jointed body. Now, hands in pockets, hat well back on his head, chewing the unlighted cigar of his custom, the detective, Crane, lounged in, with keen, ironic glances reviewing the several countenances so variously colored with emotion, until he perceived the presence of Mrs. McFee. Then he was quick to uncover his head and disembarass his teeth.

"Your servant, ma'am. Hope you'll excuse the informality, but we found your front door standing wide open and figured maybe something might be going wrong. H're you, Lanyard—business as usual, I see." A nod and wrinkling grin designated the pistol. "I'll tell anybody that don't know, you're the little guy that stages the quick come-backs." Over his shoulder, Crane called: "Come on in, Hoffmeyer—looks like we'd found us a regular job."

A brisk policeman in uniform stepped in from the hallway. And sensible of sharp relief in the easing of the tension Lanyard put down the pistol. "My friend," he told Crane, "never in your life were you more welcome."

"That's easy to believe; going on appearances we've happened along at one of these psychological moments, all right. No thanks to me, of course, Lanyard; I just naturally hiked right up here as soon as I got your phone message."

"You telephoned for Mr. Crane?"

Folly demanded, eyeing Lanyard intently.

"He sure did," Crane affirmed.

"At what time?"

"Half an hour or so ago, wasn't it, Lanyard?"

"Approximately. But I can fix the hour precisely; Mrs. McFee will undoubtedly remember when Mallison was called from the table to answer the telephone." Folly nodded, her eyes growing rounder. Lanyard laughed, with a wave of a debonair hand introduced the other woman. "You here behold the lady who was then, according to Mallison, Mrs. Stuyvesant Ashe. Now she accuses herself of being his wife. One or both of them would seem to be mistaken. No matter; after listening in on their conversation I felt warranted in calling up Mr. Crane without waiting to secure your approval."

"You called him up from here?"

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Touring	\$975	Touring	\$1275	Touring	\$1750
Roadster (3-Pass.)	975	Roadster (2-Pass.)	1250	Speedster (5-Pass.)	1835
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Just dry your hands once on a ScotTissue Towel. Notice the whiteness, freshness, quick absorbency—the comfort it creates. You'll say it is different—superior to any others you have ever used.

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**SCOTT PAPER CO., Chester, Pa.**

New York Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco

# ScotTissue Towels

for "Clean Hands in Business"



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"But what would you?" With a spacious show of naïveté Lanyard chose to misconstrue that almost purely rhetorical query of astonishment. "Admit that I had hardly time to run out and hunt up a sound-proof booth, madame, admit that I had no choice other than to remain here if I were to keep faith with you—and more especially when the telephone had just told me enough to prove that this fine gentleman intended blackmail, whether or not we were justified in crediting him with a graver offense against your hospitality."

The earnest eyes that held Folly's saw them fog with the confused play of thought excited by these cunningly sown hints and implications. And not until she had heard him out with a comprehending nod for all comment, and the lips that had been parted in breathless interest closed without uttering a word to refute his impudent assertion of an understanding which made Folly a party to his presence in the house, did Lanyard again find it easy to breathe. But that nod, coupled with her silence, testified to appreciation of the fact that in tacit confirmation of his claim lay the one sure way to save her good repute, that to gainsay him would be to lend color to the calumny implicit in the intrusion of Mallison's "wife" and her accomplices.

If Folly wanted proof of this, she had it in another breath, when the seedy conspirator instituted a sharp counter-offensive.

"Just a minute, gentlemen!" he insisted, pushing in his sallow, excited face between Lanyard and Crane. "You go too fast. We deny all these ridiculous allegations, but particularly we deny that my client is here in any sort of collusion with her husband. That malicious innuendo we flatly contradict and brand a lie out of whole cloth!"

"We?" Crane echoed, inquisitive but otherwise indifferently impressed. "Your 'client'?"

"I am counsel for Mrs. Mallison—" "You don't say? Bet anything she deserves you, too." Crane showed Lanyard arched brows of dubiety. "Shyster?"

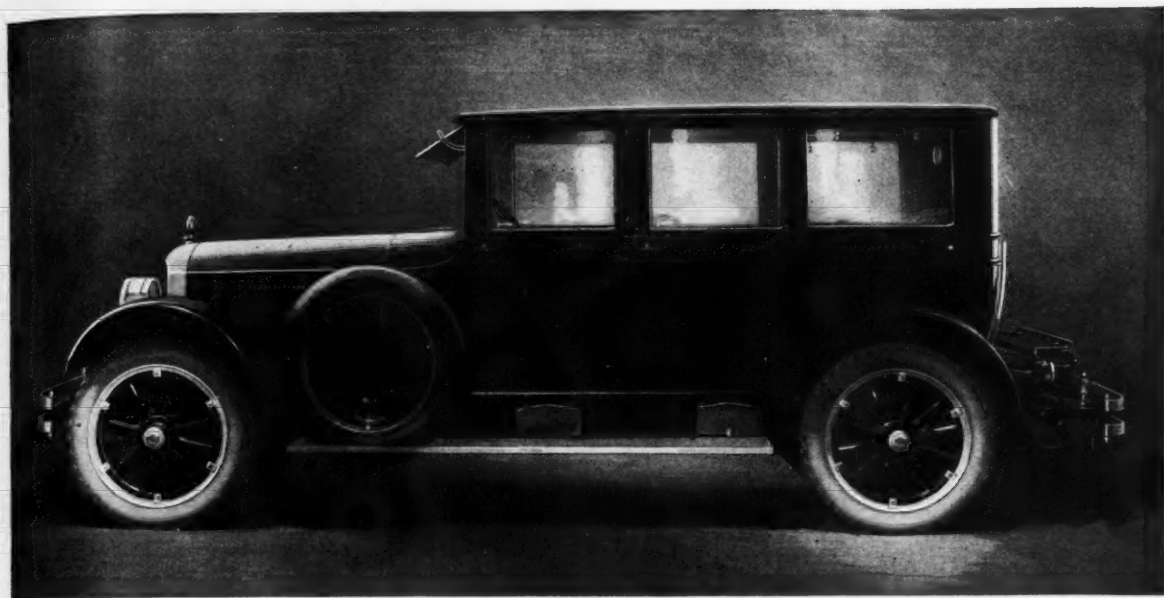
"Calls himself Howlin," Lanyard assented impatiently. "If you like he'll show you a card almost as shady as the business which engages his talents here tonight."

"I can afford to ignore slurs upon my professional standing which come from such a source," Howlin retorted loftily. "But my business tonight being the entirely legitimate one of looking after the interests of a client, I can hardly be expected to stand by and enter no objections when I hear her slandered."

"I'll say you can't," Crane agreed cruelly looking the lady up and down with a glance so discerning that it caused a dull flush to burn beneath her warpaint.

But now again Howlin considered the source and concluded he could afford to ignore constructive sarcasm.

"Mr. Regan here," he said, introducing the man who had styled himself a "city detective," "has under my direction been shadowing my client's husband for several weeks. His report shows at least a questionable degree of intimacy existing between Mallison and Mrs. McFee. When, therefore, Mallison was seen tonight letting himself into this house, using a latchkey and without the knowledge



## Our Ideal Paige of Enclosed Type

IT means much to us—and should to you—when we present this Paige Five-Passenger Sedan as our Ideal Paige of enclosed type. For our ideals date back to 1909, since when this close-knit organization of officers, directors and engineers has remained unchanged.

Our cherished ideals of beautiful enclosed bodies have before only partly found expression. Now the success of our Jewett increases our volume and reduces our overhead so that we can fully realize our finest ambitions at a reasonable price. And as such we present our Ideal Paige.

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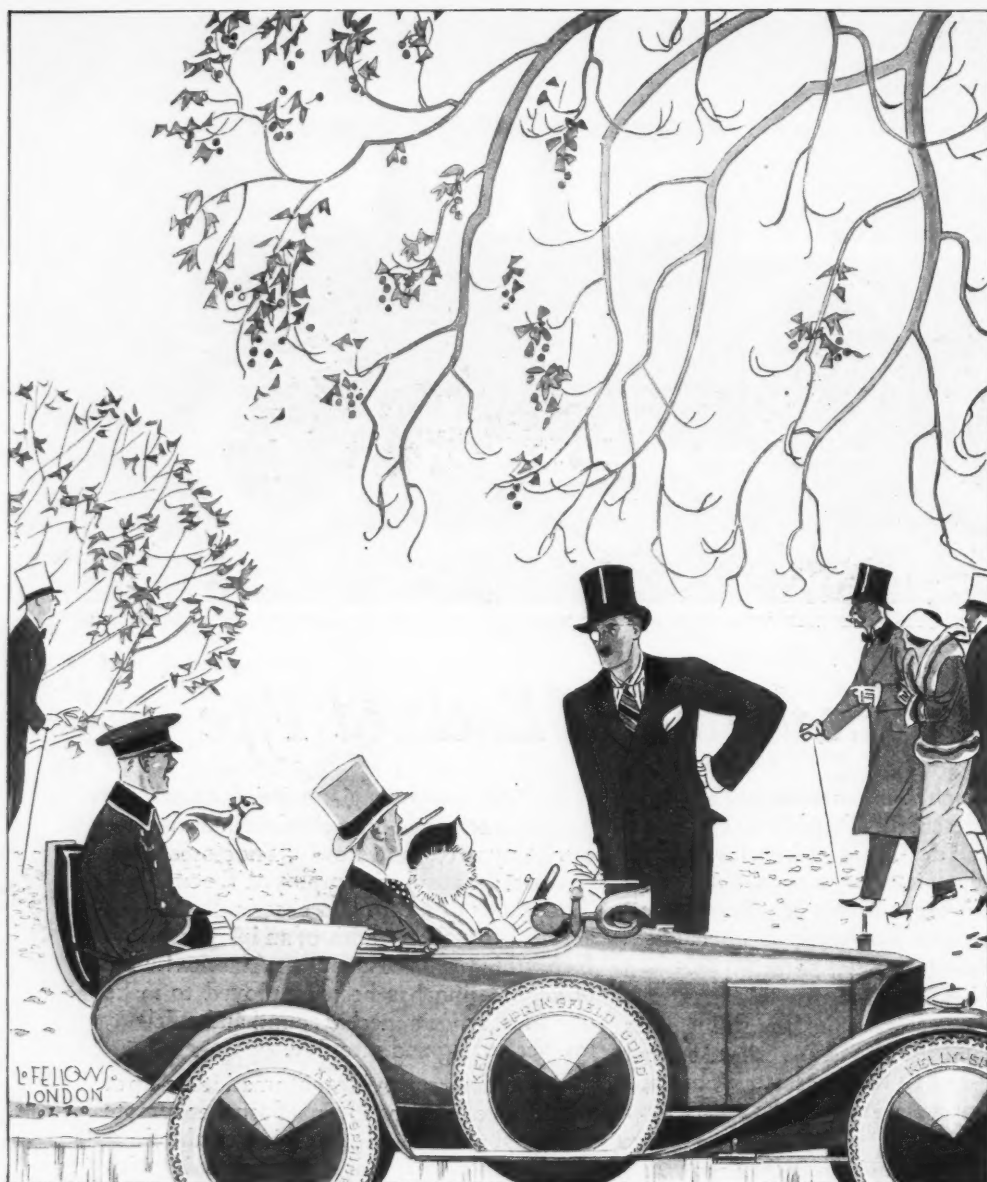
A new device provides automatic take-up of silent motor driving chains. It makes remote the possibility of any attention to the front end of the motor. Paige-Timken axles with ball-bearing steering spindles give touch guidance. A new type transmission gives finger-touch gear shifting with a bare 3-inch movement. No car yet built has ever handled like our Ideal Paige.

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# PAIGE

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(284)



HYDE PARK, LONDON\*

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 Ridley (waxing warm)—"Kelly-Springfields, sir—American, nothing to touch 'em—never blow or skid—a bit of orl right, sir, if you ask me!"

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\*Drawing and dialogue by Laurence Fellows, London.



of the servants, we had every excuse for assuming that an unexpected visit would produce certain results. Now, however, since we would seem to have been misled, we can only offer Mrs. McFee the assurance that my client stands ready to give her every satisfaction the law may hold her entitled to. I think that's all . . . " He turned confidently toward the door. "Now, Mrs. Mallison, if you're ready . . . Come, Regan . . . "

"What's your hurry?" Crane wanted to know genially, but quickly enough to anticipate the storm of words promised by Folly's gesture of violent protest. "You admit your liability for unlawful trespass, I take it?"

"If Mrs. McFee thinks she can induce any court in the land to call it that," Howlin stipulated.

"Outside of that, however, you've got nothing to fear?"

Mr. Howlin achieved a shrug which utterly abolished a suggestion so absurd.

"Then be good sports—why don't you?—and stick around awhile. Maybe you might be able to help us out in dealing with Mr. Mallison. Going on all you tell me, Mrs. Mallison don't owe him any good will; I judge she ought to be happy to see him come up with. How about it, ma'am?"

The person appealed to in a touching twitter looked to Howlin for guidance, and got from him a subtle sign which she may have misinterpreted; not without excuse, seeing that the situation was one of the extremest delicacy for all of them, and that the sacrifice of one to the salvation of the majority is a time-honored expedient with her kind.

"Ask me anything you want," she volunteered, wagging an indignant head and giving Mallison a poisonous look . . . "after the way he's treated me, the low cur!"

"That's handsome of you ma'am." Crane beamed benignantly upon the lady, and with little less warmth upon the unhappy dancing man. "I won't forget it, either. But first I'd like to ask Mr. Lanyard here a few questions, to sort of clear the ground."

"I object!" Mallison stuttered in rage and dismay. "I refuse to submit to these star-chamber proceedings—"

"Do you, now?" Crane commented with much interest. "Well, if you ask me, 'star-chamber proceedings' is a mighty hisfalutin' name for what's going to happen to you right here and now, my lad; it's going to be a whole lot more like the third degree, if you know what I mean."

Mallison knew only too well; fear lent those ingratiating eyes, always so gentle beneath their long and silky lashes, the wickedness of a cornered rat's. "I protest!" he snarled. "I deny your right—"

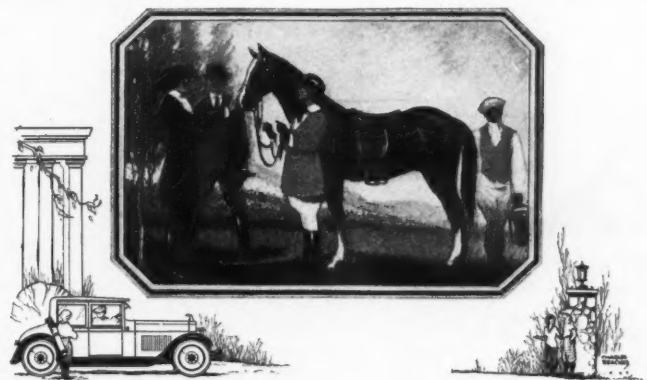
"You better hush. Hoffmeyer here don't like your looks nohow, he'll admire to improve 'em if you don't quit speaking out of your turn."

Mallison got a minatory grin from the patrolman and subsided at discretion, while Crane cocked a meaning eye at Lanyard.

"Now, Mr. Lanyard, if you'll just tell us what you know about how this man Mallison comes to be here . . . "

"Gladly." Lanyard had his story pat, it fell from a glib tongue. "I presume everybody present knows Mrs. McFee's emeralds were stolen last night from the

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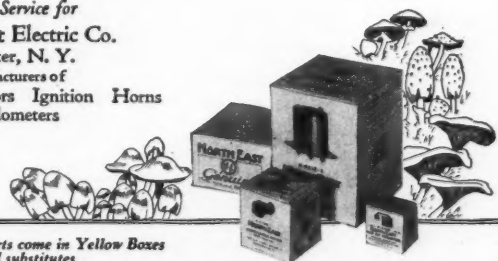
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safe in that secretary over there, under circumstances which caused a certain person to be suspected—"

"Why so modest?" Mallison interrupted vindictively. "Why so mealy-mouthed? 'Suspected' is hardly the word."

"I am desolated to disappoint monsieur; unhappily or not, as you may care to take it, Mr. Crane was able to establish my innocence this morning."

"Like hell he was!"

"Just one more nasty crack out of you, Mallison," Crane advised, "and I'll let Hoffmeyer do your wife a swell favor."

"Strangely enough," Lanyard pursued serenely, "Mrs. McFee and I, thinking the case over independently, arrived at the same conclusion: that Mallison probably knew as much as anybody about the theft. Mrs. McFee accordingly laid a trap—invited him to a little dinner party this evening, in the course of which she quietly let it become known that the thief had overlooked a valuable lot of jewelry which she meant to leave unprotected tonight other than by the safe which had once already been attacked with success. This made a second visit quite probable, if there were grounds for our suspicions."

"I on my part arranged to occupy that clothespress which you see with its door open; by leaving the door just off the latch, it was easy to keep direct watch on the safe. Toward the end of dinner Mallison received the telephone call which has been mentioned and made it a pretext for leaving before the other guests. He said good night to Mrs. McFee at the front door, but as soon as she returned to the dining room let himself into the house again and stole upstairs. He was hiding behind the screen in the corner when Mrs. McFee came up, but when she had put her remaining jewels in the safe and turned to go to her bedchamber, he blundered—made his presence known in a way she couldn't overlook. Then he tried to overpower her, to prevent her giving the alarm. I was obliged to interfere and had just succeeded in discouraging him when these people broke in . . ."

"Straight enough story, far as it goes," Crane approved.

But Mallison dissented wildly: "A pack of lies from beginning to end!" he termed it. To which Lanyard replied, with nonchalance quite unfeigned, that if they doubted his word they might ask Mrs. McFee. Neither was his confidence misplaced; quietly the young woman affirmed the substantial truthfulness of the tissue of misrepresentation which he had woven so brazenly under her very eyes and for her benefit as much as for his own.

"But one thing I want settled," she declared. "These people assert that Mallison used a latchkey. I say he didn't—unless he had one he had stolen. If they're right, I want that key. If they're wrong, I want that proved for my own sake."

"Reasonable enough request," Crane agreed. "How about it, Mallison? Got a little key to give up?" The dancing man shook his head, mumbling a negative. "You can save yourself a heap of trouble by forking it over, you know."

"I tell you I haven't got any key!" Mallison insisted with what seemed

extravagant violence. Lanyard eyed him in deepening perplexity; some secret fear, inexplicable, unwarranted by known circumstances, seemed to be at work in the man, desperation was glimpsing in his haunted eyes. "Mrs. McFee knows I haven't," he stammered. "I won't be sacrificed to save her—"

"How's that?"

"Mrs. McFee," Mallison affirmed defiantly, "knows damn well I haven't got a key and never had one; she knows damn well she left the door fixed for me so that I could reopen it by simply turning the knob from the outside—"

"Oh!" Folly gasped, infuriated. "What a contemptible lie! Search him, Mr. Crane—I demand that this beast be searched and proved a liar. He must have had a key, he couldn't possibly have got in any other way."

Even while she was speaking events got in motion, not consecutively but all at once. Mallison, stung to frenzy by his fears, whirled on a heel and made a mad dash for the passage leading to the bedchamber. A sinewy hand at the end of one of Crane's long arms shot out with surprising readiness to clamp upon his shoulder and drag him back. He turned and fought wildly. The policeman, Hoffmeyer, cheerfully waded in to lend Crane needed assistance. Mrs. Mallison and Messrs. Howlin and Regan thought to profit by the general preoccupation, but were painfully surprised to discover that Lanyard, an instant since a dozen feet away, was now planted firmly in front of the hall door and smiling a bland smile over the sinister grin of Mallison's pistol.

They stopped. Simultaneously Mallison found himself helpless in an embrace which Hoffmeyer had fastened upon him from behind.

"Cut it out!" the patrolman growled. "You kick my shins again and I'll shake every tooth out of your fool head!"

Panting and twitching like a whipped animal, Mallison gave in and with eyes of blank hopelessness followed the clever work of Crane's hands as they turned out the contents of his pockets, one by one, and neatly arranged their plunder on the top of the occasional table; bringing to light, in addition to every man's horde of minor personal effects, a flat leather case which fitted neatly a lining pocket in Mallison's dress waistcoat and which held a light jointed jimmy of the toughest procurable steel with an assortment of skeleton keys designed to make the most modern of door locks tamely yield up its secret.

Mallison's countenance gave open confession of abandonment to despair when this damning find was made; yet Crane was not half finished with him. The next plunge of his fingers fished a tissue paper packet from a lower waistcoat pocket, which, being unfolded, disclosed the purloined emeralds of Folly McFee.

Crane clucked in astonishment, Folly gave an incredulous squeal of joy, Lanyard a graphic start and stare. The others present reacted variously, each according to his idiosyncrasy. Only Mallison made neither sound nor stir. But the eyes he turned toward Lanyard were a murderer's . . .

*Next month—you will watch Morphew's most cunning  
trap apparently close on Eve and the Lone Wolf.*



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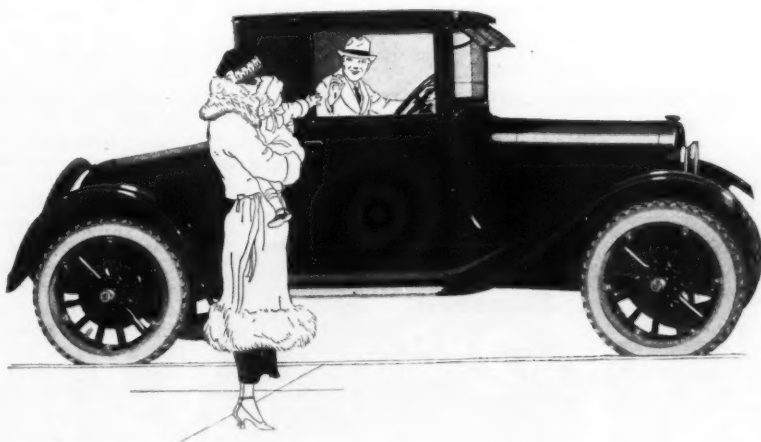
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On the ground floor of the telephone building a man worked at the test board. It was night; flood had come upon the city; death and disaster threatened the inhabitants. Outside the telephone building people had long since sought refuge; the water mounted higher and higher; fire broke out in nearby buildings. But still the man at the test board stuck to his post; keeping up the lines of communication; forgetful of self; thinking only of the needs of the emergency.

On a higher floor of the same building a corps of telephone operators worked all through the night, knowing that buildings around them were being washed from their foundations, that fire drew near, that there might be no escape.

It was the spirit of service that kept them at their work—a spirit beyond thought of advancement or re-

ward—the spirit that animates men and women everywhere who know that others depend upon them. By the nature of telephone service this is the every-day spirit of the Bell System.

The world hears of it only in times of emergency and disaster, but it is present all the time behind the scenes. It has its most picturesque expression in those who serve at the switchboard, but it animates every man and woman in the service.

Some work in quiet laboratories or at desks; others out on the "highways of speech." Some grapple with problems of management or science; some with maintenance of lines and equipment; others with office details. But all know, better than any one else, how the safe and orderly life of the people depends on the System—and all know that the System depends on them.



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## A Maker of Gestures

(Continued from page 101)

balcony, his hands gripping the rails; the blood surged to his head. He became aware of a pressure against his arm, and he turned to see a white hand on his sleeve. Yvonne was standing just inside the room, in her nightdress, a silken shawl thrown over her shoulders. The candles were out. She drew him into the darkness of the room.

"In God's name, what goes on?" he cried in her ear.

Yvonne reached her hand to his mouth and laid her fingers gently on his lips. She was extremely agitated.

"It is but a custom—it is but a custom," she was saying over and over.

"But what does it mean, why do they do it?"

"Pay no attention," she pleaded. "It is but an old custom."

"Pay no attention! They are driving me out of my senses. Tell me! What does it mean, tell me!" Gaylord was thoroughly exasperated. The tumult outside was in crescendo. He grasped her by both arms and shook her. Her white face gleamed cameo-like from her tumbled hair. The shawl slipped from her shoulders.

"Thou wilt not be angry—thou wilt do nothing?" she was whispering in desperation.

"Have you gone mad, too?"

Yvonne was striving to make him understand. She slipped her arms around his neck. "When they think there is something"—she faltered—"evil—in a house, something—not proper, they do that."

"And they think there is something evil in this house!" he cried in amazement.

Yvonne nodded. A flash of understanding came to Gaylord. "It is you and I."

He had known that eyes were upon him always. They did not understand him, with the inevitable consequence that they became suspicious of him, of his motives, of his purpose. It was only natural, Gaylord well knew, but that in itself was innocuous. This expression of the suspicion was vicious. Eyes had followed on his walks with Yvonne, doubtless had penetrated his room from the windows across the street and seen Yvonne there. Suspicion had hardened into screaming conclusion, and this was its voice.

Gaylord struggled with himself, trying to hold back his anger with petty reasonings. The noise after all was harmless, and it was customary. Be wise and ignore it.

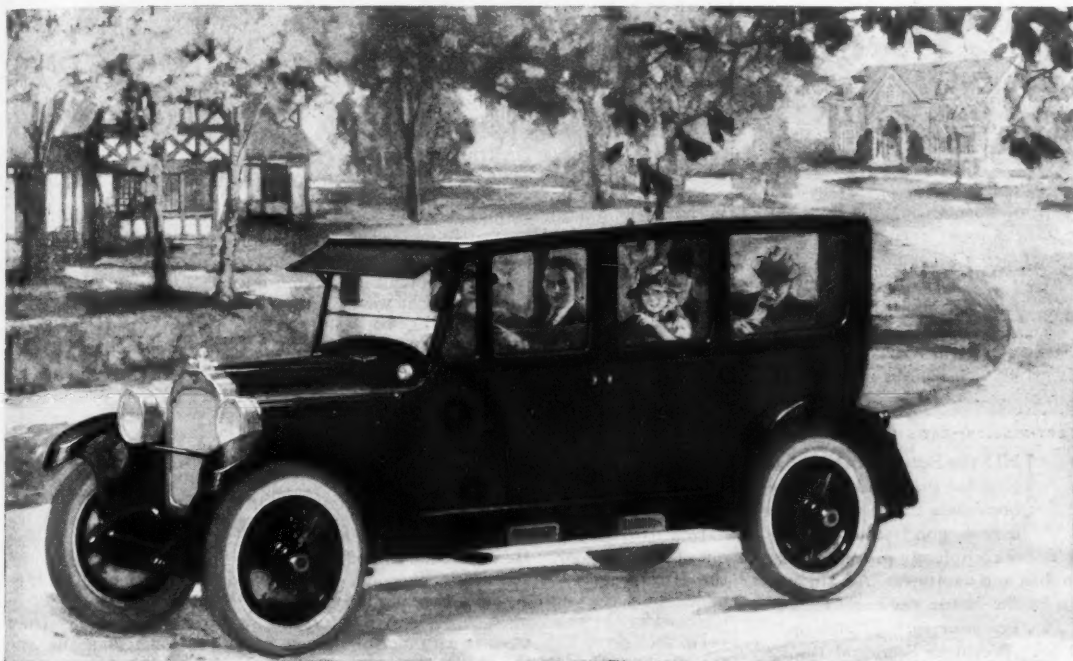
A catcall, shrill and poisonous, sank into his consciousness like a barbed arrow. His fury rose. If Julio led this attack! Gaylord's chest rose and fell, his breath came sibilantly. The muscles in his arms swelled and his fingers worked. Yvonne, the fine, the sensitive, was being crucified by a mob of poltroons under cover of night. Old Hurja was probably biting through his lip with shame. He could hear Yvonne's voice in earnest appeal:

"Mind it not—it is their way—they do not approve."

"The cowards!" came through his teeth. "The rotten cowards!"

She tore herself from him.

"Do not say that! They are my people, my people. dost thou hear? Do not judge



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them like that; it is the custom here for hundreds of years."

Gaylord gasped. She was defending them, defending the people who were shaming her.

"If thou wert brave thou wouldst ignore them. They are not to blame."

The whistles sneered at him, taunted him. Goaded him. The trumpets spat at him. Gaylord turned and ran to the balcony; they were grouped below. He could barely make out the outlines. He turned back, throwing off his coat, making for the door.

Yvonne stood in his way; he thought he merely pushed her to one side but she went spinning against the wall. His body charged with a heavy voltage of passion. Once in a public house along the river front at Oxford, a drunken waterman, taking offense at his appearance perhaps, had unaccountably slapped him in the face, and Gaylord had picked him up and hurled him across the room, carrying a wreckage of broken chairs and tables in his wake.

In a flash he was out of the room—and out of the side door. He was at the end of the street. Forty yards away he could make out the outlines of the group, bunched in the shadow.

He shot down the street as a runner off the mark, gathering the speed that had swept him down the Rugby fields; well into his stride, his pace was astonishing. Within five yards he lowered his head and catapulted into them, a driving force of one hundred and eighty pounds of compact bone and muscle. The impact was terrific. Men went down before him like ninepins at the smash of a mahogany ball; cannoned and collided with each other. Gaylord's body was taut as a bow cord. The serenaders were loose, relaxed. The wind was jolted out of those who were hit, leaving them gasping and sick. Gaylord's impetus carried him nearly through the group before he finally brought up, fighting. Every body was his mark and he knew how to hit. Not wild swinging blows, but straight driving smashes, all his weight behind, his fists smashing and smashing. Wherever he struck a man went down. Gaylord whirled and spun like a shadow boxer.

Had they known he was but one they could not have hit or held him; as it was, they thought they had been assailed by a dozen madmen. Some struck out and hit others who fought back and they milled together in a churning scramble. The noise changed to frightened cries and yells. Those who had gone down were getting to their knees and crawling away into the darkness. The group was melting off into the shadows. Pain, the dark, fear, took them each by the heart and they broke. They slunk and ran and crept away, bruised and bleeding.

Gaylord found himself suddenly alone, in a deserted street, standing in a wreck of drums and pans and twisted horns. The fever was dying out of his blood, the fury from his heart.

The noise and its authors were gone back into the night whence they came. A wave of hot regret hit him, that they should have done the thing they did, that he had retaliated in such a way.

Then it was over, and the only word he could find was "ridiculous." "After all," he was thinking, "I have played the clown.

It is a matter of custom. I've been admitted to court and then turned my back on the king." He walked slowly back to the end of the street, let himself in the side door and mounted the stairs. He entered his rooms. The candles had been relighted. The room was empty. Yvonne was gone.

Amongst the lads of the village the following day there were manifold explanatory accounts as to the origin of certain discolorations.

The midnight serenade with its curious conclusion was lost in the excitement over the approach of an event of supreme significance. Yvonne explained to Gaylord that the neighboring town was organizing a magnificent *mascarade* to be given in Tardets. "It would be a festival!" she told him. Then he would hear music, and see dancing and costumes! In all the world there was no such carnival as the *mascarade* in Tardets. He was to wait and see! Gaylord was delighted with Yvonne's fresh enthusiasm.

"And Zamalzain," Yvonne said, with a strange look, "is to be—"

"Julio!" cried Gaylord and stopped laughing.

Julio had scarce been mentioned between them, but in both minds dwelt a knowledge of the ever present danger. The village knew of Julio's long, long suit and they hoped for him. Gaylord was an interloper. Everyone knew that there but needed the hour which would bring the three together and—they shrugged shoulders expressively—something would happen.

Zamalzain, as Gaylord learned, was the master dancer of the occasion. Julio's grace and skill was celebrated throughout the valley; there could be no doubt as to the justice of the selection.

"Hurja's daughter will make up her mind when she sees Julio dancing in costume that day," the villagers agreed.

The day arrived.

Gaylord was at his table writing in the early afternoon when the shouts and music outside told him that the masqueraders were approaching. He threw the windows open and stepped out on to the balcony in the sunlight.

At the head of the procession, bounding and flying, came Julio. He wore on his head a turban of gauze crowned with pearls and paste jewels, ornamented with ribbons which fell over his back. He danced in Basque shoes, small and light; he had on white stockings with red garters, white breeches and a red coat, and he was astride a little wicker horse with a black head and arched neck. The horse had a saddle cloth of red fringed silk, had a bridle with a silver bell and was without legs. The horse was winged. Upon this magic steed Julio was executing marvelous evolutions.

The dancing, gamboling, brilliant cor-tège followed by two's and three's. Blacksmiths in red coats and capes, white trousers and yellow aprons, who carried nails and hammers to shoe Zamalzain's horse. There was a character in frock coat and top hat with a sword and cane; there were peasants; there were two Hungarians in velvet coats and breeches, top boots and bright cravats; knife grinders in great leather aprons; a gypsy gentleman carrying a gun and looking a desperate robber leading a gypsy band; coppersmiths with their donkeys loaded with pots and pans; doctors, apothecaries and beggars in rags. The procession advanced into the





## Beauty at Your Finger Tips

**T**ODAY, as the possibilities of intelligent care of the skin are becoming more generally realized, it is literally true that thousands upon thousands of women are growing younger in looks, and likewise in spirits.

The secret of restoring and retaining a youthful complexion lies chiefly in the faithful and well-directed use of the proper sorts of face creams. The constant employment of creams by actresses in removing make-up is largely responsible for the clearness and smoothness of their skins.

First, the beautiful skin must be clean, with a cleanliness more thorough than is attainable by mere soap-and-water washing. The pores must be cleansed to the same depth that they absorb. This is one of the functions of Pompeian Night Cream. It penetrates sufficiently to reach the embedded dust. Its consistency causes it to mingle with the natural oil of the pores, and so to bring out all foreign matter easily and without irritation to the tissues.

The beautiful skin must be soft, with plastic muscles and good blood-circulation

beneath. A dry, tight skin cannot have the coveted peachblow appearance; set muscles make furrows; poor circulation causes paleness and sallowness.

Pompeian Night Cream provides the necessary skin-softening medium to skins that lack the normal degree of oil saturation. Gentle massaging with it flexes the facial muscles, stimulates the blood circulation and tones up all the facial tissues.

Upon retiring, first use Pompeian Night Cream as a cleanser; apply with the fingers and then wipe off with a soft cloth, freeing the pores of all the day's accumulated dust and dirt. Afterward apply the cream to nourish the skin, leaving it on over night.

The faithful following of this simple treatment works wonders in the skin—removing roughness, redness, and black-heads, and warding off wrinkles, flabbiness and sallowness. It is the most approved treatment for restoring and retaining a youthful complexion.

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POMPEIAN DAY CREAM (vanishing)	60c per jar
POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER	60c per box
POMPEIAN BLOOM (the rouge)	60c per box

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# Pompeian Night Cream

Cleansing and Skin-Nourishing

## What a Little Care of the Skin Will Do

By MME. JEANNETTE

Once I asked a friend why she bought so many hats. I couldn't help it, for each time I saw her she wore a new one.

"Because I am tired of my face," she said, "and since I can't change it, I can at least wear something above it that is pretty, and cheers me up to look at."

No wonder she was tired of her face, it looked so uncared for and unwholesome.

"How much time do you spend in a month, buying hats?" I asked. She could not say exactly, but admitted she was constantly shopping for them.

"And how much time do you give to the care of your skin?"

She shook her head in an annoyed way, and said, "Why bother with a face like mine?"

"If you would spend just a tiny fraction of the time you give to buying hats, on caring for your complexion," I told her, "you would save a lot of money, and be a far happier woman."

I told her to bathe her face with warm water (not hot) and then to cover it with Pompeian Night Cream, patting gently with the tips of the fingers. Then with absorbent cotton softly remove the cream. All dust particles that may have collected during the day will be taken away and the pores allowed to breathe freely through the night.

Yesterday I saw her again—and what a change! The lines were noticeably fewer and fainter, all the dark patches had disappeared, and best of all I saw a happy smiling light in her lovely eyes!

"Well," I said, "I think I've seen that hat before. Haven't you bought a new one lately?" "I haven't bought a new hat this month," she laughed. "I've done just what you told me to do with Pompeian Night Cream, and I'm so interested in my improved looks now that I've forgotten all about new hats."

---

Pompeian Day Cream, a vanishing cream, gives a perfect foundation for powder and protects the skin from dust, wind and sun.

*Jeannette*

Specialiste de Beauté

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Flush shade powder sent unless you write another below.

town, to the market square to eat, to drink and to dance the ballet.

Gaylord ran back into his room to change his clothes, putting on white flannels and low white shoes. He slipped on a white cotton shirt and left the collar open at the throat, and finally in place of a belt he tied a red sash about his waist.

"Hell!" laughed Gaylord to himself, "I'm in the picture."

He started out of the room bareheaded, on his way to the square. At the door he hesitated, he saw Julio's eyes before him; he turned to the bureau and took out of a drawer the slim Spanish dirk his wrist had come to know well. He slipped it down between the waistband of his trousers and his shirt, beneath his sash, where he felt it lie flat against his body.

The market square was a phantasmagoria of shifting figure and color. The sides were banked with the villagers in their showiest holiday attire, applauding, clapping, encouraging the dance in the center where Julio was doing a succession of intricate steps. Gaylord caught sight of Yvonne and her beauty on this day staggered him. She was dressed in gleaming black, the sheer texture of her dress disclosing the smooth outlines of her slim body. A dazzling white mantilla gave a blue-black intensity to her hair. Her beauty, animated as it was now, made Gaylord gasp; the vivid redness of her mouth, her lips moving in quick Basque syllables, revealing flashes of her even teeth, the dark lashes half-veiling the gray eyes, gave her an impossible beauty.

It became obvious to Gaylord that Julio knew where Yvonne stood, for he danced as if in the presence of a queen. He danced the goblet dance as no youth had danced it in the history of the village, and Gaylord knew, and Yvonne knew, and the village knew, whence came his inspiration. The crowd, as he concluded, applauded and applauded his triumph in burst after burst of enthusiasm. Julio walked to a place near Yvonne, among his cheering admirers.

The *farandole* was to follow, where the young girls would be asked by the masqueraders to dance in the square.

The dancers were forming in the square as the young men chose their ladies, the music started up and they began to wind, hand in hand, through the simple steps. But Yvonne stood at the side, and Julio had not broken away from his admirers. No one of the youths dared choose Yvonne—they knew Julio; and still Julio dallied, and the dance was beginning. For Julio, intoxicated with his success, the idol of the moment, was paying back to Yvonne the humiliation he felt she had brought him as a hopeless suitor.

"See," wagged the village tongues, "Julio ignores her—but he will ask her to dance in a minute."

Gaylord caught it all, saw Yvonne bite her lip and toss her head. The steps of the dance were simple, he saw that he could do them. He looked once more at Julio, stepped out of the crowd, walked to Yvonne, bowed and asked her to join in the dance with him.

Yvonne looked at him in amazement. The villagers gasped:

"The Englishman has asked Hurja's daughter to dance the *farandole*!"

Julio turned and saw. Yvonne reached up and took Gaylord's arm and they turned to enter the dance—and faced Julio.

"May I request thee to dance with me?"

"I am sorry," said Yvonne calmly.

Gaylord started to step past. Julio's temper broke into flame—it was the final insult. He flew at Gaylord's throat, the fury of his spring carrying Gaylord back into the crowd, which scattered instantly.

And then they fought, those two, such a fight as is still related about the firesides in Tardets. Julio held on like a madman and Gaylord fought and tore but could not wrench him loose. They rolled over and over on the cobblestones of the street, Julio in his gay costume with his fingers in Gaylord's throat. The music stopped, the dance broke up in confusion. Gaylord twisted and turned, tore and battered, but the steel fingers dug into his throat. The veins in his head were bursting when he finally got his knee against Julio's chin and forced him off. Once free, Gaylord whipped blows in Julio's face, left and right. Julio rushed in again and Gaylord beat him off. Gaylord met every rush with stinging blows, his shirt was torn into rags, his flesh scored with Julio's clawing fingers.

Julio came on again. Gaylord stepped back and lashed out with a blow that sent him whirling against the wall. Julio turned and his eyes burned with an evil flame. No one saw the movement or saw from what part of his clothes it came, but they all saw now that Julio's right hand clasped a knife.

Gaylord laughed madly, leaped away, his hand dropping to his sash. Yvonne caught the motion—saw again the smooth pine board with the deep gashes in Gaylord's room—and knew what had to happen.

The motley crowd of masqueraders was drawn back on both sides, in breathless intensity, watching the drama enacted before their eyes. The two men faced each other. They saw Gaylord's hand come out with a knife. The villagers saw Yvonne Hurja run between the two men and throw herself upon Julio, her body between Julio and Gaylord as if to protect him.

Gaylord was stunned. She was trying to save Julio's life, not his own. She was trying to save Julio's life! So, in the final test, it was *Julio*! She was crying in fierce warning to him in Basque, which Gaylord could not understand. Gaylord's heart, misunderstanding, cried out: "She loves Julio! She loves Julio! After all it is people to people, kind to kind."

It was true that Yvonne was trying to save Julio—but not because she loved him. She was afraid for him, for she alone knew his danger. She had not the slightest fear for Gaylord. To her Gaylord was—Gaylord. He would make no mistakes.

"You fool! You fool! He will kill you!" she cried.

And Julio threw her off. Gaylord swerved slightly and Julio's knife hurtled past. The crowd shrank away. Julio crouched back against the wall.

But the light had died in Gaylord's eyes. The figure against the wall had no meaning.

On the wall of the building at Julio's right hung a wooden sign on which was painted the red image of a goat. Gaylord drew back his arm, Yvonne closed her eyes. When she looked again she saw the knife sticking in the body of the goat on the wooden sign. Gaylord was walking rapidly out of the square. At Oxford they

would have pronounced it "the Gaylord touch."

That evening he told Hurja he was leaving. He set about methodically to arrange his books and papers and pack his clothes. He sat at his table between the two wax tapers till far into the night.

Yvonne came as usual with the flowers for Gaylord's room the next morning. She saw the traveling bags drawn out of the closets.

Gaylord spoke to her indifferently, not looking. He strolled to the windows and turned slightly.

"And so," he continued easily, "I shall go back tomorrow. It has been so delightful this summer, the best I've ever had—knowing you has alone made it worth while."

She looked at him through straight gray eyes. He stood at the tiny, half opened French windows; the morning sunlight streamed slantwise over his head and shoulders, making an aura around his crisp blond hair. She noticed again the poise of his head, the straight lines of his nose, the curve of his nostrils, the graceful sweep of his jaw. Behind his casual sentences she felt the stark surface of determination. He was going back. The gray eyes gazed at him steadily with a cold level light. He was not going back—not yet!

"Thou must not leave me, Gaylor'."

"I am desolated, but I cannot stay."

"Thou canst not leave me, Gaylor'."

He turned his head slowly to face her—lifted his hand in single, final gesture.

"I have no choice—it is finished, my work. I cannot remain longer. I leave you—life is like that."

Velvet words softly insistent. "Gaylor', but decide for thyself now—else I do it—stay!"

"I cannot."

He remembered it all so clearly afterwards, what happened there. She had done it perfectly. Perhaps she had practiced it a thousand times. Perhaps it had been born of the moment. It was beautifully done. His astonishment was lost in admiration. There had been no hesitation, no suddenness, no startling move, and it happened just as the click of finality of his last word "cannot!"

Gaylord was looking at the handle, the polished black handle of a dagger, and it stood straight out from his thigh. The blade of that dagger, he knew, was buried a good six inches in his thigh muscles, the flat metal hilt pressed the weave of his trousers hard against the flesh.

He did not stir. He raised his cigarette to his lips and inhaled. The smoke trailed lazily through his nostrils.

Yes, it was as swift as light. A brown hand shooting down to the edge of a skirt, a fleeting vision of a slim black-stockinged leg, a thin-bladed dagger twisted in a dark red garter, the lightning flick of a slender wrist—

His eyes rose to look into gray ones which said no word, but he heard, softly insistent:

"Thou wilt not leave me, Gaylor'; thy wound will be dangerous for many days; thou canst not ride nor walk; thou wilt be lame. Thou wilt remain here."

Curious, thought Gaylord, it hadn't hurt, just a sharp blow; it wasn't bleeding; it wouldn't bleed till he pulled it out. Wonder if a muscle were cut. He looked



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The name of Sir Christopher Wren—builder of St. Paul's Cathedral in London—is associated with all that is worthiest in English architecture. While the ashes of the great London fire were still alive, Wren set to work to rebuild the city. Speaking of his monumental achievement, St. Paul's, he said, "It is the work of the builder to establish a nation, draw commerce and make people love their country."

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again; no, the blade lay parallel to and not across the muscle threads. Wonder if she had thought of that. He wouldn't be lame long, anyway.

His leg would stiffen, it would be sore, and if the wound became septic—well, it was the part of wisdom to stay. It was a long trip out. Clever of her to choose his thigh. If it had been his side or his shoulder now—

Words again: "Thou wilt stay here and I will take care of thee, beloved, and there will be many days till thou shalt walk again."

"This is one of the things that doesn't happen," he murmured. He was still gazing in fascination at the black handle.

Clever of her to wound him like that. Come to think of it, how else could she have held him longer? He must go eventually, she must realize that—or did she? Did she only want a few more weeks to try to win him? And if not—what? Would she wound him again?

What courage, to hurt the man she loved! Nietzsche had said something about that—takes greater courage to cause suffering than to endure suffering—she was probably strangling from the well of pity that was gushing from her heart. God! these Basques, the riddles of the earth. Her slim, black-stockinged leg, evanescent again; that lithe, round wrist. The picture was imprinted on his brain for all time. Black hair, gray eyes—what was the secret of her ancestry?

She carried a dagger twisted in her garter—and she used it on him, in hate, no—in fear, no—in love, yes.

What a rush of thoughts—had anyone else ever done that? After all, what an idea in an extremity. How utterly stupid otherwise. How had girls tried to hold men? Tears, good God! Wails, red eyes, twisted lips, shrill iterations. There she stood watching him intently, cool and gray-eyed.

He came back to himself with an abrupt start. Why didn't it burn, the knife? Why didn't he pull it out, why didn't he move, do something, say something? Couldn't spoil the picture! Gray-eyed One with the ivory black hair standing watching him with intense concentration—watching him who stood at the half opened window with her dagger in his thigh, while the morning sun splashed over him.

An Aubrey Beardsley print—that was it—he was standing in an Aubrey Beardsley print. It would vanish when he moved.

There was a great clattering on the stairs, a knocking on the door. Neither turned or spoke. The door opened. Gaylord's hand dropped instantly over the dagger handle. Yvonne's mother was in the room, chattering Basque. She saw the young Englishman standing at the window, one hand resting carelessly on his hip. She saw Yvonne motionless in the center of the room, regarding him. She chattered—why was she standing there? What was she doing? Must she spend the morning gazing upon him? Yvonne's eyes never wavered. Well, well, had she lost her senses, was she quite mad? Was it not time to go to market? They must be off at once. Silence.

Gaylord shifted his weight ever so slightly. The movement of his muscles carried the tip of the blade across the leg bone. Cold sweat beaded quickly on his forehead. The muscles of his jaw sprang into sharp relief under the drawn skin. The mother was saying in explosives that she was going downstairs to wait but for another minute. Would Yvonne come instantly—must she fall into a dream forever? Her mother turned and left, mystified.

As for Gaylord, he felt that his thoughts were lagging, surely. Was the sunlight fading? What was happening to the pit of his stomach? Why didn't he say something? Why didn't he move? Oh, yes, spoil the picture! The sunlight, the Gray-eyed One, himself, the black handle of a dagger, a black stockinged leg and a red garter.

He shifted his weight again and the point of the blade scraped—

Yvonne moved softly forward and took him gently in her arms as he slipped slowly to the floor.

The wound was kind. Within two weeks of its healing, Gaylord learned many things about Yvonne and about himself. He came to an understanding of the greatness of Yvonne's love for him, and the gentility of her character. There would not exist again for Gaylord such a love as Yvonne held for him.

What Gaylord did not know, and what Yvonne saw, was the gradual refining of Gaylord's spirit. Before the time was up she had found what she had long searched for in Gaylord's eyes, and it made her unutterably happy. She had won. Gaylord no longer looked at her calculatingly. He was direct and unreserved. What there was of the lotus-eater in him had disappeared. And when Gaylord still clung to his determination to go she cared not a whit. He must come back to her. She would let him go so that he might find in himself that which she saw in him.

Gaylord was surprised that she only nodded in acquiescence and smiled when he told her that he was going. She asked no question, said no word. She calmly accepted his statement that he was going back to Oxford. That was all.

Gaylord did not start directly back to Oxford. He went to Biarritz. Three months in the mountains; he'd have a little fling, just to find his legs again, watch the old wheel spin and see the ivory ball jump and look at the new smart gowns and all that sort of thing; might meet a few friends, even, though it was the slack of the season. Might do a bit of drinking, just to get into form again. Oh yes! an evening or two at Biarritz was the thing after a summer in the mountains. The bucolic poet would have his fling.

At the Hôtel du Palais in Biarritz he had a valet unpack and press his evening clothes. When he climbed out of his bath he stood before the pier glass and thoughtfully examined the cicatrix on his thigh. There was a symbol he would carry forever.

He went down to dinner and thought that he was once more himself, the gay,

irresponsible spirit. He made a great business of ordering his dinner, chatting gaily to his waiter, but failed to awaken an interest. He tried to unloose his spirit and detach himself from himself with champagne, with indifferent results. There was no one with whom to share enthusiasm.

He made straight for the Casino after dinner and lost himself in the fashionable throng. Here was a *milieu* he could move about in! He was telling himself how exquisite the gowns were, how smart the women looked. He thought he was thirsting for his own language again but when he heard a heavy voice drawl: "My dear fellow, imagine black buttons on a white waistcoat. One cawn't possibly go that, y'know, 'strawdin'ry bad taste!"—it sounded trivial and unimportant. Either he, Gaylord, had lost his critical eye, or there was in the Casino that night a peculiarly ill-favored assortment of women. Search as he would, he could find no face that pleased or attracted him. He looked into faces that were dull and spiritless, he looked into eyes that were flat and toneless. He caught no response. He did not know that it was himself who was unresponsive, for always Yvonne's vivid beauty swam before him and made pallid and lifeless whatever of color there was in that pleasure seeking posse.

He found a place at the wheel and hazarded a few times on black and red, but whether he won or lost there came no answering emotion. All that he did was pointless, was unrelated, had no significance. He was gesturing to the sky, making signs at the sea. He wandered about and finally sat down in a lounge chair, puzzled with himself. The joy of being free, of being on his way again—where was it?

A village of mist and pale gold floated before his eyes, a sweeping mountain side of pink heather, a river of aquamarine running down to the sea. He saw a great house and a spacious room and a dark-topped table where he had come to feel his strength and know his power. He saw a procession of hours, trailing after each other—one by one—hours filled with the rapture of toil. He saw a succession of lines, lines of music and rhythm to which he had given permanent life.

And a pair of gray eyes appeared before him, eyes that he could neither avoid nor deceive, and Gaylord bowed his head in acknowledgment. He knew. He knew for all time.

And one afternoon when the slanting rays of the sun were tinging the columbine a deeper purple, Gaylord returned to Tardets. By the paneled windows in the spacious room in the great house he found the Gray-eyed One, and he took her in his arms.

Later, there were articles in the London papers by the critics of the day, remarking upon the singular brilliance of the Oxford Prize Poem, which was, they agreed, "as fine in perfection of detail as it was in sustained magnificence of conception." A young writer of rare promise had appeared upon the literary horizon.

A volatile youth had deserted the ways of indifference.

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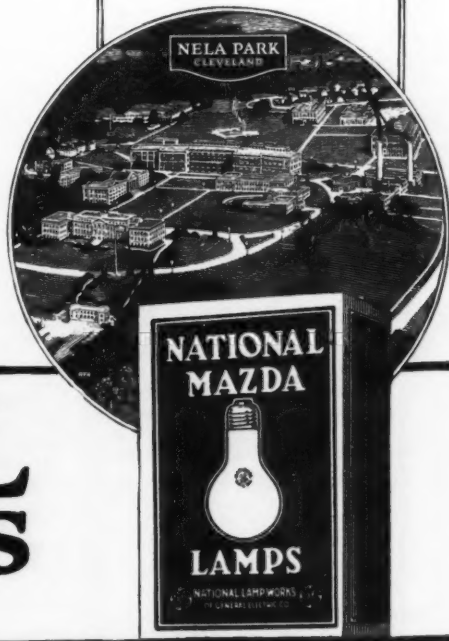
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## Sherlock's Home

(Continued from page 85)

fifteenth," says Hurricane. "I'm supposed to step fifteen frames with a boloney by the name of Ignorant Eddie Biff. I'll smack him dead in a round!"

"Good!" I says. "Now, what you want to do is to make up a party of, say, twenty-five of the most influential citizens of East Silo. Get the mayor, the big banker, the political boss and people like that. Pay all their expenses to New York and back and get them ringside boxes at the fight. When they see you knock out this Mr. Biff and hear that crowd go wild over you, they'll realize that maybe Napoleon was a great man in his day, but you are the man for the ages now!"

I wound up as enthusiastic as a three-headed cat in a creamery, but Hurricane shakes his head doubtfully.

"They may be somethin' to that layout of yours, kid," he says, "but what you are losin' track of is the fact that it would set me back about a grand to bring them jobbies down from East Silo to see me step with this Ignorant Eddie Biff. I wouldn't spend a thousand bucks on them babies if it was a felony not to do it!"

"Very well," I says scornfully. "Then I hereby officially wash my hands of you and your troubles. Figure things out in your own way, I'm through! You poor fish, you should be willing to spend a million dollars if it will set you right in your home town. What's a mere thousand to you?"

"My right eye!" says Hurricane.

But he interrupts before I get a chance to bear down on him.

"If you actually think that bringin' them saps down to see me work will do me some good, I'll bring 'em down," he says. "Anything you say is kayo with me, kid, unless you tell me good by!"

Which is as near as Hurricane had yet come to making love to me.

Well, the large night finally arrives when Hurricane Sherlock is to massacre Ignorant Eddie Biff for the edification of his former townsmen of East Silo, N. Y. Among those present was me, of course, at Hurricane's urgent invitation. He had scrupulously attended to the details of my plan to make him a big fellow in his home town. I instructed him to have twenty-five representative citizens of East Silo at the ringside—Hurricane had fifty! I looked 'em over with interest, having no trouble in picking 'em out. They couldn't of made me believe they had come from anywhere else but East Silo if they swore different on a stack of—phone books.

The noisy crowd, the glare of the lights, the gory preliminary bouts and the general atmosphere of suppressed excitement—all brand new to the delegation from Hurricane's home town—gets under their skins a bit. But they're still openly skeptical of the importance of Hurricane Sherlock. Sitting behind 'em, I get that from snatches of their conversation, none of which is complimentary to the light-heavyweight champion of the world.

Promptly at ten P. M. Hurricane Sherlock climbs through the ropes to change all that.

A wild burst of applause greets my boy friend and I gaze at the jury from East Silo, prepared to see them clapping their

hands off and beaming with civic pride. Instead of that, their hands are idle at their sides and there's a sneer on each and every face. While Ignorant Eddie Biff is hopping through the ropes to the accompaniment of a dead silence, I remember that it must of cost Hurricane a thousand dollars to bring these ten-minute eggs down from East Silo to see him ruin Eddie, but I figure that it will be a bargain if it puts him over in his home town. Then I sit back to enjoy the fracas.

The bell rang for the first round and amid a hush of expectancy Hurricane Sherlock danced lightly out from his corner with a contemptuous sneer for his plainly nervous vis-à-vis. Hurricane then peered through the tobacco smoke drifting over the ropes like he's looking for somebody. Finally, his gaze rested on my excited face and he brightened up. Evidently I was who he was looking for. I fluttered my handkerchief encouragingly at him, and with his old cheerful grin Hurricane turns his head and waves back a careless glove to me. As his head turned Ignorant Eddie Biff darted forward with the spring of a panther, smashed his right glove against Hurricane's chin, and—the fight was over!

Hurricane Sherlock, light-heavyweight champion of the world, has been knocked out with a single punch! Not only that, but he has spent a thousand dollars to bring his enemies down from East Silo to see it!

O sole mia!

Well, for a minute the big crowd just sat there dazed. They couldn't seem to put any faith in what their bulging eyes showed them—Hurricane Sherlock prostrate on the floor as cold as a winter breeze, five seconds after the bell for the first round. Whoever in that vast audience blinked an eye didn't see the fight at all!

Then with a roar like Niagara Mr. Pandemonium took charge and the panic was on. The cash customers who paid to see a long hard battle are fit to be tied and they yell their heads off with rage. Hundreds who had bet on Hurricane Sherlock become maniacs. They had nothing on me! Look at the terrible thing I have done to the now ex-light-heavyweight champion. By waving my handkerchief at him I got him knocked out, and by trying to help him I have brought his worst enemies there to see it!

Assisted by a couple of cops I managed to fight my way out a side exit to a taxi and I'm whisked home to spend a horrible sleepless night. All I can think of is what plans Hurricane Sherlock will make with regard to my disposal when he recovers from the sleeping sickness on that canvas. I certainly have gummed things up for your life and I don't mind telling you that I'm scared stiff!

I spent a lot of time the next morning arguing with myself as to whether or not I'd better stay away from the Hotel St. Moe till Hurricane Sherlock forgot what I had innocently did to him. But then I thought if I stayed away till he forgot that I'd have to stay away 200 years, so I decided I might as well go in, face him and be done with it. So that's what I did.

That morning was a fearful one for me,



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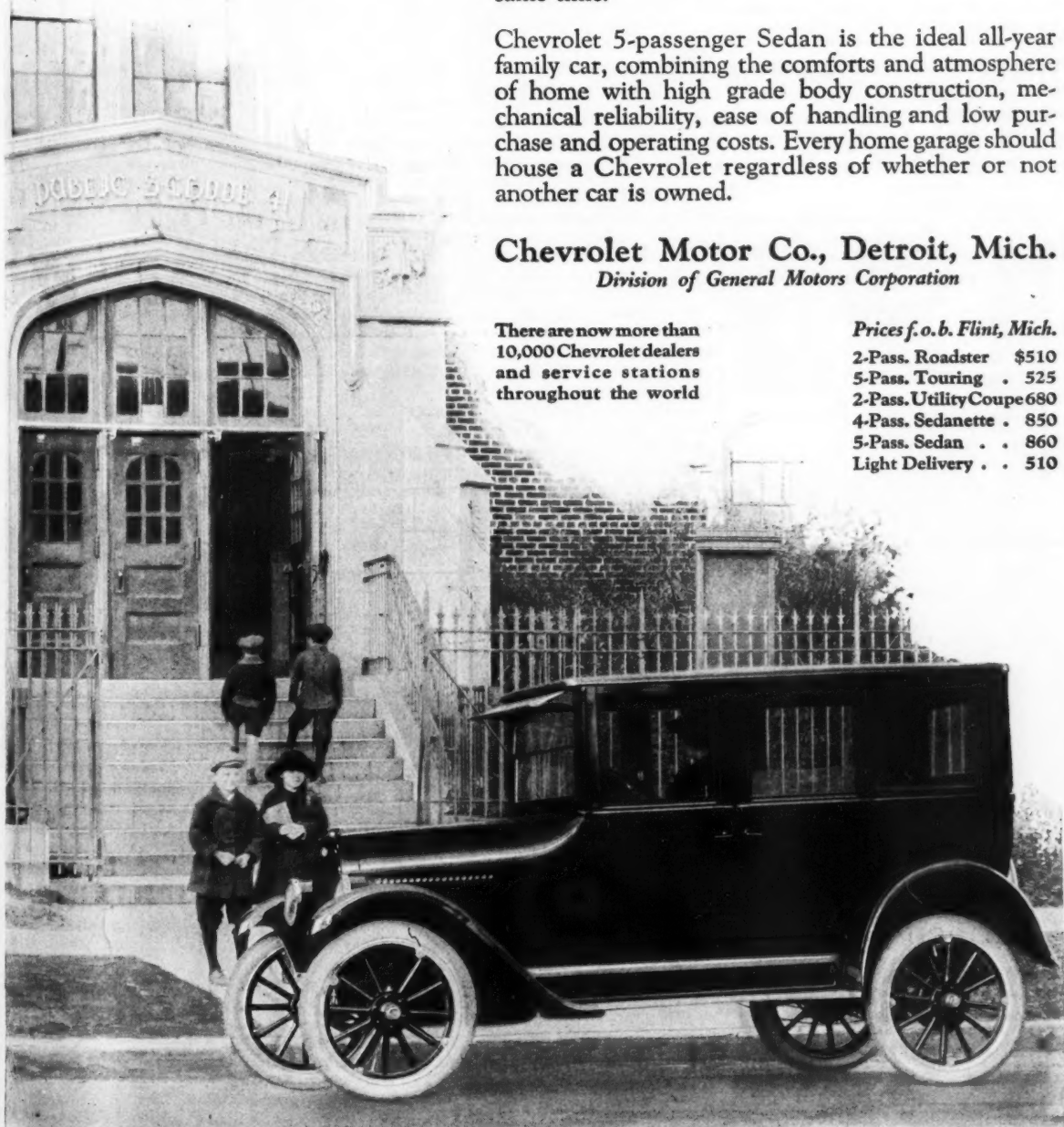
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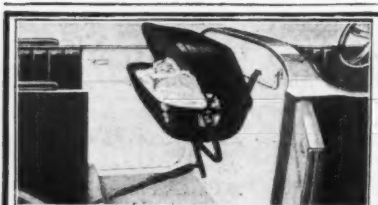
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**50¢**

honest it was! Every time I'd look up I'd expect to see Hurricane Sherlock towering over the board with first degree murder in each eye. The phone service at the St. Moe is at no time nothing to boast of, no more than it is in any other hotel, but that morning even my warmest admirers meowed about the way I treated their innocent requests for numbers. It was really a case of try and get a sensible answer from me, that's all!

Well, up till noon my unfortunate knight had not put in an appearance and I'm commencing to breathe normally again. As I'm going out to lunch I'm thinking it is possible that poor Hurricane is still slumbering on the floor of that ring from that horrible blow Ignorant Eddie Biff presented him with.

At that moment my heart stops beating for one terrible second. I have bumped square into Hurricane Sherlock in the lobby of the hotel!

Honest, I'm almost hysterical with pure fright and I gazed wildly around for assistance. I'm really afraid Hurricane may do me bodily harm. But to my dumbfounded astonishment, he's smiling and looks happier than happy itself. I feel I must say *something* or I'll scream, so I begin to stammer condolences. Still smiling happily, Hurricane cuts me off.

"That kayo was the best thing could of happened to me, kid," he says cheerily.

"I would of got it sooner or later anyways—they all do. I don't care nothin' no more about what them yokels from East Silo thinks about me, either. What does them sapolios know? Say—up in that slab they think alligator pears will bite you!"

"I—I'm afraid I'll have to hurry on," I says, crazy to get away. "I am going to lunch and I must be back in—"

"That punch last night knocked me out of the ring into a swell taxi business and now I'm all jake with my folks," goes on Hurricane calmly. "You're goin' to eat, hey? Well, come on up to my home and chow with us. My folks will be crazy to

Cosmopolitan for April, 1923

see you—I told 'em plenty about you, kid!" I tried to duck this invitation, but no chance. So to avoid attracting undue attention by an argument in the crowded lobby, I got into a taxi with Hurricane Sherlock, bound for his home. In view of what had just happened, I felt I owed him *something*!

All the way up in the cab Hurricane raved about what a swell family he has, but to tell you the truth I scarcely heard him. I had just about decided that Mr. Hurricane Sherlock has lost his attraction for me, now that he's no longer a champion—which had really been the only thing thrilling about him to me. What's bothering me is how to break the sad news to him. I am picturing in my mind the scene which is going to take place in his home. He's taking me up to meet his folks, undoubtedly wanting his dear old father and mother to see the lady of his choice and get their O. K. before he asks me will I quit the telephone switchboard to accept a position as his bride.

Honest, I felt awfully sorry for him. I know it's going to be terribly tragic. He might even break down and cry like a baby when he sees all his plans go to smash. But I can't help it—Hurricane Sherlock is out as far as I'm concerned. Why, I wouldn't dream of marrying him!

Well, we arrive at Sherlock's home. Hurricane asks me to wait in the parlor till he brings in his folks. The coming ordeal has got me so nervous that I've just about bitten my nails away. While he's in the next room I rehearse to myself the way I'll break the news to him. "I'm very sorry, Mister Sherlock," I'm going to say, kindly, "but I never thought of you in that way. I can't marry you, but—"

Just then Hurricane bounces into the room, half dragging a kind of plain-faced young lady who has two very dirty-faced kids hanging to her apron.

"Meet the wife!" grins Hurricane to me. "And the rest of my folks. Hey, Joey and Goldie, say hello to the lady!"

Curtain!

*A story by H. C. Witwer is a sure prescription for the blues in any form. His next one will appear in an early issue of COSMOPOLITAN.*

## The Map Eaters

(Continued from page 41)

"Who won the race? Have you heard?"

"Indeed I have. Chicken Doyle has talked of nothing much else. It was George Corbin in the Crossland."

Jim closed his eyes. He wasn't sure whether it was a contraction of physical pain or merely mental anguish that made the world seem so suddenly black. There was physical pain all right and in a great many places, but the news that Corbin was the winner, even though he had expected to hear it, was a sickening blow to his newly awakened faculties.

Because Corbin and Jim were rivals for more things than the mere transcontinental automobile record. Perhaps the most important thing they contested for, though it was not nominated in the bond, was the favor of one Patsy May Keller, whom you may have seen last evening on the screen of your local theater. Patsy May isn't

a star yet but she will be some day, and as it is she plays leads for some of the most expensive members of the male constellation. She had become acquainted with Jim and Corbin during the filming of a race play in which they had worked as "stunt" men. That was the year before and they were both still hanging on. There had even been considerable good natured teasing in the newspapers about their three cornered affair, which they had all accepted without resentment as so much free publicity. The best story of all was the one run from coast to coast in every daily paper with a sporting section just before the race. It was to the effect that Patsy was going to be waiting at the checking-in station in Los Angeles with a laurel wreath and other valuable considerations to be awarded to the victor.

It was probably all press agent "bunk,"

# OLDSMOBILE

## The New Brougham Combines Quality and Complete Equipment—No Extras to be Bought Later

You have a right to expect these three essentials in any closed car you buy: A high grade chassis, a strong, handsome all-metal-covered body, and adequate equipment for safe and comfortable driving

The new Oldsmobile Brougham gives you all these things, and at a price which is a direct challenge to every car in the same price class. How this is done will be explained in a moment—first, see just what the Brougham offers you.

**The Chassis:** Famous for its 40 horse power Four motor which has won numerous economy and endurance tests. Its 115" wheelbase is in marked contrast with the 110" wheelbase average of all competitive fours. (Write for official reports on the Four's record.)

**The Body:** Standard closed car construction—a sturdy frame of seasoned hard woods sheathed with panels of steel from top to bottom. To appreciate this construction, compare the Brougham body with those employing composition materials which are subject

to rapid deterioration. The interior of this excellent body is roomy and comfortable for five grown-up people.

**The Equipment:** Read the items of equipment listed at the right. They are just the things you would choose if you were building the car yourself. Because Oldsmobile buys and makes them in immense quantities, these refinements do not add materially to the manufacturing cost. You, however, would find them very expensive if you bought them singly, at retail.

What advantages does Oldsmobile enjoy which make possible this wonderful Brougham at \$1375? First, the advantage of twenty-five years' experience in fine car manufacture. Second, the benefit of the great General Motors Corporation facilities in engineering, research and purchasing.

Choose the Oldsmobile Brougham on the basis of its quality—and at the same time remember that it is the lowest priced fully-equipped car of this type on the market.

Price Range: Fours—\$955 to \$1595; Eights—\$1375 to \$2025 f. o. b. Lansing

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*Oldsmobile*

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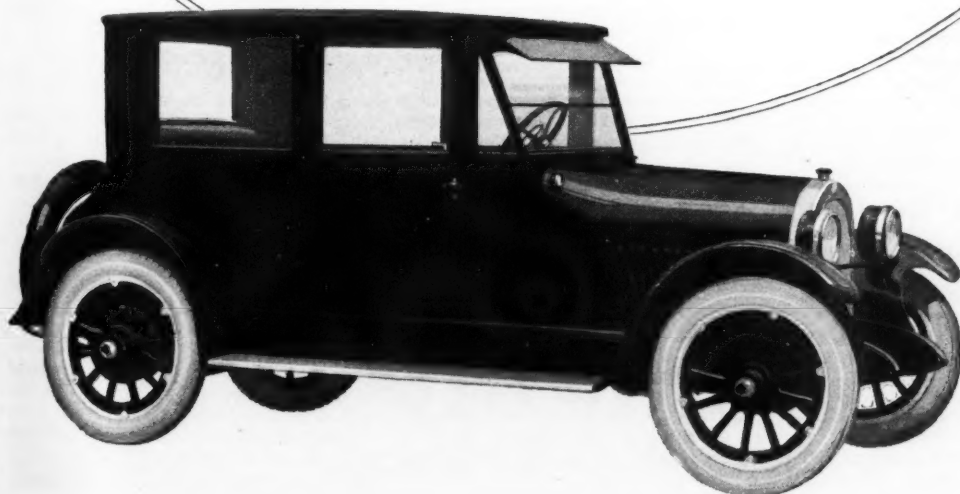


The rear compartment is large enough for a bag and several parcels. In the hinged cover is a tray of tools

The Brougham Equipment: Drumhead lamps which require no special lens or visor to comply with anti-glare legislation, high grade upholstery, satin silvered hardware, heater, door locks, cowl ventilator, sun visor, windshield wiper, cowl lamps, nickel-plated radiator, one-piece crowned fenders, dome light, door and window regulators, window shades, walnut steering wheel, good carpet, walnut-finish instrument board with instruments symmetrically arranged and separately removable for service.



The front seats are deep, non-folding Pullman-type chairs which move forward to give unusual entrance space. The doors are twenty-nine inches wide





but both Jim and George had made arrangements with their managers to be the drivers on the last trick of the race, and Jim at least had gone to the trouble and expense of purchasing a rather nice white stone set in a platinum circlet which he carried with him and planned to exchange for the aforementioned wreath of laurel, which he had been firmly convinced would be awarded to himself.

Well, that was out. He had a good ring and no place to put it. The thought of Patsy May as someone else's bride was very painful. She was sweet and vivacious. Charm and vividness were hers in a superlative degree. Even women liked her, which proves how nice she was.

And Jim Danger had never loved anyone else. In a life devoted to college athletics, warfare, automobile manufacturing and design and the racing of same, there had been only the one considerable emotional experience. Jim was shy with women, mistrusted himself and usually them.

Doctor Dan sat down by Jim's bed for a few minutes and talked cheerfully about his other patients in the neighborhood, mostly Indians, Mexicans and a few white babies.

"The doctoring business ain't so good nowadays since the men quit toting guns. I forgot to mention I'm the coroner, too, so I used to get paid after every scrap whether they were good shots or not."

Later in the day Sherry brought Chicken Doyle in, conventionally smudged with graphite. He expressed halting pleasure at Jim's recovery and mentioned in passing what a wonderful nurse Sherry had been. "She certainly knows how to make a man comfortable."

And he looked, when he said it, just the way Doctor Dan had when he was talking to her.

Jim sniffed cynically to himself; men were a bunch of mushheads, the way they would fall for the nearest girl. The doctor was perhaps excusable—he probably didn't see many good looking ones—but Chicken Doyle was city broke and had gazed on the world's finest, even on Patsy May herself.

"She's had a lot of experience, I guess in the nursing line," Chicken Doyle went on to explain, "on account of taking care of her brother. It's because of him they live out here, have ever since the war. He got something like a touch of tuberculosis and the government advised him to inhabit this climate if he wanted to live at all. She just gave up every darn thing and came out here to keep house for him, and he's nearly well now and can do anything that anybody else can so long as he stays in this climate. He's up Santa Fé way on business just now for a couple of weeks. This is his room you've got. Yep, she's a regular girl, I'm going to tell the world."

Jim Danger was perfectly willing to concede that she had many estimable traits of character. But you couldn't expect a man with a heart sore from recent defeat and a body wracked with aches and pains to get up and wave a flag about some perfectly strange young woman even if he did owe his life to her.

The jury was not yet all in, either. The foreman of a near-by ranch came to call that evening and was introduced to Jim. He was crazy about Sherry, too. You

could tell it by the look he wore like a badge. He was all dressed up in store clothes which fitted him too tightly about the thighs, more muscular than ordinary from riding, and smelling very distinctly of a thirty-five cent grade of perfume which almost killed the odor of horse.

If ever a girl was given a bad start by press agents, Sherry was that girl. No man of any originality of character likes to be a part of a mass meeting.

That accounts for Jim's ungraciousness towards Sherry; that and the fact that he owed her a great deal. Anybody just naturally resents being under an obligation which he has no hope of repaying. Jim wished that he had been found by a man or at least by a married woman, preferably elderly, to whom there could be no question of payment in devotion. It was the devil of an awkward situation.

Jim felt that he was in a very false position. And yet to explain would only be more boorish than to keep still.

For Jim was in love—not successfully, he feared, but nevertheless "in"—and with another girl. The fact that he had probably lost her forever did not enhance the brightness of his outlook upon the world.

And then, all at once, part of his troubles cleared up.

The first news reached Jim by wire.

"Coming to see you—love, Patsy," it said, and then the Los Angeles paper which Chicken brought him surreptitiously from town the next day furnished the rest of the details.

Patsy May Keller [the item read], film favorite and candidate for stardom in the near future, has decided that affairs of the heart cannot be settled like bets on the races. For a long time two famous automobile drivers, George Corbin and Jim Danger, have been rivals for Miss Keller's favor. Among their friends it was pretty generally understood that the recent Post-Inquirer contest was to have settled much more than the supremacy of one of these two drivers in tearing across the map of these United States.

Whether it was really understood or not that the winner was to marry the fair film actress does not matter now. Miss Keller is apparently not going to wed Mr. Corbin, who actually won the race. He is returning to New York tomorrow and both parties deny the engagement which has been rumored.

And on top of that comes the announcement that Miss Keller is going out to the little desert town where Jim Danger met with his accident and where he now lies at the point of death. She says she is going to nurse him back to health again.

All Hollywood is excited over the unconventional and romantic behavior of one of its most popular members.

Jim clipped the item, which he put in his pocket, and destroyed the rest of the newspaper. He wasn't exactly sure why he did it. What he said to himself was that there was no point in advertising his private affairs to everybody. He was not egotistical ass enough to think that Sherry would care if she knew.

And yet—

#### IV

NEITHER the paper nor the telegram said just when Patsy May expected to arrive, but it seemed reasonable to conclude that it would be soon.

"If you feel up to a little longer ride than usual today we'll have lunch up Cañon Tintoro way. There's a group of pines on the brink that I'd like to show you."

Sherry, when she said that, did not know that it would probably be his last chance to go gyping with her, but Jim thought that probably it would be and assented gladly to the plan for the proposed picnic. Now that he was about to be rid of the awkward situation into which he had skidded he had to admit that Sherry was lots of fun and he would miss her ingenuous companionship. Lately she had been taking him on short curative horse-back jaunts through the near-by country which were pleasurable adventures in contentment. She had found an old broad backed slow-poke of a mare that would not run away from a dynamite explosion which she considered safe enough for her patient to ride. It was really absurd to coddle Jim so and he protested that he was almost well and as strong as ever, but it pleased Sherry to mother him and she finally overruled him.

"Look at that, now, Monsieur Danger." She pointed to the long stretch of tufted valley floor that lay between them and the haze-painted mesas. "Did you ever see a more gorgeous playground for fairies and giants and us?"

Jim's mare, an affectionate old thing, was rubbing her nose on the neck of Sherry's mount. This brought Jim behind Sherry but quite close.

"Aren't you thrilled?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, but he wasn't sure by what. He wasn't looking at the view. Perhaps it was the mellow warmth in the air, or the thundering silence of the motionless world, or, perhaps, the slim strength of Sherry's shoulders, or the way she sat on a horse. Saying a mental farewell to her as he found himself doing constantly he discovered more and more the heart-pulling glories of this girl. There was something compellingly vital about Sherry even if her voice did sound like a wonderful bronze bell with a clanking flaw in it.

"See that little trail which looks as if a carpenter had laid a white plumb line from that mountain to us? That's the way we are going. Some Indian with a super-accurate eye must have been the first to make this trip and everyone else has followed in his tracks."

The little mountain was a long way off and they were not in any hurry so Jim and Sherry did not stick so very close to the "crow-flies" course of that prehistoric red man whose sweetheart doubtless had lived at the end of the trail.

It was well past noon when they parked in Cañon Tintoro. There was a little brook bed at the bottom of it, usually entirely dried up but now boasting quite a respectable flow owing to the recent rains. The painted sides of the cañon, mostly soft red, were nearly straight up and down. There was a little slope at the bottom where decomposed granite from the cliffs had settled down and the floor of the cañon was littered with debris, some pieces as large as dwelling houses that had split away from the rock rim and hurled themselves down. The process of erosion was plainly visible at the palisades' edge right now. A series of granite pieces in a row like a train of box cars had been partly carved out of the face of the cliff and appeared to



Anita Stewart



Colleen Moore



Corinne Griffith

## The secret of having beautiful hair

*How famous movie stars keep their hair soft and silky, bright, fresh-looking and luxuriant*

NO one can be really attractive, without beautiful well-kept hair.

Study the pictures of these beautiful women. Just see how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair, if you care for it properly.

In caring for the hair, proper shampooing is the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

**When oily, dry or dull**

If your hair is too oily, or too dry; if it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and

gummy; if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, or if it is full of dandruff, it is all due to improper shampooing.

You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo.

**The quick, easy way**

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil—the chief causes of all hair troubles.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is. It keeps the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet-goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

*Splendid for Children—  
Fine for Men*



**Mulsified**  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.  
**Cocoanut Oil Shampoo**



Mae Murray



Alice Calhoun



Priscilla Dean



Patsy Ruth Miller



Mabel Ballin

## Nature's Own Color

The soft, rich, green color of Palmolive Soap is the natural color of the rich oils from which it is blended.

Nature put the color in these oils, just as she does in grass and foliage.

It might as well be said that flowers, trees and grass are artificially colored as to say it of the green of Palmolive.

Palm and olive oils not only impart their color to Palmolive Soap—they also give it their own soothing mildness. The rich, creamy Palmolive lather is lotion-like in its effect on the skin. It is ideal facial soap.



## The Springtime of Life

—How to keep that youthful bloom throughout the years

**T**HE joyous time—the time of youth and blooming, when every young girl should charm the world with her flower-like freshness.

This greatest of all attractions is girlhood's rightful heritage as well as the most admired beauty of later years. The pretty girl will mature into the beautiful woman if she keeps that schoolgirl complexion.

### Don't let it fade

All too often this alluring school-girl complexion is allowed to vanish with schoolgirl days. Yet simple treatment following school-days will retain it as the greatest attraction of mature years.

Be careful how you cleanse your skin—don't let harsh methods rob it of its natural delicate texture. Or, just as dangerous to complexion health, don't omit the daily washing with soap and water for fear that its action is too harsh.

Instead, choose the facial soap which you know is so mild and soothing that it keeps the most sensitive skin smooth and soft.

This soap is Palmolive, as millions of women already know. It is blended from Palm and Olive oils, known since the days of ancient Egypt as nature's beautifying cleansers.

These two rare oriental oils, by whose aid

Cleopatra kept her youth, impart their mildness to the smooth, creamy lather of Palmolive. It cleanses thoroughly, removing every trace of the oil, dirt and perspiration which otherwise clogs the skin pores. It leaves your skin soft and glowing with a delightful sensation of freshness.

Used regularly, every day, Palmolive keeps your complexion fine of texture and free from blackheads and blotches. Yet it never robs the skin of its own beautifying oil provided by nature to keep it smooth.

Apply a touch of cold cream after gently drying your face with a soft, fine towel. Normally oily skins won't need it except possibly when the weather is very cold.

### A low-priced luxury

If you imagine that Palmolive, because of its superfine qualities, must be very expensive, you are wrong. While in Cleopatra's days Palm and Olive oil was the luxury of the rich, modern manufacturing methods, combined with world-wide popularity, makes Palmolive a low-priced soap.

We import these rare oils in enormous quantities and the Palmolive factories work day and night to supply the demand. Palmolive is only 10c a cake—a price which puts it within the reach of all for general toilet use.

Palm and Olive Oils—  
nothing else—give  
nature's green color  
to Palmolive Soap.

Volume and efficiency  
produce 25c quality  
for only

10c

**PALMOLIVE**

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.  
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Canada  
Also makers of Palmolive Shaving Cream and Palmolive Shampoo



be balanced insecurely on a too narrow shelf.

"They have hung like that for hundreds of years," Sherry told him. "I've been up there exploring and I found inscriptions written on them by the Spanish conquistadores who came up from Mexico in the sixteenth century to introduce among the Indians the civilizing ceremony of the gilded brick. Having been there that long we're safe in assuming they'll give us an hour for lunch. We'll have it here on this baby rock that looks a lot like a table if you have plenty of imagination."

It was a mighty good lunch. Sherry had put it up herself and she seemed to comprehend the masculine appetite like an open book. It was a gay lunch, too. Jim felt that being with her was almost a forbidden pleasure under the circumstances and he was enjoying it all the more just on that account. As for Sherry, she was nearly always cheerful.

Afterwards they sat and fed the remnants of the repast to mountain squirrels who came exploring, bold gray fellows with large tufted ears which made them look as if there were a strain of lynx in their ancestry.

Once while they were both offering something to the same squirrel their hands met and Jim caught and held hers. She made no protest, no effort to withdraw when the first fluttering attempt met with resistance.

Her acquiescence puzzled him. It would have been more familiar ground if she had insisted upon withdrawing—the first time. It seemed rather as if she considered that a struggle wasn't worth while.

Why?

As if it were easier to consent than to argue.

Jim had never met with anyone who did not skirmish. It left him holding something he did not know what to do with.

In a situation of that sort one has to go forward or back. Jim leaned towards her—his lips approached hers. But she was talking, talking impersonally as if she had not noticed his presumption.

"The shadows are filling up the cañon. It will be cold here soon when the sun gets lower. Listen! You can hear little crackles in the heated rocks as they cool off."

Jim didn't know that she was afraid, afraid that he would, afraid that he wouldn't, and was merely speaking to keep her fear from showing. So he listened.

Sure enough, you could hear something. It was a little like the distant, muffled "typewriter" fire of machine guns.

Jim looked around as if he expected to see smoke puffs.

Sherry laughed. "You can't see anything but it is uncanny, isn't it?"

Crack!

Jim happened to be looking in the right direction or neither of them would ever have known what made that sound.

He saw one of the box-car shaped pieces of rock on the narrow shelf above them begin to move.

It seemed like an hallucination, a part of a nightmare. One doesn't expect to see a part of the eternal hills let go and topple before one's eyes. Yet it was really happening.

They were directly in its path. It would hit the slope at the bottom of the cliff and roll its crushing tons across the spot where they stood. It was too wide

to be escaped laterally. Several seconds would be necessary for even a good sprinter to run clear and only a part of a second was left.

As an automobile driver Jim was accustomed to thinking in terms of split seconds.

He had been a football man. Also he had seen the effect of exploding shells.

He struck Sherry in the chest with his shoulder as he dived for her and rolled with his arms around her body alongside the deeply bedded granite fragment which they had used as a table.

There was a rush of air, a whistling sound, a rumble the rock in the lee of which they were resting jumped suddenly downwards as if it were headed for China, and then—

That was all.

## V

SHERRY was knocked out, unconscious, but only from the blow that Jim had himself delivered in throwing her to a place of safety.

He held her in his arms for a moment studying her face.

"Now, Sherry MacNeil," he said finally, "we're even at last. I've saved your life and squared accounts. After this I don't have to fall in love with you unless I want to."

He started to draw her close enough to kiss her unconscious lips, held her a moment just so, and then let her sink back again.

"It wouldn't be fair," he decided out loud.

A little water sprinkled on her face would do no harm, he concluded. To make her comfortable while he was gone to the stream to bring it back he took off his coat and rolled it up into a pillow to place under her head.

As soon as he was gone Sherry opened her eyes and bolstered herself up on one elbow, not so very dazed. In fact there was rather a happy look in her eyes.

She caught sight of a piece of paper that lay by the edge of her skirt, a bit of newspaper cut out neatly along the column, evidently a clipping that had fallen from Jim's pocket when he had rolled up his coat.

Sherry picked it up idly. Jim Danger's name in it caught her eye. She read the item through hastily and then, with a sigh, placed it in the inside pocket of the coat, which she rolled up again just as it had been.

Jim returned to find her staring wide-eyed at the blue sky above her. He threw away the now useless water which he had brought in his cap.

"That was a narrow escape for both of us," declared Sherry.

"You know it. One-tenth of a second more and we would have been killed."

"That wasn't what I meant. I was referring to what happened afterwards—before you went for the water."

Jim colored.

"Were you conscious?"

Sherry smiled. "Not quite. I was making up my mind whether to come to or not."

Jim: "Would you have been sorry if I had kissed you?"

He threw aside all pretense of not understanding her meaning.

Sherry: "It would not have been right."

"Why not?" Bluntly.

For reply she fished out of her bosom by a chain which she wore around her neck a rather old-fashioned gold locket which she opened and held toward him for inspection.

It contained a small photograph of a young man in the once familiar uniform of the A. E. F.

"Your sweetheart?" he questioned.

"The man I love," she replied.

"Dead?"

"Missing. But I know he will come back to me."

There seemed nothing further to say. Jim felt that already he had intruded too far on a private grief. Constancy such as Sherry's was rare in this day and age. He could do no less than respect it even if he could not share her optimism about the return of her missing loved one. It had been nearly five years since the war was over, too long for an ordinary hope to continue to exist.

He was glad that he hadn't kissed her. The whole thing was straightened out now. He was square with her, he had traded life for life and could go on about his own affairs.

It was the best way.

Only he wished he didn't feel a sort of an indefinable regret.

Regret for what?

## VI

PATSY MAY KELLER was at the ranch house when they returned. She was being entertained by Chicken Doyle, who had apparently given her a very complete account of the adventure from beginning to end.

"I seem to have arrived just in time," she said upon meeting Sherry.

"Oh, Jim is completely out of danger!" Sherry assured the film beauty.

"He is now that I'm here," Patsy May concurred maliciously. "Jim, how soon can I take you back to civilization?"

"Right away," Jim decided.

It took no thought on his part to realize that it would be a hopeless situation to have Patsy May around pretending to be jealous even if there was no cause for it.

Besides, he didn't want to stay there any longer himself under the circumstances.

Chicken volunteered to drive the car the rest of the way to L. A. so there was no reason why Jim couldn't go with Patsy on the train as she wanted him to.

Doctor Dan agreed that it was all right for Jim to travel and even offered to take them over to town to the train in his moth-eaten flivver.

Patsy May was a lot more cheerful as soon as they got away from the MacNeil place. Her light was dampened considerably at the ranch. Sherry's presence cramped her style.

Patsy was an artist at love making and she used her smoothest wiles on Jim on the way to town. He couldn't help contrasting them, though, with the tantalizing, cool indifference of the girl he had left behind waving farewell from the doorway of an adobe house, the girl who had said after "Good by":

"I'm almost sorry you lost your nerve while I was unconscious."



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Sherry certainly had a way of leaving an itching spot in a man's memory. What would her lips have been like?

## VII

AT THE railroad station a young man got off from the very Pullman they were about to board.

"Wait a minute, folks," requested Doctor Dan, who was right there to see the last of them. "Here's someone you ought to know. Miss Keller and Mr. Danger, shake hands with Mr. MacNeil, Sherry's brother, who has been up to Santa Fé ever since you've been here."

Jim shook hands dazedly with the now robust young man. He was still trying to figure things out after he was on board the train moving west.

The young man he had just met was the original of the portrait he had seen in Sherry's locket.

Her brother!

Why had she let him believe it was the picture of a sweetheart?

## VIII

THERE was a letter waiting for Jim at the Los Angeles Clegg Agency. It was from J. P. Clegg himself and he wanted to know if Jim cared to be one of two drivers to try, in a Clegg Four, to break the world's transcontinental record, just established by the Crossland.

It wasn't to be a race—merely a contest against time. Evidently the Crossland people were getting under the old man's skin a trifle and he just had to have something in the nature of a comeback for their jibes.

Jim, all enthusiasm, sprang the letter on Patsy May.

"You wouldn't do it?" she exclaimed. "Why not? Automobile driving is my business."

"But, Jim, you can't be away that long. I want you here."

"I'm not a lap dog," growled Jim.

"No, but you're going to marry a—ahem—a famous woman who is going to need all of your attention."

"You don't expect me to sit back and do nothing for the rest of my life?"

"I don't see why you can't get a nice job in an office where I can call you up and tell you where and when to meet me for luncheon."

Part of what Patsy said was kidding because Patsy had a sense of humor, but there was just enough serious purpose back of it so that when Jim wouldn't give up the idea she made an issue of it.

When Jim went to New York to confer with J. P. Clegg his near-engagement was at an end.

No one's heart was broken, though.

Patsy May had her art.

And Jim had ideas.

Nebulous, teasing ideas.

## IX

JIM left the post office in New York City at midnight with a mail pouch containing one lone, solitary letter for the

Mayor of Los Angeles. Traffic had slowed down by that time. It was essential not to get arrested or to cause an accident in getting out of the big city.

Once across the river and out of Newark, zip! they went through New Jersey like lightning. Pennsylvania slipped under the wheels, too, that same night. King Tenny, the alternate driver, took her through Baltimore and across the Cumberland. The roads were still good. Ohio came and went. Indiana too. Illinois. Concrete road. Seventy-eight miles an hour. St. Louis. Dirt roads through Missouri but not such slow traveling when dry. Hello, Kansas, and good by. A snatch of Colorado, scarcely noticeable under the wheels.

Raton, New Mexico, and the hard part of the test is begun. Slower pace through Santa Fé, Albuquerque, Gallup, slower but still breakneck and five times as fast as any tourist drives the old Santa Fé Trail.

The Clegg Four is forty minutes ahead of schedule. If she can hold the pace she can clear the Crossland record by a nice margin.

The Arizona State line. The driver of the racing car increases the speed. Then he slows down. He is looking for something.

He finds it.

It is on a horse standing by the roadside and it has a flag to wave to him as he goes by.

But he doesn't go by. He pulls up near the horse and lifts the goggles from his dirty face, revealing two white spots around the eyes. He is a terrible looking creature.

But the girl on horseback apparently recognizes him because she smiles a slow, cool, tantalizing smile and greets him in a throaty voice, a bronze bell with a clank in it.

"Hello, Jim."

"I hoped you'd be down to watch me go through."

"You knew I'd be here."

"I met your brother." Apropos of nothing.

She colored.

"He told me."

"Are you ever going to lie to me again?" "I didn't lie—exactly. I merely let you draw a wrong conclusion—for your own good."

"Are you ever going to do even that again?"

"No—unless it's necessary—for your own good."

"Anything to do this afternoon?"

"Nothing special. Why?"

"Chicken, give the lady your seat and take her horse back to the stable."

Chicken was out obeying orders almost before Jim ceased speaking.

Sherry demurred.

"Can't wait. Pile in! Argue afterward,"

Jim ordered. "Got to break a record this afternoon."

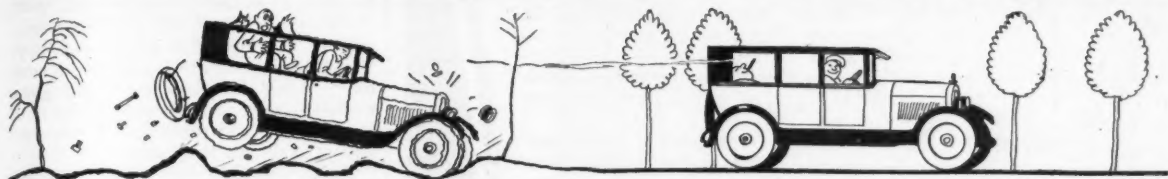
And they did.

Their first kiss was exchanged going forty-three miles an hour.

Which is very fast for that part of the country.

*You will find the full humor and flavor of Frank R. Adams in his next story, plus an unconventional situation that will reach you right where your heart lies. See COSMOPOLITAN for May, on sale at all news stands April tenth.*

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Join in any movement that will bring the right sort of pressure on the highway commissioners.

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### WINX

*The Liquid Lashlux*

## Miracles

(Continued from page 71)

"My watch keeps splendid time. But why? Is there anything I can do? Please ask me. I haven't a thing to do. I'm a stranger in Monterey. And I've just been seeing the sights. It's so beautiful here. I'd no idea. I wish you'd tell me if there's anything I can do."

"My uncle," said the girl, "who took care of me died day before yesterday. They've taken him to Castroville to bury him. When they come back we're going to decide what is to become of me. . . I can't work and there isn't any money. I don't even own this house."

Ruddy pulled a chair close to hers and sat down.

"Are they—the people I saw here awhile ago—relatives?"

She shook her head.

"Just neighbors. We didn't even know them well. We hadn't lived here very long. They are kind hearted people; but they are poor people and they don't want to be bothered with me."

"Haven't you any idea what you'll do?" Ruddy asked.

And he wished that he was at once a magician and a millionaire.

"I suppose," she said, and it took a lot of courage to say it calmly and sweetly, "that I'll have to go to some institution."

Ruddy groaned inwardly.

"Why can't you walk?" he asked.

"What's wrong?"

"Nobody seems to know exactly," she said. "I just can't. I had scarlet fever and then I couldn't walk. . . We had some money then; but my uncle gave it all to doctors. He was a good man. He did his very best. . ."

Ruddy was rapidly finding himself face to face with his first really strong temptation. It was the kind of temptation which older and wiser men than Ruddy sometimes yield to. There had been brought to his notice a fellow creature, young, charming, beautiful, helpless and penniless. And the temptation was upon him to play Providence.

"Don't worry," he wanted to say. "Everything will be all right. You shan't go to an institution. I'll take care of you."

If he had felt perfect confidence in his ability to take care of her and to keep her from being sent to an institution he would have made the promise. But he had neither the means nor the experience which promotes confidence. At the same time he had to say something—do something. He couldn't go out of her life with a "Well, it's too bad, but don't worry, probably everything will come out all right. Good by." He couldn't. He felt that he had to make her some offer of personal service and sacrifice—even if it wasn't very much.

It was at this moment that he first began to wonder if the miracle man at San Juan was only a faker or if once in a while he actually did effect a cure, as all the applause and excitement had indicated. Now the wish to believe is the father and mother of belief, and Ruddy began to wish that the girl could see the miracle man and be touched by him and commanded to walk.

Then he told her about the miracle man. "I couldn't get very close," he said, "but

the people in the front rows who actually saw the cures—they believed. And all the sick people who were trying to get to the miracle man believed. I don't know what you think about such things, but they sure did happen in Bible times and I suppose there's no reason why they shouldn't happen now . . . In one place there was a big pile of crutches—people who'd been lame all their lives had thrown them away—no more use for them."

He did not wish to arouse false hopes in her breast. He gave a sincere and honest account of his own impressions and his own skepticism. But the girl's eyes began to gleam with excitement. In the telling American of it, Ruddy had "sold" her the miracle man.

He perceived this and said: "Don't count too much on him. Maybe he can't cure everybody . . . But—it's only an hour and a half run in my car . . . There's no harm in trying . . . It's too late today—but if you say so I'll come around first thing tomorrow morning and I bet I'll get you to him no matter how thick the crowd is . . . I played half-back on my college team and somehow or other we'll get through . . . Will you go?"

She did not say "Yes. I will go." She looked at him in an adoring, worshipful kind of way and said:

"Oh please take me—please—please take me!"

### III

IF THE young people had taken the trouble to read a copy of the Monterey Herald or the Cypress they would have saved themselves the long run to San Juan and return. They would have learned that the miracle man and the apostles with the gold-rimmed spectacles had been arrested and locked up on a number of charges such as vagrancy and conspiracy to defraud. They would have learned that the miracle man himself was suffering from a frightful cold in the head and a loosening of the vocal cords, accompanied by an almost total loss of his sing-song voice, and that of this condition he found it quite impossible to cure himself.

But the young people would not willingly have been spared that long run in the bright fresh weather.

Ruddy had lifted the girl bodily out of her chair and carried her out to the car. All the way to San Juan and return he looked forward to lifting her once more, and having her thus for a little while in his arms.

All night she had been either in his conscious or in his subconscious mind. The feeling grew and grew in him that he had discovered an exquisite jewel, which because nobody claimed it belonged to him and was his to cherish and take care of.

When they reached San Juan and learned about the miracle man the girl was bitterly disappointed. Two very big tears came slowly out of her eyes and ran down her cheeks. But Ruddy bought sandwiches and hot coffee and brought them to her in the car, and comforted her.

"Suppose," he said, "that there was always going to be a car to ride in and somebody to lift you in and out of it? You should worry!"



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## HEINZ oven Baked Beans



The temptation to play Providence overcame him. Caution and common-sense fled. He wiped away her tears with his own handkerchief and when he had finished his hand was trembling.

"I'm going to take care of you," he said, "always." And he went on: "I knew it was up to me the minute I saw you and learned you had nobody. But I was scared to say so. I was scared that you'd never get to like me enough and that you'd rather go to some old institution. But you wouldn't—would you? . . . I've got a little ranch, lots of tiptop pear trees, and the cutest little house. But that's not enough for one man to take care of."

"You're just sorry for me," the girl broke in, "and—and you're stuck with me and you feel that you've got to do something." She shook her head and loosened two more tears, and she said, "I won't do it."

"Well," said Ruddy, "just let me return those dishes and we'll talk it over."

In a few moments he came back, cranked the car and climbed in. And as they pulled out of San Juan he said:

"Now we'll talk it over," and as the girl made no response he added, "I'll talk it over." And he did.

"You," he said, "have nothing to say about the matter. I'm sorry you can't jump and run and all that, but you can't, and that's why you can't even argue. I never liked any girl but you. I never thought any other girl was cute and pretty. I never wanted to be with any other girl. And now I've got you. You're in my power. If I choose to take you to my ranch and leave you there while I get a license, you can't help yourself. I suppose you could refuse to get married, as far as that goes, but I could keep you prisoner until you changed your mind. And you'd change your mind because I'd be so good to you you couldn't help it . . . The only trouble that I can see is that I like you and you don't like me . . ."

"I do!" she said suddenly.

"Yes—a lot! You like me so much that sooner than do exactly what I say you'd let them send you to an institution."

"The more I liked a man," said the girl, "the more I'd want to be fair to him—even if it hurt me."

The grade between San Juan and Salinas is very heavy, and the pace of the baby-blue flivver invited calm and reflection. For nearly half a mile of solid wild flowers Ruddy nursed his machinery, reflected and did not speak. Then the top of the pass being reached, he turned his car over to the one mechanism which never misses fire and whose clutch never slips—gravity—tested his brakes to see that all was well with them, leaned a little toward the girl and said:

"Suppose I take you at your word! Suppose I take you back to your house and carry you in and put you back in your chair and say good by and go away—and you know that I've gone away for good and all—what are you going to think, how are you going to feel? With no one to take care of you and no place to go?"

She started at once to answer him, but he cut her off short.

"You can't answer a question like that offhand," he said. "You've got to do some thinking and imagining. You've got to picture yourself back in that chair with

the one person in the world who wanted to take care of you and work for you gone, and gone for good. You think hard."

Whether she thought hard or not is unknown. Probably she didn't, because usually people don't when they are told to; but she kept quiet and looked straight ahead of her for such a long time that Ruddy became worried. He was afraid that he had offended her. But he hadn't. For she said finally:

"This is honest truth. I've always dreamed that somebody like you would come along, and—and like me a lot, and take me away and be good to me. And in the dream I got well and was a wonderful help to him and we were always happier than other people . . . If you take me back to my house and go away and leave me I'll just die . . . But it isn't right for you to do anything else, and I won't let you."

He could not shake her determination. Her life was bound to be a mess anyway and she wasn't going to let him make a mess of his. She was stubborn, Ruddy thought, and unreasonable. By the time they had passed through Salinas and crossed the river and were well along the winding valley road to Monterey he believed that nothing would ever change her. And he was very unhappy.

He had begun the day with certain misgivings. He had not been sure of his own motives or sentiments. He had wondered if it was any feeling stronger than pity which had drawn him toward her. He was sure enough now. Pity was the least of his emotions.

He had found the one girl in the world for him. She was young, she was beautiful, she was good. He loved her immeasurably. He would always love her. And now that he had found her he was going to lose her.

He slowed the car and turned into a narrow dirt road.

"Mind if I have a squint at the ranch?" he asked. "It won't take long."

The first stretch of the dirt road was visible from the highway, then it passed between two rocky hills and became lost behind them.

They passed through the shade of some buckeyes, and in the sunshine beyond, blocking their progress, was coiled a large and probably a very amiable gopher snake. Ruddy, who hated the idea of hurting anything, stopped the car, dismounted and chased the snake into the bushes.

Then he climbed back into the car, but instead of putting it in gear he shut off the motor. The snake had given him a happy thought.

Nevertheless, though the thought was happy his young face looked rather white and stern.

He took the girl suddenly in his arms and held her tight and kissed her lovely face all over. At first she struggled quite desperately and almost frightened him into behaving himself. But just when fright was getting the better of him she stopped struggling and all her muscles relaxed.

If the struggling had frightened Ruddy rather badly, the next thing that happened frightened him much more. He felt her lips flutter against his. She had shut her eyes and kissed him back.

His arms loosened then, and he stopped kissing her. His voice when he spoke





## They need not fade or yellow—*washed this way your pretty blouses keep their color*

They were the very last word in chic—your jacket blouse of demure printed crepe, that breezy slip-on model that went with you round the golf course, to say nothing of your costume blouse so rich in color!

And then—they had their very first laundering. Out they came a sorry, bedraggled sight. Colors streaked and faded, yellowed beyond all hope of salvaging.

Just one careless laundering can make any blouse lose its nice new look.

Don't let your pretty new blouses turn into old ones. Wash them with Lux. Follow the directions on this page—directions recommended by the maker of more than a million blouses.

Cut out this page and keep it. You will find you want to refer to it all the time.

### No color too brilliant—no weave too frail

Colors that used to seem too difficult to launder, brilliant all-over patterns, even these are safe in Lux suds.

Lovely weaves—not to be resisted—come from these feathery suds with never a fragile thread fuzzed up or broken.

Not once but any number of times you can wash your pretty blouses with Lux without fear of harm to their freshness and color. Lux won't fade or streak them; it won't destroy the luster of beautiful silken fabrics or harm the soft finish of fine cottons. If your blouse is safe in water alone it is just as safe in Lux.

### How to keep blouses from fading

Make sure that pure water alone will not harm your blouse.

Whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a washbowl of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Press suds repeatedly through garment. Use fresh suds for each color. Wash very quickly. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. Roll in towel. When nearly dry, press with a warm iron—never a hot one. Be careful to press satins with the nap.

### For their own protection—they recommend Lux

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McCutcheon Linens  
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Betty Wales Dresses  
Mildred Louise Dresses  
Pacific Mills Printed Cottons  
North Star Blankets

Ascher's Knit Goods  
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### The new way to wash dishes

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Just one teaspoonful to a pan is all you need! A single package does at least 54 dish-washings. Try it.

Send today for free booklet of expert laundering advice, "How to Launder Silks, Woolens, Fine Cottons and Linens." Lever Bros. Co., Dept. 79, Cambridge, Mass.

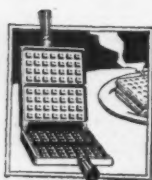
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**TABLE STOVE**  
Cooks 3 things at once

sounded quite rough and masterful, even in his own ears.

"You will be bad to me, will you?" he said. "And send me away! When I love you for keeps! And always will . . ."

His breath failed him. He held her thereafter very snugly in his left arm and with his right hand he pressed her head against his breast and caressed it.

Another miracle had been accomplished and nothing more was said about institutions.

When Ruddy's mother and father heard that Ruddy had married a beggar maiden who couldn't walk they were terribly upset and angry. But when they had seen her drifting about Ruddy's little house in a wheel chair, and keeping house better than thousands of women who have nothing the matter with them except laziness, selfishness and stupidity, and when they had eaten the dinner she cooked for them, and heard her singing while she was cooking it, they changed their minds and their hearts toward her, and when they went back to their home town they boasted about her to all their friends.

The pear trees did splendidly that year. And there wasn't going to be any trouble about money.

There is just one more miracle to relate. And that miracle isn't the baby. The baby wasn't a miracle. He was just a natural, normal, rambunctious, powerful and somewhat self-willed and self-centered baby who reached this world of tears in a perfectly normal and natural way. But the chances are that he worked the miracle.

He was so young at the time that his happy little mother had not yet left her bed for her wheel chair, and he was in the next room being attended to by his father. Either Ruddy was clumsy or the baby believed the moment to be well chosen for self-assertion. Whatever the reason may have been, it is a fact that the baby suddenly began filling his healthy lungs with blasts of air and letting the same out in ear-splitting screeches.

Ruddy was badly rattled and badly in need of help. He gave one despairing look toward the door of the girl's room, and the look of despair changed to a look of wonder.

For the door had opened and the girl had opened it and was standing in the doorway. Standing!

She took two more steps—wobbly, drunken steps. And then Ruddy caught her in his arms and carried her back to her bed. They were both wildly excited, and the baby, left to his own devices, had stopped screeching.

"The moment he began to cry like that," she said, "I knew that I could get to him."

She was all out of breath and so was Ruddy.

"Isn't love too wonderful?" she said.

And Ruddy agreed that it was and he added something equally trite of his own.

"It's the only real miracle there is," he said.

Each of Gouverneur Morris's stories is new and surprising—as you will find the next one in an early COSMOPOLITAN

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BOOK  
1923**



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## Ukridge's Dog College

(Continued from page 64)

I saw you at your rooms my scheme was to specialize in performing dogs for the music halls—what you might call professional dogs. But I've been thinking it over and now I don't see why I shouldn't go in for developing amateur talent as well.

"Say you have a dog—Fido, the household pet—and you think it would brighten the home if he could do a few tricks from time to time. Well, you're a busy man, you haven't the time to give up to teaching him. So you just tie a label to his collar and ship him off for a month to the Ukridge Dog College, and back he comes, thoroughly educated. No trouble, no worry, easy terms.

"Upon my Sam, I'm not sure there isn't more money in the amateur branch than in the professional. I don't see why eventually dog owners shouldn't send their dogs to me as a regular thing, just as they send their sons to Eton and Winchester.

"My golly, this idea's beginning to develop. I'll tell you what—how would it be to issue special collars to all dogs which have graduated from my college? Something distinctive which everybody would recognize? See what I mean? Sort of badge of honor. Fellow with a dog entitled to wear the Ukridge collar would be in a position to look down on the bloke whose dog hadn't got one. Gradually it would get so that anybody in a decent social position would be ashamed to be seen out with a non-Ukridge dog. The thing would become a landslide. Dogs would pour in from all corners of the country. More work than I could handle. Have to start branches. The scheme's colossal. Millions in it, my boy! Millions!"

He paused with his fingers on the handle of the front door.

"Of course," he went on, "just at present it's no good blinking the fact that I'm hampered and handicapped by lack of funds and can only approach the thing on a small scale. What it amounts to, laddie, is that somehow or other I've got to get capital."

It seemed the moment to spring the glad news.

"I promised him I wouldn't mention it," I said, "for fear it might lead to disappointment, but as a matter of fact George Tupper is trying to raise some capital for you. I left him last night starting out to get it."

"George Tupper!" Ukridge's eyes dimmed with a not unmanly emotion. "George Tupper! By gad, that fellow is the salt of the earth. Good, loyal fellow! A true friend. A man you can rely on. Upon my Sam, if there were more fellows about like old Tuppy there wouldn't be all this modern pessimism and unrest. Did he seem to have any idea where he could raise a bit of capital for me?"

"Yes. He went round to tell your aunt about your coming down here to train those Pekes and— Why, what's the matter?"

A fearful change had come over



## The Price Of pretty teeth—Just film removed

Millions have found a delightful way to beautify the teeth. You see the results now wherever you look—in teeth you envy, maybe.

Perhaps no other creation ever did so much to enhance women's beauty. Or to bring about a better dental era. You owe yourself the test we offer here.

### That dingy film

You can feel your teeth now coated with a viscous film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Food stains, etc., discolor it. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Most teeth had film-coats under old methods, for old tooth pastes do not effectively fight film. Tooth troubles were constantly increasing, for film is their major cause.

Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Very few people, under old methods, escaped those film-caused troubles.

### New methods found

To meet that situation dental science searched for ways to fight film. Two ways were finally discovered. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

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### The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. These two great film combatants were embodied in it.

The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent. Now careful people of some fifty nations employ it, largely by dental advice.

### Found other needs

Modern research also found two other things essential. So Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

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Thus every use gives manifold power to these great natural tooth-protecting agents.

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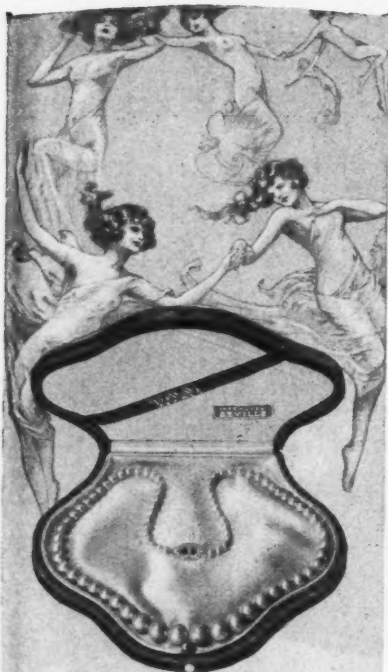
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Ukridge's jubilant front. His eyes bulged, his jaw sagged. With the addition of a few feet of gray whiskers he would have looked exactly like the recent Mr. Nickerson.

"My aunt?" he mumbled, swaying on the door handle.

"Yes. What's the matter? He thought if he told her all about it she might relent and rally round."

The sigh of a gallant fighter at the end of his strength forced its way up from Ukridge's mackintosh-covered bosom.

"Of all the dashed, infernal, officious, meddling, muddling, fat-headed, interfering asses," he said wanly, "George Tupper is the worst."

"What do you mean?"

"The man oughtn't to be at large. He's a public menace."

"But—"

"Those dogs belong to my aunt. I pinched them when she chucked me out!"

Inside the cottage the Pekingese were still yapping industriously.

"Upon my Sam," said Ukridge, "it's a little hard."

I think he would have said more, but at this point a voice spoke with a sudden

*Cosmopolitan for April, 1923*

and awful abruptness from the interior of the cottage.

It was a woman's voice, a quiet, steely voice, a voice, it seemed to me, that suggested cold eyes, a beaky nose and hair like gun metal.

"Stanley!"

That was all it said, but it was enough. Ukridge's eye met mine in a wild surmise. He seemed to shrink into his mackintosh like a snail surprised while eating lettuce.

"Stanley!"

"Yes, Aunt Julia?" quavered Ukridge.

"Come here. I wish to speak to you."

"Yes, Aunt Julia."

I sidled out into the road. Inside the cottage the yapping of the Pekingese had become quite hysterical. I found myself trotting, and then—though it was a warm day—running quite rapidly.

I could have stayed if I had wanted to, but somehow I did not want to. Something seemed to tell me that on this holy domestic scene I should be an intruder.

What it was that gave me that impression I do not know—probably vision, or the big, broad, flexible outlook.

*As naturally as a spring bubbles water, the pen of P. G. Wodehouse bubbles cool, crisp humor. His next COSMOPOLITAN story is pure mental refreshment.*

## The Brinkerhoff Brothers

(Continued from page 79)

sister from Herculeum, they dissolved into big fluffy tears. And there was great ado of removing the spectacles, which had become entangled in the veiling, and Oscar, who stood by, kept reaching out his hand and drawing it back.

She was his now. More than anything else he wanted to untangle Trina's spectacles from her wedding veil and fit them back on the dear little red welt on the bridge of her nose. That little red welt was his now. His hand kept moving backward and forward like a shuttle.

And already Henry, standing by, was hurting with the sense of his thirddness.

The Oscars went to housekeeping in a four room flat on Kennerly Avenue. There had been talk of a room for Henry. Trina, in fact, had marched up to his door one evening while Oscar stood at the foot of the stairs waiting, and knocked. Henry with his entire going to bed at loose ends since Oscar was remaining out on the porch so late, a-woeing, had already removed one shoe and was staring at the wall. The knock startled him and he limped to the door, opening it an inch.

"It's me, Henry. Trina."

He was horribly embarrassed and linked his foot in the white balbriggan sock up behind his knee.

"Oh!" he said. "Trina! Joost a minute. I'm in bed almost," and closed the door its half-inch.

"Never mind, Henry. I can say it from here." And then Trina began to recite, Oscar's eyes down at the foot of the stairs burning up against her back.

"Henry, we want you to come and live with us. We've got to know because we're going hunting tomorrow for a flat with the extra room."

It was a peculiar thing about Trina's voice. Just say "Herculeum" as if your vocal chords were strung along your frontal bone and you have it. The rise to the antepenultimate syllable of Trina's hometown contained the full range of her vocal inflection.

Poor Henry. Listening to her voice now, every shade of it started him trembling. It was like tearing something as close as his right side off of him, leaving him bleeding, that Oscar should go. He wanted that room in Oscar's home. Wanted it with a sob in his throat.

"Why, Trina," he said, "that's goot. I appreciate it. But young married couples, it's an old saying, they got it best by themselves."

"Now Henry, there's a room waiting if you say the word."

If he said the word! He wanted to, but it stuck in his throat and the little grunts in his breathing tumbled over themselves. He wanted more than anything he had ever wanted in his life, that room in the home of his sharer of eloquent silences. But the plating on Trina's voice was so pitifully thin, and well, Henry knew, deep down in his heart where he kept the little adder of a thought resolutely tucked away, that Oscar and Trina should have found the flat with his room in it first, and then swept, rather than interrogated, him.

And so he stood rubbing his white-stockinged foot against the back of his leg, wanting to say yes. Wanting to, and instead only repeating what he hoped she would not accept from him.

"If I thought I wasn't in the way—"

"We've got to know, Henry. There's a four room flat over on Kennerly just suits fine. But it's no trouble to look for a five room flat."

"O Trina, Trina," sighed poor Henry's heart.

"No trouble at all, Henry."

"I know that young married couples they like it best sometimes alone. I wouldn't be in the way, I could promise you that, only I'm afraid it's not right—"

And then for the first time Trina's voice lost its pie-pan shallowness and came out with heartiness.

"Well, Henry, I don't want to insist, you're so used to it here, but remember, that extra plate and knife and fork are always waiting for you on our table in our home. 'Always welcome' is our motto."

And Oscar at the bottom of the stairs, drunk on the phrases "our table," "our home," "our motto," had his little adder of discomfort too, but which he would not so much as let lift its head.

After all, both Trina and he had done their best. Henry's ways were set. But well the little adder down in Oscar knew—it knew.

Gaunt, lank, unlaughing Oscar. Life had been the color of horsehair and the smell of damp hassocks for him. He wanted his Trina in their flat where he could have her nearness for his very own.

And so the next day the four room flat in the two family house on Kennerly Avenue was rented and announced at the supper table to many a "Now aren't you sorry you turned us down," and "See now, Mr. Hoity Toity, what you're missing," flung merrily to Henry, who grunted and grunted as if he really believed the indictment.

And how Trina, who for almost the twenty-eight years of her life had lived with the married sister in Herculeaneum, worn her cast-off clothing and cooked for a family of five and three farm hands, did blossom.

It was a pleasure to see her thin, nervous face pinken up, and because she had never in all her experience known the intoxication of handling money, she spent lavishly on the furnishings of the flat. A little too lavishly. There was a hundred and thirty-five dollar phonograph with a balcony front mahogany case for the parlor, and the dining room set, Mission finished oak with colored glass in the buffet doors, cost two hundred and seventy-five. And Trina could not resist a life size plaster negro boy, in such true to life ragged trousers you could almost want to mend the rents, and holding half a watermelon in the form of a card receiver, to stand between the folding doors.

But there was the five hundred dollar wedding present, half of his savings, from Henry's and Oscar's own nest egg which from the years of natural penury was nicely around a thousand, that could easily stand the strain.

And so they were married and Henry moved up to the third floor, in what Mrs. Burby called her "single gent room," and except that there was one collar and cuff box on the chiffonier now and the velvet framed photographs of the dead and buried Brinkerhoffs reposed on the Kennerly Avenue mantelpiece, there was not much change in the daily scheme of things for Henry Brinkerhoff.

Even the deceased Burby, who looked like Brigham Young, had followed him upstairs, and the red velvet rocker that bulged with old springs.

It was as natural that every act of



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1786



Henry's should fall into routine as it was that his Monday, Wednesday and Friday pipe should alternate with the remaining days of the week. It happened that his first dinner at the home of the Oscars was on a Friday evening, and thereafter, ticktock, Friday evenings it continued to be.

With this exception of the one evening a week, the old after-dinner intervals were his, pretty much as they had always been, tilted up against the house on his straight-back chair in summer and in the winter reading his Home Edition beside the gas lamp in the Burby reception hall.

He was quiet, and more than ever Henry had come to love the swoon-like depths of his silence.

Almost from the beginning things did not go so well with the Oscars.

In the first place, Oscar sprained a ligament in his leg the second month, reaching from a ladder to hang an oval picture with a convex glass to it, of Queen Louise on the stairs. Trina had bought it from a man at the door.

For the first time in twenty-one years Oscar missed a day on his route, but after that he hobbled with a cane and managed pretty well.

Then didn't the new hat rack in the hall do the top-heavy act of toppling over on a boy who was delivering some curtain rods from a neighborhood hardware store, breaking his collar bone and banging him up pretty badly. There was some talk of a law suit but Oscar settled finally for fifty dollars and almost an equal amount in doctor bills.

Well, that blew over, and when Henry came on his Fridays it was to find a state of beatitude that gave him the same hot-tish feeling he had experienced when Oscar had laughed that first morning and had shown his long, seldom exposed teeth. Positively, it was embarrassing to see Oscar's hand linger too long on Trina's if she so much as passed him the syrup jug.

Once he walked in on them playing clip-clap-clop with the palms of their hands, and another time at the supper table, when the electric current gave out and came on so suddenly that it revealed Oscar and Trina breaking apart from having taken advantage of the darkness to embrace, he was so embarrassed that he could scarcely look up again during the meal. Not so much for himself as for Oscar. Dark, narrow Oscar in this ridiculous plight. It was kinder somehow not to look.

And he didn't. As the months wore on, for every time that Oscar's hand lingered too long over the syrup jug, Henry would be assiduously looking out of the window, and when Trina stumbled once over a rug and landed plump in Oscar's lap, and, knowing Henry, to his supreme embarrassment, could not get up for laughing, Henry rose hastily from his chair to pretend to search for something among the uncut pages of Lives of Famous Men which Trina had bought at the door, on "monthlies."

It was after the first year that things turned not so good in earnest. Trina, true to Henry's unwitting prophecy, developed "bearing down pains." It was pitiful to see her newly acquired pinkiness recede and the circles and a little crop of water bubbles come out under her eyes. At first

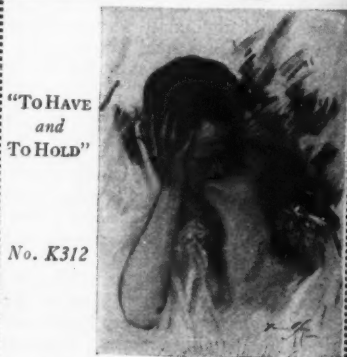
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she tried the sample remedies thrown around at front doors by old men carrying canvas bags like sowers. It was no unusual thing for Oscar to come home and find her with the potatoes peeled but not frying, sitting on the edge of the kitchen table poring over booklet testimonials from beneficiaries of this or that pill.

Pills. Trina was a great believer in their efficacy. But when these minor remedies failed, and Trina would pause in the midst of her sweeping to clutch at the small of her back, for all the world like the "before taking" pictures on the pamphlet, Oscar took to bringing home drug store remedies. Once Mrs. Sydney on Newstead Avenue, who had had an operation, recommended a home brew of herbs and some sort of bitters, giving Oscar the first herbs from her own store of them, and for a while it seemed that the mixture would do the work; but one morning Trina just could not get up until, as she put it, she had laid some of the backache out of her—so Oscar prepared his breakfast and hers and carried it in to her and came off his route at eleven to see how she felt.

After that Trina no longer got up for breakfast and Oscar became quite adept at puttering over the stove, even taking a hand at the evening meal while Trina was so poorly. Once while frying himself a piece of his invariable breakfast beefsteak, the gas stove exploded up into his face with quite a report, but there was no damage and the stove was repaired. He learned the trick of corn bread too, tying one of Trina's aprons about his waist and stirring for dear life.

Poor Trina. That first year or two she tried. Valiantly. Nailing up lace shelf paper with her face screwed with her complaint. Surprising Oscar with the oilcloth on the stairs laid when he came home one evening. Gilding the imitation gas logs in the imitation gas grate and running up to greet him that night all smelling, as Oscar put it when he kissed her between the smears of gilt, "just like a little banana."

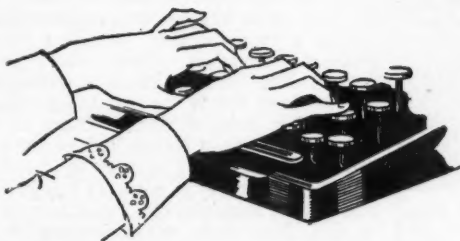
And Trina loved being a little banana and she loved her home and her sovereignty over it. With a stack of unwashed dishes in the sink and the bedroom pretty untidy, she liked to putter in the parlor, secure against the whanging voice of her sister, or the dirty little yanking fingers of her nieces and nephews.

And how that parlor seemed to become smaller and smaller as Trina jammed it fuller and fuller. It came to have somewhat the look of a small boy fairly crammed with bonbons and about to be very uncomfortable.

Trina could no more withstand the front door canvasser than she could too many of the cone-shaped chocolates which Oscar brought her now, as he used to bring them to Bettina. At her front door by the easy signing of a slip and fifty cents down, she negotiated for a dozen cabinet size photographs of herself with colored enlargement. "Little Pet" carpet sweeper came that way, and of course the Queen Louise and the Lives of Great Men. Also a brown pottery jardinière which contained her rubber tree, a glossy leaved beauty which she tended like a baby, washing the leaves in milk to make them shine.

Then the sick headaches set in. "Sik-kedicks" as Henry came horridly to know

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them from Trina's pronunciation. The surest barometer of Trina's state of head came to be the fold of flesh between Oscar's eyes.

When the brothers met, as they did each morning at the livery stable for their horses and runabouts, Henry could tell at a glance by that worried furrow in the cloud of one of Trina's all too frequent sikkedicks hung over the land.

"Not so goot with Trina today," was about Oscar's summing up of it, or, if it happened to be Friday: "You should stop by at Finney's for the bread tonight, Henry. I'll bring some smelts from the community market. Trina's got sikkedick."

And off they drove in opposite directions, the long narrow buggies somber as deacons and in a way distinctly resembling the brothers themselves. Oscar with the worried dent between his eyes. Henry settling down low in his seat lulled with the sedative order of his life. More and more as the sense of his brother's eruptive little home, with the sink of unwashed dishes and Trina often with her hair in a pug and her shoes slattern, began to grow on him, Henry clung to the simple geometry of his scheme of things. The long identical evenings. Seven-thirty breakfasts with never an ado. The little room with the burnt wood collar box and the alternate pipe airing on the window sill. Nobody's headache.

Henry, whose loyalty to his brother was like a non-drip candle that burned a perfect cone-shaped flame, long and unwavering and white, came to castigate himself soundly for his many invading states of mind toward Trina.

For instance, he wanted honestly and whole-heartedly to sympathize with her "sikkedicks" although he had never experienced one and could not remember that his little mother had ever swallowed under the complaint; it was evidently a malady that could wrack the victim and cast him aside like a rag doll. But for the life of him Henry could not help a major sensation of disgust when he arrived at the flat to find Trina with her eyes looking spilled and the lids just far enough over the pupils to rob them of any expression whatsoever. Sort of like a baby's who sleeps with his eyes not quite closed.

How that "sikkedick" predominated the house! Henry could feel it when he set foot on the lowermost step. The smell of camphor or witch-hazel or whatever it was that Trina daubed up her brow with. Oscar, tiptoeing clumsily over boards that creaked under rugs, and looking outlandish in the gingham apron about his middle as he puttered away at supper. Trina in the unesthetic headcloth, pinned over with a safety pin in back and forever holding on to the small of her back as if she were broken and in danger of falling in two parts.

Deep dyed disgust of her filled Henry. There was something not nice about her "heddicks." Something almost not—clean. People with decent reticences didn't have them, or at least if they did never dragged them about in public that way. There was something that offended Henry horribly about her sick eyes and the way she would grab up Oscar's hand suddenly and press it to her brow. Oscar sitting meanwhile stiff and embarrassed and going on with his other hand at whatever he was

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You may think Watson was a genius. Then how about Wrigley, the chewing gum king? He started as a poor newsboy in Chicago and now makes many times more money in a day than thousands of people earn in a year! How about Douglas, the millionaire shoeman who was a shoemaker's helper. I could mention thousands of others. Read your history and you'll find that the

very men you know best—Napoleon, Grant, Lincoln, and countless others—became famous by using this simple method. Yet you, too, possess the magic that made millions for Rockefeller, Vanderbilt, Sabin, Schwab and Edison! The ease with which you'll climb in business and in private life will seem almost miraculous once you learn to use it.

### Anyone Can Use It

You don't need to have a college education to use this method to great advantage. If you can only read and write you have the proper qualifications to make this marvelous discovery unlock the doors to the world's greatest treasures! You can learn it in a surprisingly short time. And the minute you learn it, you become more forceful, persuasive, confident. You think better, clearer, quicker. Your success becomes rapid—sure—easy. You'll astonish your friends and yourself as well!

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### How It Works

The method is simple, too. One of the greatest psychologists the world has ever known, Prof. Frank Channing Haddock, has discovered, after years of patient research and study, certain things about

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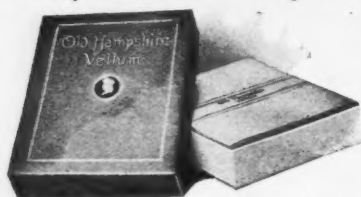
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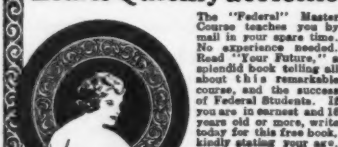
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doing, as if nothing had happened. Only up against her brow Trina could feel the little tremor of sympathy from him which he so shamefacedly concealed from his brother, who upon such occasions and many similar ones immediately sought retreat among the uncut pages of the Lives of Great Men.

And then she could be testy with Oscar. That almost killed Henry. One evening, when he tried to make her lie down instead of standing, sick and staggering over the pungency of frying smelts, she cried out to him: "Oh, go to the devil! I can't call my hired girl in to fix supper, can I? Somebody has to do it."

And another time, ministering to the crick in her back he spilled liniment down it and she cried out in pain, "Great big boob, you!" And then a few minutes later when Oscar came into the parlor, that looped up smile on his face, smeared over the hurt, as it were, it was all Henry could do to keep the tears from splashing down on volume four, the Lives of Great Men.

On the other hand, Trina on her good days was the loving and honoring and obeying wife whom Oscar had so solemnly taken at the altar. Babying him, smoothing his widening bald spot and serving him in a hundred nervous little solicitous ways. Neither was she without a very definite kind of affection for her brother-in-law, calling him Grunty, and on her well Fridays she invariably had kale boiled with ham-end, a dish of which he was inordinately fond.

Sitting alone in his side yard evening after evening tilted against the brick wall, pipe in its slow journeys from his knee to his lips, Henry was tireless at his cogitations about Oscar, pondering for hours upon these new and secret places in his brother's life. Places no longer of the pool. Places that Oscar never by word or act revealed to him. To what extent was Oscar realizing the nervous unesthetic woman who was his? Trina bit her finger nails. Trina let her corsets and tired looking bits of clothing droop over chairs from day's end to day's end. She was fast losing what looks she had, too. Her arms were so bony now, from their incessant darting to and fro, no doubt, and the water bubbles beneath her eyes pulled at her expression.

More than once when Oscar walked to the corner with Henry as he did on Friday nights, Oscar's eyes, as they parted with just "Goot night," had ridden through the darkness with Henry into the waiting quiet of Mrs. Burby's room as if they too had wanted to come.

Was Oscar envying Henry?

One October morning, when the brothers met at the livery stable, Oscar's face, which if one thought about it at all was usually the color of strong burlap, presented this day the peculiar ashen of rope instead. Dry. Fibrous. Without the suggestion of blood running through it.

"Oscar?" cried Henry, putting startled interrogation into the word.

"Trina had the doctor last night. Next Saturday morning. St. Anthony's Hospital. Operation."

That was all. The brothers rode their ways that morning with the whips in their sockets unflecked. It was misting and above the storm curtains their faces looked out squarely. For all the world like gaunt Abraham Lincolns.

Cosmopolitan for April, 1923

Trina came through splendidly. In fact, her first two months out of the hospital she gained flesh so rapidly that Oscar spanked her one evening as she passed him to water the rubber plant and called her "Fatty." All her skirt bands had to be let out and gussets set into her waists. The "sikkedicks" persisted, but not so frequently, and except that it remained impossible for Trina to feel well enough to get up to prepare Oscar's breakfasts, conditions in the little flat improved.

Indeed, Trina, who came to love afternoon "movies," could return home quite flushed and pretty looking often barely in time to throw together the evening meal and as she put it, "redd up the place a bit."

Oscar indulged her love of entertainment, often providing the ticket for Mrs. Burby too, but there was a little pinch in the household. Trina's operation and doctor bills had mounted to over six hundred dollars, and then on top of it, with the mechanical gesture of a firm which has turned into a corporation, Henry's salary was raised to fifty dollars.

Not Oscar's. He had been falling off, you see. Irregularities. Trina's operation and expenses had taken him off the route daily for weeks. Oscar's collections were not up to mark.

And the first thing Henry knew, Oscar, white with the ignominy of it, was at him for a loan. Four hundred dollars, which he gave over, cheerfully.

The first hundred was paid back within the six months, but Trina, still lavish with the *elan* of one unaccustomed to handling money, had her heart set on one of those newfangled washing machines which had appeared at the door, and Oscar, with Henry's wide indulgence, let the payment of the second hundred lapse a month.

But before that month had rounded out an event stalked in that fairly knocked Oscar over the head with a slapstick.

Trina was with child. For three months, with a reticence not at all typical of her, she had carried this secret from Oscar, finally sobbing it out to him one evening because she could not eat her dinner.

He sat stunned, with his hand on her humped little shoulders as she told him, and he kissed her and Trina cried and cried and wanted it and didn't want it and cried and cried some more.

But it was almost two more months before Oscar could bring himself to tell Henry, and then only because Trina was developing a querulousness that needed justification and because Oscar could not see the second payment on that four hundred clearly ahead.

Oscar told him on the corner one Friday evening as they parted.

"That's goot," was all Henry could find to say over and over again as they wrung hands and parted. "That's very fine. That's goot."

But all the way home in a wild kind of pain for his brother, Henry kept asking himself over and over again, was it so goot? Was it?

It wasn't, because Trina's baby was born in such agony of travail that Oscar, standing waiting through the black aisle of the night, finally laid his head down on the parlor table and sobbed in long audible tearing sounds like corn husks rasping off the ear. Sobs that cut him in two—and Henry.

At high noon of the next day, in the midst of Trina's cries and entreaties and callings upon God, her son was born. It was Sunday, and straight through the chime-lit morning the brothers had waited side by side on two stiff-backed chairs in the parlor.

When the nurse placed his son in Oscar's arms, he began to laugh sillily again and in the manner that had so frightfully embarrassed Henry that time at breakfast. So sillily and so full of hysteria that Henry, without so much as glancing at the little living bundle of his nephew, hurried over to the shelf that bore the Lives of Great Men.

It was two months before Trina set foot out of bed. Three before the nurse could be dismissed, and then for another month Mrs. Burby did all the cooking, sending it over by Henry or Bettina in buckets covered with paper napkins.

There was not much left of the spick-and-span newness of the little flat of three years before. The furniture had dulled and the carpets. The rubber plant had one lone leaf, and Trina's erstwhile pride, the black plaster boy, had a crack in his face that bisected it on the diagonal.

They were bitter days, those first few months of the life of Oscar's son. Trina, poor girl, shattered in health and nerves. Oscar at his wits' end and deeper in debt to Henry than ever.

And the baby. Well, Oscar's son was the kind of child over whom people bend pitying heads and say: "Poor little fellow, he may outgrow it. They often do, you know." His head was too large. So large that it drooped tiredly like an enormous mushroom on a slender stalk, the little chin resting against the chest. A sweet unfretful baby with a little harassed face that said, "Why?"

And how fiercely and with a famished love that blazed color into her thin cheeks, Trina tended and nursed and suffered of the cruel steel braces they put under his chin.

And Henry and Oscar de-daddling that child! It was to laugh, the solemn two of them, grimacing, trying to awaken that mysterious star of light that meant recognition in the poor little eyes that were set on top, almost like a frog's. Doing "this little piggy went to market, this little piggy stayed at home," the only nursery rhyme they knew, to each and every finger and each and every toe.

But Oscar's son regarded them blandly, almost as the mushroom a little too heavy on its stem might have.

"He knows me," cried Oscar, knowing it not to be true.

"The little fellow smiled at me," cried Henry, knowing that he hadn't smiled at all.

"He's muvver's darling darlinest," cried Trina, her eyes beautiful with the stardust of being a mother.

And so the months wore on and Trina's strength came back slowly, if at all, and the boy Buster's big head lolled on its puny stalk and expenses kept just a little bit ahead of Oscar.

And there the flat stood, dirty and cluttered from one week's end to the next except when Mrs. Burby came over and lent a hand, or Oscar and Henry tidied a bit on Friday evenings, or Trina with her old bearing down pains again dragged herself around in her nightgown

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and slip-slopping slippers, dusting and trying when she could to have a decent snack of supper for Oscar when he came home tired.

But at least little Buster seldom cried and through the long days would lie almost meditatively in the tender cove of his mother's arm, and with every visit of the doctor a trail of good cheer like a slant of sunshine was left over the house.

"Don't you worry over that youngster. I've seen them a whole lot more backward than he is develop into bust-roarers."

And Trina's eyes would fill with gratitude and Oscar clear his throat and offer a cigar.

"And you too, Mrs. Brinkerhoff. You're going to gradually get back your strength and be three times the woman you were before the birth of this young rascal."

"Oh doctor—dear doctor!"

And yet the weeks dragged on so, and one day because Oscar could endure no more—she had acquired the habit of whining at him from the bed to do this and not for God's sake to do that—a flash of anger smote him in his eyes and he slammed blindly out of the house. At least slammed for him. Running down the front steps and closing the lower door on a burst of ejaculation that sounded to Trina as she lay there appalled, terrifyingly like damn.

That afternoon at about five-thirty it happened.

Trina, jerked strangely enough into awareness, not anger, had pulled herself together and with little Buster under one arm was frying a mess of flounder for supper. Oscar liked flounder. She had cleaned the front room, too. Tied a ribbon bow around the crack in the jardinière that contained the rubber plant, and for the first time, at least since Buster was born, her blonde hair was crimped and held in place with her rhinestone combs and she wore a dimity dress with a sash made of the same material.

Oscar had frightened Trina. Tears of self-pity spurted more than once as she probed into the fish with her fork, but she squeezed them back. All her intuition told her somehow that this was not the time for self-pity. Therefore the rhinestone combs and the dimity dress. Trina was not all fool. So she tasted back her tears and poked at the flounder and leaned to raise the gas flame . . .

It happened in a smear and a bang, a roar and a spurt of flame, the very gas burner that had once popped into Oscar's face flew out with a great stain of fire over Trina as she stood there clutching her baby under one arm, her dimity sash standing out like a butterfly doused into nothing by the very first flame.

"Baby—Oscar—oh God—oh—"

When Oscar came home the house was filled with neighbors and the stairs smelled cold and charred.

They were in the act of dressing Trina's arm, which was held in the air like a dreadful signal when Oscar entered the bedroom, and so Henry, coming in to Friday night supper some five minutes later, found his brother in a dead faint on the floor, a

neighbor trying to force water down him, but which ran off instead into a long mandarin mustache down his collar.

By ten o'clock Trina had not regained sufficient consciousness to feel her pain and the baby too lay in a torpor that was merciful to it.

But once more the doctor was optimistic. "There's a good fighting chance for both of them. No flame swallowed and eyes safe."

Inferentially, when the bang came Trina had displayed sufficient presence of mind to toss the baby well out of the flare and in some way her own dodge had saved her eyes and throat. So far so good. At this early hour there was no foretelling further developments, but there were too many people about. The doctor and the nurse shooed them all out like flies, Henry included.

He walked home through a September evening that was whitish with starlight. The Burbys were on their square of front porch. Gabble-gabble as usual. He cut across to the lawn for his chair, which was tilted and waiting against the side wall of the house.

He felt as a man must after he has lost a great deal of blood. Rather as if life had a circular motion to it; and the cushions of his fingers were shirred as if they had been long in water.

There stood his silence, waiting for him. Deep and cool as a well. "It was almost as if he could lave it refreshingly to his face the way he did with water in his morning wash. And upstairs waited his room, with the burnt wood collar box exactly as it had stood since Oscar's marriage, and his Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday pipe airing on the window sill.

He lighted his Monday, Wednesday and Friday's.

*Pu—pu—pu—pu—*

Poor Oscar's pipe scheme was all awry. Sometimes he borrowed a few puffs off of Henry's, for the sweetness.

Oscar, who had fallen out of the order and quiet as a child might fall headlong out of a window. A great wave of bitterness made Henry's face wry, as if he were tasting something horrid. Oscar, who might so easily be sitting there now beside him. Oscar, who loved the tick and tock. Oscar, whose neat, square-toed shoes were broken and grinning now. It stabbed Henry to see him in these. His brother's shoes had always been as firm toed and punctiliously blacked as his own. And now . . .

Suddenly a thought smote Henry. A gadfly of a thought that swam across the darkness and hung brilliantly and twenty times its natural size, right before Henry's eyes.

What if Trina should die?

Trina, who was a drain, and poor little Buster, whose head would probably always be too large for his body. A brilliant, persistent gadfly of a thought that was almost a hope, which try as he would Henry could not banish. Even when it receded and became smaller, it glittered so in the darkness! What if Trina should die? Oscar back once more in the well ordered quiet. The second story room again with

the twin collar boxes—the deceased Burby's eyes—almost human—what if Trina should—

To throw off this thought which lighted and glittered, Henry began to walk again toward Kennerly Avenue. It was after eleven and the streets quiet so that his footsteps sort of followed him down the sidewalks.

There still was a light in the bedroom of the Oscar flat. He could see it from the side of the house as he approached. Was Trina better? Henry tried to buoy himself with this hope and ran up the porch steps insisting to himself, "I hope Trina's better. I hope Trina's better."

The screen door was unlatched and the parlor dark. But in the bedroom the center gas was burning full size into the stifling etheric atmosphere. Oscar was on the bed edge bending over, and Trina with her arms, bandages and all, locked about his neck so that her head, bandaged too, was lifted from the pillow, was talking in her highest and most nervous voice. The strand of hair, discolored with iodine, hung loose of the binding gauze.

Henry, who feared that she might be delirious, stood off in the darkened parlor to tremble and to wait.

"Am I going to die, Oscar? Is my baby going to die? I won't go alone."

"Why Trina, of course you are not going to die. You are a little burnt, that's all. You and baby. Joost a little burnt."

"I ought to die, Oscar. Me and baby. And relieve you. You've had so little out of it, Oscar, but worry—and drain—oh—oh—poor Oscar—poor Trina—I ought to die—but not without baby—I can't go alone—I know I ought to die—for you—"

"Don't say that Trina. Don't say that!" cried the Oscar whom Henry, standing out there trembling in the darkness, had never seen before. "Don't say that. Don't die. Live, Trina. You and baby, live for me! I couldn't go back to things without you. Live, Trina, you and baby. Live. Live."

And to Henry's horror, as he stood there with the goose flesh shuddering over him, Oscar pitched forward against Trina so that she had to hold him even with the bandaged part of her arm from crushing over on the sleeping little Buster, his words tumbling, crashing, slithering over each other like coals down a steel chute.

"Live, Trina, live! For me—couldn't—go back—to things without you. Live, Trina—you and baby—live."

And her voice, a banner of it, waving: "We'll live, Oscar. We'll live. We'll live."

Somehow Henry got down the stairs again, stealthily, and out into the whitish darkness. There were no pedestrians and by the time he reached home again church chimes were tilting out a solemn midnight.

Up in his room, seated there on the side of the bed, the eyes of the deceased Burby that were almost human focused upon him, clump went one of Henry's shoes. And then very much later, clump, the other. And still he sat round-backed and looking at the silence.

Henry, envying Oscar.

*A new story by Kathleen Norris in April COSMOPOLITAN—a story of home folks, told with all Mrs. Norris's skill in depicting those little, poignant things in daily life that all of us know and few of us really see.*



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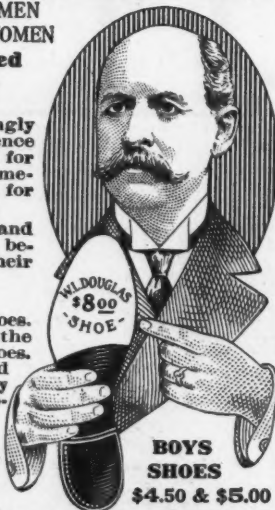
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## The Hope of Happiness

(Continued from page 49)

"I think," said her father, "it might be as well to begin refusing again. What about him, Shep?"

"He's a good sort, I think," Shepherd replied after a hasty glance at his wife. "But of course—"

"Of course, he's divorced," interposed Constance, "and he hasn't been here long. But people I know in Chicago say he was well liked there. What is it he has gone into, Shep?"

"He came here to open a branch of a lumber company—a large concern, I think," Shepherd replied. "I believe he has been divorced, father, if that's what's troubling you."

"Oh, he told me all about the divorce!" interposed Leila imperturbably. "His wife got crazy about another man and—biff! Don't worry, dada; he isn't dangerous."

When they had gone upstairs to the library for coffee, Leila lighted a cigarette and proceeded to open some letters that had been placed on a small desk kept in the room for her benefit. She perched herself on the desk and read aloud, between whiffs of her cigarette, snatches of news from a letter from one of her girl friends. Shepherd handed her a cup and she stirred her coffee, the cigarette hanging from her lip. Constance feigned not to notice a shadow of annoyance on her father-in-law's face as Leila, her legs dangling, occasionally kicked the desk frame with her heels.

"By the way, Leila," said Constance, "the Nelsons want to sell their place at Harbor Hills. They haven't been there for several years, you know. It's one of the best locations anywhere in Michigan. It would solve the eternal summer problem for all of us—so accessible and a marvelous view—and you could have all the water sports you wanted. And they say the new clubhouse is a perfect dream."

Shepherd Mills's cup tottered with a sharp staccato in its saucer. He had warned his wife not to broach the matter of purchasing the northern Michigan cottage, which she had threatened to do for some time and had discussed with Leila in the hope of enlisting her as an ally for an effective assault upon Mills.

"It's a peach of a place, all right," Leila remarked. "I wonder if the yacht goes with the house. I believe I could use that yacht. Really, dada, we ought to have a regular summer place. I'm fed up on rented cottages. If we had a house like the Nelsons' we could all use it."

She had promised Constance to support the idea, but her sister-in-law had taken her off guard and she was aware that she hadn't met the situation with quite the enthusiasm it demanded. Mills was lighting a cigar in his usual unhurried fashion. He was aware that Constance was in the habit of using Leila as an advocate when she wanted him to do something extraordinary, and Leila, to his secret delight, usually betrayed the source of her inspiration.

"What do the Nelsons want for the property?" he asked, settling himself back in his chair.

"I suppose the yacht isn't included,"

Constance answered. "They're asking sixty thousand for the house and there's a lot of land, you know. The Nelsons live in Detroit and it would be easy to get the details."

"You said yourself it was a beautiful place when you were there last summer," Leila resumed, groping in her memory for the reasons with which Constance had fortified her for urging the purchase. "And the golf course up there is a wonder, and the whole place is very exclusive—only the nicest people."

"I thought you preferred the northeast coast," her father replied. "What's sent you back to fresh water?"

"Oh, dada, I just have to change my mind sometimes! If I kept the same idea in my bean very long it would bore me terribly."

Constance, irritated that Leila was proving so poor an ally, tried to signal for silence. But Leila, having undertaken to implant in her father's mind the desirability of acquiring the cottage at Harbor Hills, was unwilling to drop the subject.

"Poor old Shep never gets any vacation to amount to anything. If we had a place in Michigan he could go up every weekend and get a breath of air. We all of us could have a perfectly grand time."

"Who's all?" demanded her father. "You'd want to run a select boarding house, would you?"

"Well, not exactly. But Connie and I could open the place early and stay late and we'd hope you'd be with us all the time, and Shep, whenever he could get away."

"Shep, I think this is only a scheme to shake you and me for the summer. Connie and Leila are trying to put something over on us. And of course we can't stand for any such thing."

"Of course, father, the upkeep of such a place is considerable," Shepherd replied conciliatingly.

"Yes; quite as much as a town house, and you'd never use it more than two or three months a year. By the way, Connie, do you know those Cincinnati Marvins Leila and I met up there?"

She knew that her father-in-law had, with characteristic deftness, disposed of the Harbor Hills cottage as effectually as though he had roared a refusal. Shepherd, still smarting under the rejection of his plan for giving his workmen a clubhouse, marveled at the suavity with which his father eluded matters that did not impress him favorably. He wondered at times whether his father was not in some degree a superman who in his judgments and actions exercised a Jovian supremacy over the rest of mankind. Leila, finding herself bored by her father's talk with Constance about the Marvins, sprang from the table, stretched herself lazily and said she guessed she would go and dress.

When she reached the door she turned toward him with mischief in her eyes. "What are you up to tonight, dada? You might stroll over and see Millie! The Claytons didn't ask her to their party."

"Thanks for the hint, dear," Mills replied with a tinge of irony.

"I think I'll go with you," said Constance as Leila impudently kissed her fingers to her father and turned toward her room. "Whistle for me at eight-thirty, Shep."

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Both men rose as the young women left the room—Franklin Mills was punctilious in all the niceties of good manners—but before resuming his seat he closed the door. There was something ominous in this and Shepherd nervously lighted a cigarette.

He covertly glanced at his watch to fix in his mind the amount of time he must remain with his father before Constance returned. He loved and admired his wife—there was something almost filial in his attitude toward her—and he envied her the ease with which she ignored or surmounted difficulties.

Connie made mistakes in dealing with her father-in-law and Shepherd was aware of this, but his own errors in this respect only served to strengthen his reliance on the understanding and sympathy of his wife, who was an adept in concealing disappointment and discomfiture. When Shepherd was disposed to complain of his father, Connie was always consoling. She would say:

"You're altogether too sensitive, Shep. It's an old trick of fathers to treat their sons as though they were still boys. Your father can't realize that you're grown up. But he knows you stick to your job and that you're anxious to please him. I suppose he thought you'd grow up to be just like himself; but you're not, so it's up to him to take you as the pretty fine boy you are. You're the steadiest young man in town and you needn't think he doesn't appreciate that."

Shepherd, fortifying himself with a swift recollection of his wife's frequent reassurances of this sort, nevertheless wished very much that she had not run off to gossip with Leila. However, the interview with his father would be brief, and he played with his cigarette while he waited for his father to begin.

"There's something I've wanted to talk with you about, Shep. It will take only a minute."

"Yes, father."

"It's about Leila"—he hesitated—"a little bit about Constance too. I'm not altogether easy about Leila. I mean"—he paused again—"as to Connie's influence over your sister. Connie is enough older to realize that Leila needs a little curbing as to things I can't talk to her about as a woman could. Leila doesn't need to be encouraged in extravagance. And she likes running about well enough without being led into things she might better let alone. I'm not criticizing Connie's friends, but you do have at your house people I'd rather Leila didn't know—at least not to be intimate with them. As a concrete example, I don't care for this fellow Thomas. He's too old a man for Leila to become interested in. To be frank, I've made some inquiries about him and he's hardly the sort of person you'd care for your sister to run around with."

Shepherd, blinking under this succession of direct statements, felt that some comment was required.

"Of course, father, Connie wouldn't take up anyone she didn't think perfectly all right. And she'd never put any undesirable acquaintances in Leila's way. She's too fond of Leila and too deeply interested in her happiness for that."

"I wasn't intimating that Connie was consciously influencing Leila in a wrong way in that particular instance. But Leila

is very impressionable. So far I've been able to eliminate young men I haven't cared to have her run around with. I'm merely asking your cooperation and Connie's, in protecting her. She's very headstrong and rather disposed to take advantage of our position by running a little wild. Our friends no doubt make allowances, but people outside our circle may not be so tolerant."

"Yes; that's all perfectly true, father," Shepherd assented, relieved and not a little pleased that his father appeared to be criticizing him less than asking his assistance.

"For another thing," Mills went on. "Leila has somehow got in the habit of drinking. Several times I've seen her when she'd had too much. That sort of thing won't do!"

"Of course not! But I'm sure Connie hasn't been encouraging Leila to drink. She and I both have talked to her about that. I hoped she'd stop it before you found it out."

"Don't ever get the idea that I don't know what's going on!" Mills retorted tartly. "Another thing I want to speak of is Connie's way of getting Leila to back her schemes—things like that summer place, for example. We don't need a summer place. While your mother was living we had a place in Michigan and gave it up because your children got tired of it. The idea that you can't have a proper vacation is all rubbish. I urged you all last summer to take Connie East for a month."

"I know you did. It was my own fault I didn't go. Please don't think we're complaining; Connie and I got a lot of fun just motoring. I think, father, that sometimes you're not—not—quite just to Connie."

"Not just to her!" exclaimed Mills, with a lifting of the brows. "In what way have I been unjust to her?"

Shepherd knew that his remark was unfortunate before it was out of his mouth. He should have followed his habit of assenting to what his father said without broadening the field of discussion. He was taken aback by his father's question, uttered with what was, for Franklin Mills, an unusual display of asperity.

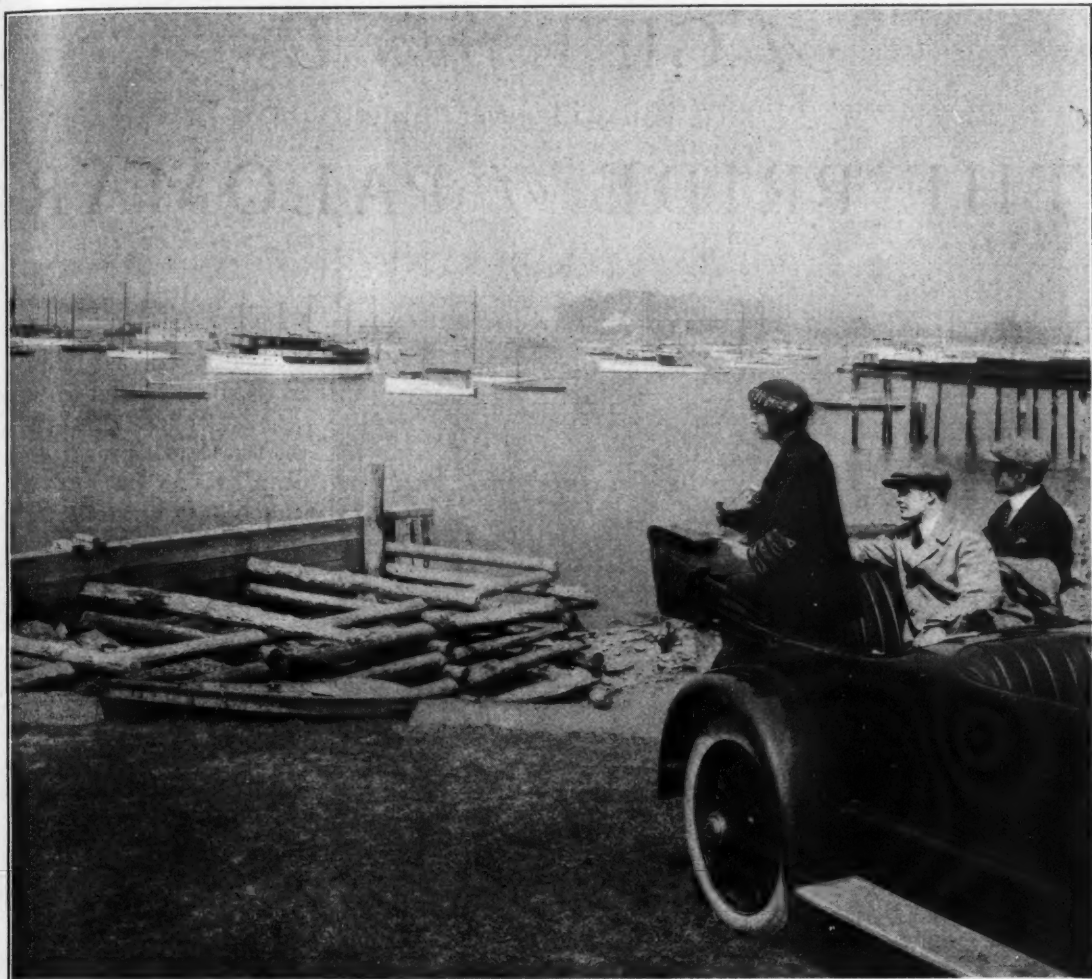
"I only meant," Shepherd replied hastily, "that you don't always"—he frowned—"you don't quite give Connie credit for her fine qualities."

"Quite the contrary," Mills replied. "My only concern as her father-in-law is that she shall continue to display those qualities. I realize that she's a popular young woman but in a way you pay for that, and I stand for it and make it possible for you to spend the money. Now don't jump to the conclusion that I'm intimating that you and Connie wouldn't have just as many friends if you spent a tenth of what you're spending now. Be it far from me, my boy, to discredit your value and Connie's as social factors!"

Mills laughed to relieve the remark of any suspicion of irony. There was nothing Shepherd dreaded so much as his father's ironies. The dread was the greater because there was always a disturbing uncertainty as to what they concealed.

"About those little matters I mentioned," Mills went on; "I count on you to help."

"Certainly, father, Connie and I both



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will do all we can. I'm glad you spoke to me about it."

"All right, Shep," and Mills opened the door to mark the end of the interview.

In Leila's room Constance had said, the moment they were alone:

"Well, you certainly gummed it!"

"Oh, shoot! Dada wouldn't buy that Nelson place if it only cost a nickel."

"Well, you didn't do much to advance the cause!"

"See here," said Leila, "one time's just as good as another with dada. I knew he'd never agree to it. I only spoke of it because you asked me to. You never seem to learn his curves."

"If you'd backed me up right we could have got him interested and won him over. Anybody could see that he was away off tonight—even more difficult than usual!"

"Oh, hell! You and Shep make me tired. You take father too seriously. All you've got to do with him is just to kid him along. Let's have a little drink to drown our troubles."

"Now, Leila——"

Leila had drawn a hat box from the inner recesses of a closet and extracted from it a quart bottle of whisky.

"I'm all shot to hell and need a spoonful of this stuff to pep me up! Hands off, old thing! Don't touch—Leila scream!" Constance had tried to seize the bottle.

"Leila, please don't drink! The Claytons are having everybody of any consequence at this party and if you go reeking of liquor all the old tabbies will babble!"

"Well, darling, let them talk! At least they will talk about both of us then!"

"Who's talking about me?" Constance demanded.

"Quiet yourself, dear! You certainly wore the guilty look then. Let's call it quits—I've got to dress!"

She poured herself a second drink and restored the bottle to its hiding place.

#### CHAPTER IV

BRUCE rang the Hardens' door bell on his first free evening after meeting Millicent at the Country Club, and as he waited glanced toward the Mills's house in the lot adjoining, vaguely wondering whether Franklin Mills was within its walls. In spite of himself he had been unable to efface his memory of the man; every word and gesture, even the tones of Mills's voice in the few minutes they had stood together with Millicent in the club lounge, had made an ineffaceable record. His curiosity as to the man was satisfied; he would not again put himself in Franklin Mills's way.

He had tried to analyze the emotions that had beset him that night when he had taken the hand of the man he believed to be his father. There was something cheap and vulgar in the idea that blood speaks to blood and that possibly Mills had recognized him by some sort of intuition. But Bruce rejected this as preposterous, a concession to the philosophy of ignorant old women muttering scandal before a dying fire. Very likely he had been wrong in fancying that Mills had taken any special note of him. And there was always his mother's assurance that Mills didn't know of his existence. Mills probably had a habit of eyeing



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people closely. He was a man of large affairs, with faculties trained to the quick inspection and appraisal of every stranger he met.

For the thousandth time Bruce renewed his determination to hold his ground. He liked the town; his heart warmed under the general friendliness and he was hardly likely to find another opening so promising as that offered by Freeman.

The middle-aged woman who opened the door was evidently a member of the household and he hastily thrust back into his pocket the card he had taken out, stated his name and asked if Miss Harden was at home.

"Yes, Millie's home. Just come in, Mr. Storrs, and I'll call her."

But Millicent came into the hall without waiting to be called.

"I'm so glad to see you, Mr. Storrs!" she said, and introduced him to her mother, a tall, heavily built woman with reddish hair turning gray and a friendly countenance.

"I was just saying to Doctor Harden that I guessed nobody was coming in tonight when you rang. You simply can't keep a servant in to answer the bell in the evening. You haven't met Doctor Harden? Millie, won't you call your papa?"

Millicent opened a door that revealed a small, cozy sitting room and summoned her father—a short, thick-set man with a close trimmed gray beard who came out clutching a newspaper.

"Shan't we all go into the library?" asked Millicent after the two men had been introduced and had expressed their approval of the prolonged fine weather.

"You young folks make yourselves comfortable in the library," said Mrs. Harden. "I told Millie it was too warm for a fire but she just has to have the fireplace going when there's any excuse, and this house does get chilly in the fall evenings even when it's warm outside."

Harden was already retreating toward the room from which he had been drawn to meet the caller, and his wife immediately followed.

Both repeated their expressions of pleasure at meeting Bruce; but evidently in the accepted fashion of American parents when their daughters entertain callers, they had no intention of appearing again.

Millicent snapped on lights that disclosed a long, high-ceilinged room finished in dark oak and fitted up as a library. A disintegrating log in the broad fireplace had thrown out a puff of smoke that gave the air a fleeting pungent scent of burning wood.

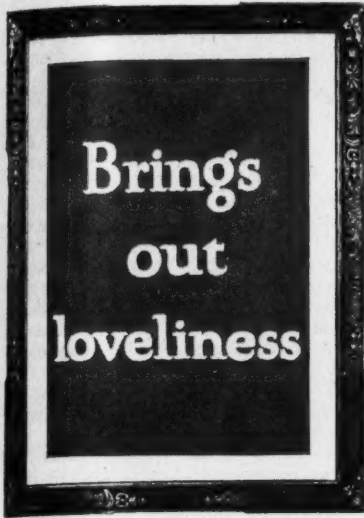
The flooring was of white and black tiles covered with oriental rugs in which the dominant dark red brought a warmth to the eye. In one corner stood a grand piano, and beyond it a spiral stair led to a small balcony on which the keyboard of an organ was visible. Back of this was a stained glass window depicting a knight in armor—a challenging, militant figure. Even as revealed only by the inner illumination its rich colors and vigorous draftsmanship were clearly suggested. And it was wholly appropriate, Bruce decided, and altogether consonant with the general scheme of the room. Noting his interest, Millicent turned a switch that lighted the window from a room beyond with the effect of vitalizing the knight's figure, making him seem indeed to be

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gravely riding, with lance in rest, along the wall.

"Do pardon me!" Bruce murmured, standing just inside the door and glancing about with frank enjoyment of the room's spaciousness.

The outer lines of the somewhat commonplace square brick house had not prepared him for this. The room presented a mingling of periods to both architecture and furnishing, but the blending had been admirably done.

"Forgive me for staring," he said as he sat down on a divan opposite her with the hearth between them. "I'm not sure even yet that I'm in the twentieth century."

"I suppose it is a queer jumble; but don't blame the architect! He, poor wretch, thought we were perfectly crazy when we started, but I think before he got through he really liked it."

"I envy him the fun he had doing it! But someone must have furnished the inspiration. I'm going to assume that it was mostly you."

"You may if you'll go ahead and criticize—tear it all to pieces."

"I'd as soon think of criticizing Chartres, Notre Dame, or the hand that rounded Peter's dome!" Bruce exclaimed. "Alas that our acquaintance is so brief! I want to ask you all manner of questions—how you came to do it—and all that."

"Well, first of all one must have an indulgent father and mother. I'm reminded occasionally that my little whims were expensive."

"I dare say they were! But it's something to have a daughter who can produce a room like this."

He rose and bowed to her, and then turning toward the knight in the window gravely saluted.

"I'm not so sure," he said as he sat down, "that the gentleman up there didn't have something to do with it."

"Please don't make too much of him! Everyone pays me the compliment of thinking him Galahad but I think of him as the naughty Launcelot. I read a book once on old French glass and I just had to have a window. And the organ made this room the logical place for it. Papa calls this my chapel and refuses to sit in it at all. He says it's too much like church!"

"Ah! But that's a tribute in itself! Your father realizes that this is a place for worship—without reference to the knight."

She laid her forefinger against her cheek, tilted her head slightly, mocking him with lips and eyes.

"Let me think! That was a pretty speech but of course you're referring to that bronze Buddha over there. Come to think of it papa does rather fancy him."

When she smilingly met his gaze he laughed and made a gesture of despair.

"That was a nice bit of side-stepping! I'm properly rebuked. I see my own worshipping must be done with caution. But the room is beautiful. I'm glad to know there's such a place in town."

"I did have a good time planning and arranging it. But there's nothing remarkable about it after all. It's merely what you might call a refuge from reality—if that means anything."

"It means a lot—too much for me to grasp all at once."

"You're making fun of me. All I meant was that I wanted a place to escape into where I can play at being something I really



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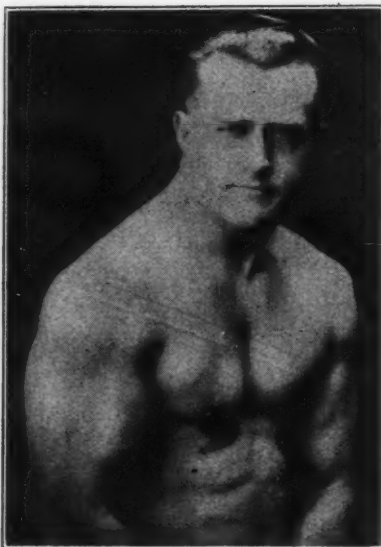
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am not. We all need to do that. After all, it's just a room."

"Of course that's just what it isn't! It's superb. I've already decided to spend a lot of time here."

"You may, if you won't pick up little chance phrases I let fall and frighten me with them. I have a friend—an awful high-brow—and he bores me to death exclaiming over things I say and can't explain and then explaining them to me. But—why aren't you at the Claytons' party?"

"I wasn't asked," he said. "I don't know them."

"I know them, but I wasn't asked," she replied smilingly.

"Well, anyhow, it's nicer here, I think."

Bruce remembered what Henderson had said about the guarded social acceptance of the patent medicine manufacturer and his family; but Millicent evidently didn't resent her exclusion from the Claytons' party. Social differentiations, Bruce imagined, mattered little to this girl, who was capable of fashioning her own manner of life, even to the point of building a temple for herself in which to worship gods of her own choosing. When he expressed interest in her modeling she led the way to a door opening into an extension of the library beyond the knight's window, that served her as a studio. It was only a way of amusing herself, she said, when he admired a plaque of a child's profile she confessed to be her work.

The studio bore traces of recent use. Damp cloths covered several unfinished figures. There was a drawing board in one corner and scattered among the casts on the wall were crayon sketches, merely notes, she explained, tacked up to preserve her impressions of faces that interested her.

They went back to the fire and were soon running skimmingly through all the arts, lingering as they found ground of common interest. He was struck by her freedom from pretense; when he touched on something of which she was ignorant or about which she was indifferent, she did not scruple to say so. Her imaginative, poetical side expressed itself with healthy candor and frequent flashes of girlish enthusiasm. She was wholly natural, refreshingly spontaneous in speech, with no traces of pedantry or conceit even in discussing music, in which her training had gone beyond the usual amateur's bounds.

"You haven't been to see Leila yet? She asked you to, and if you don't go she'll think it's because of that little unpleasantness on the river. Leila's altogether worth while."

Bruce muttered something about having been very busy. He had determined never to enter Franklin Mills's house and he was embarrassed by Millicent's intimation that Leila might take it amiss that he didn't call.

"Leila's a real person," Millicent was saying. "Her great trouble is in trying to adjust herself to a way of life that doesn't suit her a little bit."

"You mean—" he began and paused because he didn't know at all what she meant.

"I mean that living in a big house and going to teas and upholding the dignity of a prominent and wealthy family bores her to distraction. Her chief trouble is her way of protesting against the kind of life

she's born to. It's screamingly funny, but Leila just hates being rich, and she's terribly bored at having so much expected of her as her father's daughter."

"His standard then is so high?" Bruce ventured, curious as to what further she might say of her neighbor.

"Oh, Mr. Mills is an interesting man, and he worships Leila; but she worries and puzzles him. It isn't just the difference between age and youth—" She paused, conscious perhaps of the impropriety of discussing her neighbor with a comparative stranger, but Bruce's gravely attentive face prompted her to go on. "He's one of those people we meet sometimes who don't seem—how can one put it?—they don't seem quite at ease in the world."

"Yes," he said slowly, "but—where all the conditions of happiness are given—money, position, leisure to do as you please—what excuse has anyone for not finding happiness? You'd conclude that there was some fundamental defect—"

"And when you reach that conclusion you're not a bit better off!" she interrupted. "You're back where you started. Oh, well!" she said, satisfied now that she had said quite enough about her neighbor and regretting that she had mentioned him at all. "It's too bad happiness can't be bought as you buy records to play in a machine and have nothing to do but wind it up and listen. You have to do a little work yourself."

"We've all got to play in the band—that's the idea!" he laughed, and they amused themselves by giving all manner of ludicrous turns to the illustration.

To escape from the thought of Mills, Bruce asked her whether she ever played for an ignorant heathen like himself.

"You're probably a stern critic," she replied, "but I'll take a chance. If you don't mind I'll try the organ. Papa and mamma always like me to play some old pieces for them before they go to bed. Afterwards I'll do some other things."

In a moment she was in the balcony with the knight towering above her, but he faded into the shadows as she turned off the lights in the studio below. Bruce's eyes at once became attentive to her golden head and clearly limned profile defined by the lamp over the music rack. She seemed suddenly infinitely remote, caught away into a world of legendary and elusive things. The first reedy notes of the organ stole eerily through the room as though they too were evoked from an unseen world.

The first things she played were a concession to her parents' taste, but she threw into them all the sentiment they demanded—the familiar airs of "Annie Laurie," "Ben Bolt," and "Auld Lang Syne." She played them without flourishes, probably in deference to the preferences of the father and mother who were somewhere listening. To these she added old revival songs—"Beulah Land," and "Pull for the Shore"—these also presumably favorites of the unseen listeners. He watched her aureoled head, the graceful movement of her arms and shoulders as she gave herself to her task with complete absorption. She was kind to these parents of hers; possibly it was through her music that she really communicated with them, met them on ground of their simpler knowledge and aspirations.

He was conscious presently of the faint



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Don't send a cent. Ten days' Trial. If you are not convinced it is the Greatest Bargain in America, send it back at our expense. Only if pleased do you send \$1.50 as first payment. Then send \$1.50 weekly—at the rate of a few cents a day. This Bargain Cluster Ring with 7 Blue-White Perfect Cut Diamonds can be yours. No Red Tape. No Risk.

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**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**

ring of a bell followed by the murmur of voices in the hall. Someone entered the room and sat down quietly behind him. Millicent, who had paid no heed to him since mounting to the organ, was just beginning the Tannhäuser overture. She followed this with passages from Lohengrin and Parsifal and classical liturgical music touched with a haunting mystery.

She came down slowly into the room as though the spell of the music still held her.

"I shan't say anything—it might be the wrong word," he said as he went to meet her. "But it was beautiful—very beautiful!"

"You were a good listener; I felt that," she replied.

He had forgotten that there had been another listener until she smilingly waved her hand to someone behind him.

"So I had two victims—and didn't know it! Patient sufferers! Mr. Mills, you and Mr. Storrs have met—I needn't introduce you a second time."

It was Franklin Mills, then, exercising a neighbor's privilege, who had arrived midway of the recital and taken a seat by the door.

"Mr. Storrs is a perfect listener," Mills was saying as he shook hands with Bruce. "He didn't budge all the time you were playing."

Bruce resented Mills's coming, or more truly it was the manner of his entrance, pointing as it did to an intimate relationship with the house, that he resented. The man's easy, gracious manners, the intimacy implied in his chaffing tone as he complained that she played better when she didn't know he was in the house, irritated Bruce. He had been enjoying himself so keenly, the girl's talk had so interested him and he had been so thrilled and lifted by her music that Mills's appearance was like a profanation. It was not jealousy, he tried to assure himself, but indignation that the man who in years gone by had done a foul and hideous thing, should thrust himself upon the attention of so rare and lovely a being as Millicent Harden.

They were all seated now, and Millicent spoke of a book Mills had sent her which it happened Bruce had read, and she asked his opinion of it before expressing her own. Very likely Mills was in the habit of sending her books. She said that she hadn't cared greatly for the book—a novel that discussed the labor question. The author evidently had no solution of his own problem and left the reader in the air as to his purpose.

"Maybe he only meant to arouse interest—stir people up and leave the solution to others," Bruce suggested.

"That was the way I took it," said Mills. "The fact is nobody has any solution short of a complete tearing down of everything. And that," he added with a smile and a shrug, "would be very uncomfortable."

"For us—yes," Millicent replied quickly. "But a good many millions would probably welcome a chance to begin over again."

"What with," Mills demanded, with his quick laugh, "when everything had been smashed?"

"Oh, they'd be sure to save something out of the wreck!" said Millicent.

"Well," Mills remarked, "I'm hoping the smash won't come in my day. I'm



too old to go out with a club to fight for food against the mob."

"You want us to say that you're *not* too old," laughed Millicent; "but we're not going to fall into that trap!"

"But—what is going to happen?" asked Bruce.

"Other civilizations!" Mills replied, regarding the young man with an intent look. "We've had a succession of them, and the world's about due to slip back into chaos and perhaps emerge again. It's only the barbarians who never change; they know they'll be on top again if they just wait."

"What an optimist you are!" cried Millicent. "But you don't really believe such things."

"Of course I do," Mills answered with a broad smile.

She made it necessary for Bruce to assist her in combating Mills's hopeless view of the future, though she bore the main burden of the opposition herself. Mills's manner toward the young people was one of good-natured indulgence; but Bruce was wondering whether there was not a deep vein of cynicism in the man. Mills was clever at fencing, and some of the things he said lightly no doubt expressed real convictions.

Bruce was about to take his leave when Mills with assumed petulance declared that the fire had been neglected and began poking the embers. Carefully putting the poker and tongs back in the rack he lounged toward the door, paused halfway and said good night formally, bowing first to one and then the other.

"Come in again sometime!" Millicent called after him.

"Is that impudence?" Mills replied, reappearing from the hall with his coat and hat. In a moment the door closed and they heard the sound of his stick on the walk outside.

"He's always like that," Millicent remarked after a moment of silence. "It's understood that he may come in when I'm playing and leave when he pleases. Sometimes when I'm at the organ he sits for an hour without my knowing he's here. It made me nervous at first—just remembering that he *might* be here; but I got over that when I found that he really enjoyed the playing. I'm sorry he didn't stay longer and really talk; he wasn't at his best tonight."

Bruce made the merest murmur of assent, but something in Mills's listlessness, his quizzical, mocking tone, the very manner of his departure, affected him disagreeably.

He realized that he was staying too long for a first call, but he lingered until they had regained the cheery note with which the evening began, and said good night.

## II

WHEN he reached the street Bruce decided to walk the mile that lay between the Hardens' and his apartment. His second meeting with Franklin Mills had left his mind in tumult. He was again beset by an impulse to flee from the place, but this he fought and slowly vanquished.

Happiness and peace were not to be won by flight. In his soldiering he had never feared bodily injury, and at times when he had speculated as to the existence of a soul he had decided that if he possessed



## You, too, can retain your charm and health throughout the years

"HONESTLY, Mother, every time I come home and see you I make the same wish deep down in my heart—that I'll retain my health and charm through the years as you have done. Remember what Eleanor Palmer asked at my wedding, 'Which one of you is the bride?' It wasn't flattery, either. Tell me—what is your secret?"

"It isn't any secret, Dorothy. Well, yes, I suppose it must be in a way—otherwise there would not be so many women of middle age who are tired, listless, worried about their health.

"It's tragic to see them age so rapidly. And in most cases I believe it's so unnecessary. True, the cares of motherhood are wearing but mine have been as exacting as those of most women who have lost their charm and vigor.

"You know I have been careful about just a few things. Every day I rest and relax even if for only five minutes. I don't eat unwisely. I exercise regularly.

"Last but by no means least, I have always been exceedingly careful about one thing to which many women do not pay proper attention—feminine cleanliness that is *antiseptically* clean."

### The importance of feminine hygiene

WOMEN today understand hygienic laws better than they did yesterday. Intelligent observance of those laws is the surest recipe for growing old gracefully and happily. None of them is more important than feminine cleanliness—personal hygiene.

This requires more than "soap-and-water" cleanliness. It can be attained only by the same means that the doctor utilizes—the use of an antiseptic effective for personal hygiene.

"Lysol", originally prepared for use by the medical profession, is ideal for personal hygiene. In proper solution with water, it is not caustic and does not irritate. At all drug stores.

#### Use "Lysol" as an antiseptic solution

Teaspoonful to one quart water

For personal hygiene  
When baby comes  
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Two teaspoonfuls to one quart water

For the kitchen  
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The ideal personal antiseptic



# Your Spare Time is Worth Money

## Try Mrs. Rankin's Method



Mrs. Frances H. Rankin, of Texas  
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We are heartily proud of Mrs. Rankin's work in The Rainbow Club. She has learned the wise use of her leisure time. By making every moment count, many extra dollars—and Club gifts, too—have come her way since winning her membership.

### Why Not You, Too?

No matter what your occupation, there is bound to be some portion of your day when you are free or can arrange to have an hour, even a half-hour, to devote to other interests. Our plan is so adaptable that it offers an opportunity to every woman—from school-girl to grandmother.

### Get Your Spring Wardrobe at Our Expense

With the Spring come new expenses to meet. But Springtime brings also the desire for greater activity—we are in a fever to be about something new, to buy new things, go to new places. We long to be out of door and to take up new work.

Let The Rainbow Club show you how you may doubly enjoy your outings in the Spring sunshiny days, by making them profitable as well.

### Join The Rainbow Club

Membership in the Club brings with it such a feeling of security. You can plan for your needs and always know how you are going to get the extra dollars with which to satisfy them.

Wouldn't you like to know more about us? It costs you nothing to join. You need no experience and no previous training. Just fill in the coupon and mail it to me, or write me a letter telling me all about your needs. I am eager to show you the way to make more money to save or spend.

*Helen Willard*

Secretary The Rainbow Club.

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RC-C4-23

such a thing he would not suffer it to play the coward. But this unexpected meeting at the Hardens', which was likely to be repeated if he continued his visits to the house, had shaken his nerve more than he liked to believe possible. Millicent evidently admired Mills, sympathized with him in his loneliness, was flattered perhaps by his visits to her home in search of solace and cheer or whatever it was Mills sought.

The sky was overcast and a keen wind whipped the overhanging maples as Bruce strode homeward with head bent, his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his overcoat. He hummed and whistled phrases of the Parsifal, with his thoughts playing about Millicent's head as she had sat at the organ with the knight keeping watch above her. After all, it was through beautiful things, man-made and God-made, as his mother had taught him, that life found its highest realizations. In this idea there was an infinite stimulus. Millicent had found for herself this clue to happiness and was a radiant proof of its efficacy. It had been a privilege to see her in her own house, to enjoy contact with her questioning, meditative mind, and to lose himself in her entrancing music.

The street was deserted and only a few of the houses he passed showed lights. Bruce experienced again, as often in his night tramps during the year of his exile, a happy sense of isolation. He was so completely absorbed in his thoughts that he was unaware of the propinquity of another pedestrian who was slowly approaching as though as unheeded as he of the driving wind and the first fitful patter of rain. They passed so close that their arms touched. Both turned, staring blankly in the light of the street lamps, and muttered confused apologies.

"Oh, Storrs!" Franklin Mills exclaimed, bending his head against the wind.

"Sorry to have bumped into you, sir," Bruce replied, and feeling that nothing more was required of him he was about to go on, but Mills said quickly:

"We're in for a hard rain. Come back to my house—it's only half a dozen blocks—and I'll send you home."

There was something of kindly emptiness in his tone, and Bruce, at a loss for words with which to refuse, followed, thinking that he would walk a block to meet the demands of courtesy and turn back. Mills, forging ahead rapidly, complained good naturedly of the weather.

"I frequently prowls around a little at night," he explained; "I sleep better afterwards."

"I like a night walk myself," Bruce replied.

"Not afraid of hold-ups? I was relieved to find it was you I ran into. My daughter says I'm bound to get sandbagged some night."

At the end of the first block both were obliged to battle against the wind which now drove the rain in furious gusts through the intersecting streets. In grasping his hat Mills dropped his stick and after picking it up Bruce took hold of his arm for greater ease in keeping together. It would, he decided, be an ungenerous desertion to leave him now, and so they arrived after much buffeting at Mills's door.

"That's a young hurricane," said Mills as he let himself in. "When you've dried

out a bit I'll send you on in my car."  
In response to his ring a manservant appeared and carried away their hats and overcoats to be dried. Mills led the way to the upstairs living room, where a fire had been kindled, probably against the master's return in the storm.

"Sit close and put your shoes to the blaze. I think a hot drink would be a help."

Hot water and Scotch were brought and Mills laughingly assured Bruce that he needn't be afraid of the liquor.

"I had it long before Prohibition, of course; everybody has to say that!"

In his wildest speculations as to possible meetings with his father Bruce had imagined nothing like this. He was not only in Franklin Mills's house; but the man was graciously ministering to his comfort. And Bruce with every desire to resist, to refuse these little courteous offices, was meekly submitting. Mills, talking easily with legs stretched to the fire, sipped his drink contentedly while the storm beat with mounting fury round the house.

"I think my son said you had been in the army; I should say that the experience hadn't done you any harm," Mills remarked in his pleasant voice.

"Quite the contrary, sir. The knocking about I got did me good."

"I envy you young fellows the experience; it was a ghastly business but it must mean a lot in a man's life to have gone through it."

In response to a direct question Bruce stated concisely the nature of his service. His colorless recital of the bare record brought a smile to Mills's face.

"You're like all the young fellows I've talked with—modest, even a little indifferent about it. I think if I'd been over there I should do some bragging!"

Still bewildered to find himself at Mills's fireside, Bruce was wondering how soon he could leave; but Mills talked on in leisurely fashion of the phenomenal growth of the town and the opportunities it offered to young men. Bruce was ashamed of himself for not being more responsive, but Mills seemed content to ramble on, though carefully attentive to the occasional remarks Bruce roused himself to make. Bruce, with ample opportunity, observed Mills's ways—little tricks of speech, the manner in which he smoked—lazily blowing rings at intervals and watching them waver and break—an occasional quick lifting of his well kept hand to his forehead.

It was after they had been together for half an hour that Bruce noted that Mills, after meeting his gaze, would lift his eyes and look intently at something on the wall over the bookcases—something immediately behind Bruce and out of the range of his vision. It seemed not to be the unseeing stare of inattention; but whatever it was, it brought a fleeting look of perplexity to Mills's face. Bruce began to find this upward glance disconcerting, and evidently aware that his visitor was conscious of it, Mills quickly shifted his position.

"I must run along," said Bruce presently. "The storm is letting up. I can easily foot it home."

"Not at all! After keeping you till midnight I'll certainly not send you out to get another wetting. There's still quite a splash on the windows."



# What about the men?

AN intelligent young woman in Cleveland sat down to her typewriter during noon hour the other day, and wrote us the following:

"Gentlemen: Please hand this letter to the man who attends to your advertising.

"I have been a lot interested in reading what he has to say about Halitosis (unpleasant breath) because it all hits so close to where I live eight hours every day.

"It's the man I work for who is the offender, and I am simply hoping and hoping every day that he will see one of your advertisements and that it will do him some good! You see I don't dare mention it to him.

"I'd clip out one of your advertisements and hand it to him if I didn't need my present job as badly as I do.

"If you have any suggestion, I'd be glad to have it.

Yours truly, G. S."

\*\*\*

So there you are, Miss G. S. If

this advertisement helps you out, we'll all be happy.

The insidious thing about halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.



She wrote this during her noon hour

This halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine this way puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily toilet routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for half a century. Read the interesting booklet that comes with every bottle.—Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis, U. S. A.

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## Danger Lurks in the Hidden Trap

The hidden toilet trap, if unclean, is unhealthful. No brush can reach it. Sani-Flush does!

Sani-Flush cleans the trap! Purifies it. Destroys all foul odors.

Sani-Flush cleans the bowl. Sprinkle in a little Sani-Flush. Follow directions on the can. Flush! All stains, discolorations, incrustations disappear. The bowl shines. No scrubbing—no scouring—no harm to plumbing connections. Sani-Flush is alone in the work it does.

Always keep Sani-Flush handy in the bathroom.

Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing and house-furnishing stores. If you cannot get it at your regular store, send 25c in coin or stamps for a full-sized can, postpaid. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

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Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring



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Beautiful, Slim, Appealing, Dainty Ankles Can Be Yours

All Cosmopolitan readers can now have slim beautiful ankles at the small and insignificant cost of \$2.50.

**DELRAY ANKLE REDUCER Works While You Sleep**

Put them on when you go to bed. Reduces and shapes the ankle and lower calf without the slightest pain. Nothing to rub in or massage. Applied and taken off as a glove. Used by society women and actresses everywhere, and endorsed by medical profession. Can be worn through the day with the heaviest silk stockings without detection. Order now at \$2.50 but.

**SEND NO MONEY**

Simply send us size of ankle and calf, and we will send you in plain envelope a pair of Delray Ankle Reducers designed to shape your ankles to fairy slimness. Pay postage \$2.50 plus a few cents postage on arrival, and start reducing at once and painlessly. You will notice results immediately. Retain your shapely ankles while in bed by wearing them.

**ACT NOW**

Money Refunded if Dissatisfied

**DELRAY MFG. CO.**  
30 East 23rd St., Dept. 50  
New York City

He rang for the car before going downstairs, and while he was waiting for the chauffeur to answer on the garage extension of the house telephone, Bruce, from the fireplace, saw that it must have been a portrait—one of a number ranged along the wall—that had invited Mills's gaze so frequently. It was the portrait of a young man, the work of a painstaking if not a brilliant artist. The clean-shaven face, the long, thick, curly brown hair, and the flowing scarf knotted under a high turnover collar combined in an effect of quaintness.

There was something oddly familiar in the young man's countenance. In the few seconds that Mills's back was turned Bruce found himself studying it, wondering what there was about it that teased his memory—what other brow and eyes he had ever seen were like those of the young man who was looking down at him from Franklin Mills's wall. And then it dawned upon him that the face was like his own—might indeed, with a different arrangement of the hair, a softening of certain lines, pass for a portrait of himself.

Mills, turning from the telephone, remarked that the car was on the way.

"Ah!" he added quickly, seeing Bruce's attention fixed on the portrait, "my father, at about thirty-five. There's nothing of me there; I take after my mother's side of the house. Father was taller than I and his features were cleaner cut. He died twenty years ago. I've

always thought him a fine American type. Those other—"

Bruce lent polite attention to Mills's comments on the other portraits, one representing his maternal grandfather and another a great-uncle who had been killed in the Civil War. When they reached the lower floor Mills opened the door of a reception room and turned on the frame lights about a full length portrait of a lady in evening dress.

"That is Mrs. Mills," he said, "and an excellent likeness."

He spoke in sophisticated terms of American portraiture as they went to the hall where the servant was waiting with Bruce's hat and coat. A limousine was in the porte-cochère, and Mills stood on the steps until Bruce got in.

"I thank you very much, Mr. Mills," said Bruce, taking the hand Mills extended.

"Oh, I owe you the thanks! I hope to see you again very soon!"

Mills on his way to his room found himself clinging to the stair rail. When he had closed the door he drew his hand slowly across his eyes. He had spoken with Marian Storrs's son and the young man by an irony of nature had the countenance, the high-bred air of Franklin Mills III. It was astounding, this skipping for a generation of a type! It seemed to Mills that after he had turned off the lights his father's eyes—the eyes of young Storrs—were still fixed upon him with a curious, disconcerting gravity.

*The further you read in "The Hope of Happiness" the more you will be gripped by the simple, straightforward power of the developing plot. You won't want to miss the next instalment.*

## The Garden of Peril

(Continued from page 27)

I could. But it's a rotten situation for Doria. She—she cares so much for that sort of thing," he sighed, adding quickly, "all women do, I expect."

There was a short silence before he continued moodily:

"The bettin' against me is pretty steep, but the old man's on his last legs too. He'd live forever if he could, to keep Doria out, but we have it on the authority of the family doctor that it's only a matter of months now, weeks even. So, if I can only hang on a bit"—his somber gaze ranged across the open veldt, glorious now with sunset hues—"long enough to let her be mistress of Scawnsbane . . . even for a few months," he muttered.

To Peril it seemed terrible, this competition of two stricken men for length of days, but one thing was certain: this sick man at least had no selfish motive in his longing. A great pity for him surged in her.

"Of course you are going to get better," she said in a strong confident tone. "You don't know how wonderful Uncle Bruce is. But you must make up your mind, too, and try for your own sake."

The expression of mocking weariness on his face was a melancholy thing to witness.

"Fifty thousand a year's not much good to me, personally. It can't put back the clock and give me yesterday—nor retrieve the constitution I've ruined. Even if it

could I should waste the lot, I expect, as I've done before."

He grinned cheerlessly.

"Punch and I, when we came of age, each had eighty thousand pounds apiece. And a few years later I had a larger windfall. And where is it all now? 'Gone into the *Ewigkeit*!' as the Boche says. And Punch is glad enough to get a policeman's job at six hundred a year, while I— Well, as you see I have to think twice about a couple of hundred pounds for a car to take the air in."

He laughed mirthlessly.

"We can't help it. It's in the Heseltine blood to waste money, to play pitch and toss with health and happiness. We're fatal men, Miss Kelly. Never have anything to do with us."

She smiled her serene and gentle smile at him, got out a pack of cards from the drawer of the tea table, and began to shuffle them.

A strangely fascinated look crept into Heseltine's eyes as he watched her hands. He loved the very sight of a pack of cards. They meant life to him—men, women, money flowing through the fingers, wine in the bowl, the sands of life flying through the glass—but glittering, sparkling, scintillating, as they flew! He laughed again.

"Punch can talk till all's blue about the charm of the veldt, but, like me, he's always loved the lamp-posts. The Heseltine



Do Not Cover Up  
Facial Blemishes

Remove them with

# Boncilla

**Beautifier**  
The Clasmic Pack

**Boncilla** will give you that clear, fresh, glowing complexion, that firm, youthful skin texture, that irresistible NATURAL color which makes a woman seem eternally young.

Simply spread **BONCILLA BEAUTIFIER** on your face.

Feel its exhilarating action far below the surface, stimulating the circulation—rejuvenating the muscles and tissues.

After one treatment you can *see* and *feel* results. You will *know* that **Boncilla** beauty is deeper than skin deep.

## Boncilla Beautifier Clasmic Packs

do these definite things for the face on a guarantee of satisfaction or your money will be refunded.

1. Clears the complexion and gives it color.
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Department Stores and Drug  
Stores can supply you with  
**Boncilla** preparations. Insist  
upon **Boncilla**, the original,  
genuine clasmic facial pack.



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Please send me the introductory **Boncilla**  
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*Every Woman's Depilatory*

**Hair Roots Cannot  
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WE will forfeit \$10,000.00 if it can be proved that any sealing wax ever destroyed a single hair root.

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**Shave, Bathe and  
Shampoo with one  
Soap.—Cuticura**

Cuticura Soap is the favorite for safety razor shaving.

**PRINTING CHEAP**  
Cards, circulars, labels, book paper. Press \$12. Larger \$35. Job press \$150. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, cards, etc. THE PRESS CO., D-36, Meriden, Conn.

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taste runs to the delights of civilization—not to the dry bones and husks of the desert. Poor old Punch! It's hard on him not having enough to keep his end up. However, no Heseltine was ever a money-maker."

"Why didn't he have the same fortune as you?"

"The Law of Property stepped in. My father was the eldest, his the youngest son—and a parson at that. Parsons never have a bean to leave. The eighty thousand Punch got through so heftily came from a great-aunt, and once that was gone he hadn't a hope."

"But he has health and strength," said the girl softly.

Heseltine looked at her.

"You're right, that's something! And a darned good looking face thrown in. What do you say?"

"I have not met your cousin."

"Ah! You must though. He'll be back with Doria before long. It's a blessing she's taken to old Punch or she'd have been bored stiff up here. The villain of the veldt, she calls him, though he keeps telling her veldt is pronounced with an f, and that it's his business to 'run in' villains, not to be one. However—" He sighed. "I know why he's taken so whole heartedly to her."

Peril did not ask why. She seemed lost in thought. But the sick man, obsessed by his subject, rambled on:

"She means Europe to him—all that he can't have. Paris, Monte, Ascot, hunting with the Pytchley, steeplechasing, skiing in Norway. We're all great skiers in our family, I must tell you. My brother Dick is in the Engadine now, having the time of his young life."

"The excitement of sport must be wonderful," said Peril slowly. "And I suppose it is true that in the war these were the men who fought like heroes?"

"They were all heroes—especially Tommy, who gets precious little sport except a game of football on Saturday. But war is the greatest sport of all, and to a man like Punch it must have been meat and drink, even when he hated it most. I know he used to come back from France at the top of his form—and always with some fresh gadget—the M. C.; another bar to his D. S. O., or something or other from the French. Punch never yet went short on glory, I can tell you. It's only fortune that gives him the go-by. And now that fame's all over, back he sits in exile on the veldt!"

He laughed, looking away at the horizon with his miserable derisive eyes. Scarlet and primrose splendor had faded now but from the hills long lavender colored shadows were stealing down, assembling like ghosts in the marshes, moving slowly on the town.

"Shall we play a game of piquet?" suggested Peril gently, at last.

"Yes—let's." His glance grew kinder, softer as it came back to her from the distance and rested on her with a man's affection for a sweet child.

"You're a soothing kid, Peril!" This was a new departure, and he hastened to add with an impish smile, "Can I call you Peril, please, because I am going to die soon?"

"Of course you can, but I shall tell Uncle Bruce if you say another word about dying—and apropos, I think we'd better



go indoors now, because the mists are rising and he doesn't like those mists for his patients."

So it was in the drawing room that they settled to their game, and there later, in the half-light, the returning riders found them. Punch Heseltine entering from the veranda, behind Doria, got an unforgettable picture of his cousin's profile, brooding hawklike over the cards—those gay emblems of pleasure that had bankrupted more Heseltines than one—and beyond, etched against the shadows, the delicate outline of a girl.

His eyes still held the dazzle and allure of Doria Heseltine, the type of woman who meant to him all the things he couldn't have, but that did not prevent his mind from receiving an impression of something in the room, exquisitely composed of light and darkness, something clear and pure . . . like white flowers in the cool gloom of water.

"Don't let us have the lights," Doria's voice rose plaintively from the deep sofa into which she had sunk. "I feel unspeakably dusty and disheveled. But—Keable! Bring some drinks. You'd like a cocktail I know, Punch?"

"A sundowner would be grateful and refreshing." He wandered over to the card table. "How are you feeling now, old man?"

The game was finished and the girl had risen, crushing a big hat down on to the darkness of her hair. Pam Heseltine, with his sardonic chuckle, introduced them to each other.

"My cousin the Policeman—Miss Kelly, my nerve specialist."

Punch heard a soft laugh, but the girl's face remained seductively obscure under her wide hat.

Then Keable came in with decanters and a cocktail shaker on a silver tray, and the Policeman's task was to "fix a drink" for everybody—everybody, that is to say, except the girl, who, on being gayly rallied by Doria for not conforming to this excellent custom of her country of thirst-quenching at sundown, was heard to say, in a young, warm voice:

"But water is so lovely when one is thirsty."

In the spontaneously derisive but good-natured laughter that broke from all three, the Doctor entered, and began to scold because his patient was still up instead of being comfortably tucked into bed.

"I know, Doctor," murmured Doria sipping her cocktail indifferently. She did not really care about drinks, having far too much regard for her complexion. "But he is so naughty—never pays the slightest attention to what I say. I can do nothing with him, can I, Punch?"

To everyone's surprise Doctor Kelly startled them by raising his voice and saying roughly:

"I must have a nurse in this house." Adding almost brutally, "That is, if you want your husband to get well, Mrs. Heseltine."

"If I want my husband to get well!" cried Doria in the silence. Her glass clashed on the table and she stood up to her tall length. "If I want—" Heart-break rang in her voice. "Oh, get a nurse! Get a nurse, now, at once, tonight!" She burst out crying.

There was instant hubbub. Her husband, greatly distressed muttering,



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"Doria, old girl—Dorie!" Keable running in; the Doctor patting the weeping woman's shoulder; Punch Heseltine trying to make her drink her cocktail. Eventually she retired with her maid, Punch took Pam off to bed, and the Doctor busied himself telephoning to the hospital for a nurse.

In the general *mêlée* Peril disappeared without anyone's noticing. Later in the evening, when they were parting at The Hill gate, Punch Heseltine remarked casually to the Doctor:

"I hardly realized you had a daughter living here with you!"

"She's not my daughter," Bruce Kelly had returned to his usual vague and dreamy manner. "She's my pool of lilies."

A strange saying for Punch Heseltine to take back with him to camp and ponder. A pool of lilies! Yes, something like that he had thought of when he came out of the hot dusts and mists of the African evening into the quiet drawing room. Something white and fresh . . . and the cool gloom of water!

But he did not ponder the matter long, for he was already late for his engagement in the town, a "stag party" with poker to follow, that would probably last till dawn, and be far more to the point than cogitating like a fool upon things that were not for him and wouldn't satisfy him if they were. Nothing satisfied him in this hell of a world, nor would in the next, he doubted, as he slung his clothes in every direction and hurried into fresh ones, growling at the boys who stood about him with garments and things in their assiduous hands, while outside sounded the creak of the saddle being put on a fresh horse.

And as he cantered rapidly back through the darkness down the Umtété Road he deliberately pushed thoughts of women out of his mind. Or tried to. They were not for him.

Men were his portion—and a damned good portion too! Happy nights of cards and good fellowship, and no regrets afterwards! If prospects and purse went to rack and ruin, all right, and no one's business but his own. No reproaches from anyone, certainly not himself.

Leonidas poured out the wine  
And shouted ere he drained the cup:  
"Ho! Comrades, let us gaily dine,  
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If that attitude of mind was good enough for him during four bloody years in France it ought to be good enough here in this dead-and-alive hole where there was little doing for a free-lance bar the cards, the cup, and flirtation with other men's wives.

From the last felicity it was indeed his habit to refrain. Not exactly for want of temptation—in Rhodesia that would be never lacking—but because his taste in women happened to be fastidious and distinctive.

They must be good-looking of course—that went without saying, beauty being an essential in women. But he liked 'em to be either one thing or the other—good or bad.

He had no time for the half-sinner who strayed with her eyes and prayed with her lips, nor for those sprightly



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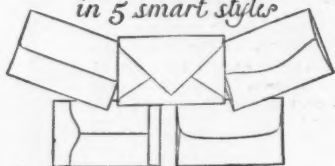




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ones who kept home unsullied and husband unsuspecting whilst still contriving to kindle hope in the philanderer's breast by an occasional kiss and a bright promise for the morrow. Not for him were such as these, in the shadowy ends of verandas and the dark "sitting out" corners of ballrooms. By no means because he was a Joseph trembling for the welfare of his coat, but merely and solely because he was so constituted that it took something rather wonderful, in both love and war, to make his pulses quicken by the hundredth part of a second; and he had, much to his regret, so far found no one in Rhodesia likely to perform this stimulating service for him.

No one . . . that was to say . . . well, no one for whom his pulse could legitimately be permitted to bestir itself to unwonted activity. He wasn't going to swear, of course, that Pam's wife . . .

This stage of his thoughts brought him to a part of the road where it divided, one way leading to Marshways, the other to the town. He gave a restless long look at the flickering lights of Minto Lodge before he turned his horse towards Umtéti.

No—he wasn't going to swear that, by Jove! He could not honestly lay his hand on his heart and swear. But then she, was Pam's wife.

If she hadn't been—if she hadn't been—why then, he'd have had her out of the saddle this afternoon and into his arms. He'd have drawn from her lips the meaning of that look she had given him more than once, and especially in the moment of saying:

"There are men whom women recognize from the first . . . as master. Men to make the greatest sacrifice for with joy! Men to commit crime for, even."

What the devil did she mean by that? and the look in those eyes turned on him? Corking, wonderful eyes. God! It was no use pretending his pulses didn't stir in that moment. He had felt his own eyes darkening and throwing back the man's answer into hers; his hand had reached out for her bridle. The horses stood still; her lovely lips took the shape of a kiss; they were alone on the empty veldt . . . a fitting place to take a woman into your arms, and seal her to you with your mouth on hers!

Yet nothing had happened. He had remembered in time who she was. His cousin's wife! Poor old Pam, tied by the leg, dying perhaps. Pam! more like a brother than a cousin, and a pal always.

Yes—he had remembered, and flinging himself off his horse started tightening the girths or loosening them or something. By the time he'd finished and mounted again he was captain of his soul once more—such as it was!—and so was she of hers, apparently.

They had ridden on.

And after all she must have been fooling him! Trying him out, perhaps? Either that or he had misread her. Else what did that scene in the drawing room mean? That reproachful bitter cry of hers at the Doctor:

"If I want my husband to get better!"

That at least was not fooling. No acting about that. A real cry from the heart, if ever he'd heard one. She loved Pam.

Well, well! women were mysterious.

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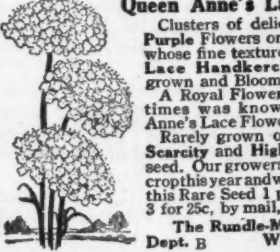
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unfathomable. No man could expect to know what they were up to, perhaps, what they meant. Yet . . . he was not in the habit of making mistakes like that . . . not one of those fools who imagined every woman ready to tumble into his arms! No. There were certain signs and calls. Sophisticated men and women understood each other in these crises of the senses. Doria was not a child, any more than he was, to send out those unspoken messages from eyes and lips—by accident. Yet all the while she loved Pam!

Well, quite right, too. Pam being her husband, it was meet and fitting so to do. And what he, Punch Heseltine, had got to do was to keep the fact well in the foreground, and furthermore to put a tight rein on himself in future, keep out of the way, in fact.

For there was no doubt that Doria possessed a special lure for him. That kind of edition de luxe of woman always had and always would, especially when he came upon her out in the wilderness.

It was the fragrance, the atmosphere, the *je ne sais quoi* of Europe that did it—that old continent he never had the money to stay in long enough! For Europe without money was unthinkable. He could rough it anywhere in the wilds. He didn't mind working, fighting, struggling, starving even, at any old game in far lands. But Europe was his playground.

No doubt if he ever had money enough he'd get sick of it and pine to get back to the veldt, but he'd like to have the chance of that, by God! Another fortune to blow in! But as that was the last thing in the world likely to happen, would he ever get rid of this burn in his blood for it? . . . and for such women as Doria?

That question still remained unanswered when nine hours later at the jade and amber point-of-day he was back on the Umté Road.

It had been a topnotch night, good play, excellent company, and his luck was in; they had drunk "till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots" and the dawn stepped into the room, shaming the lights.

Yet as he rode past The Hill and looked up at the white walls of the house set there, silent, sleeping, among trees and green, scented things, he was conscious of a great emptiness in his life—an aching nothingness.

"A pool of lilies!" he muttered bitterly to himself.

One morning about a fortnight later, before the blaze of the noontide heats had begun, Peril in her blue linen laboratory smock visited a certain enclosed part of the garden where the herbal plants grew. It was kept locked and no one but she and the Doctor ever entered it. He called it his garden of peril, and with good reason, for it held sufficient magic to cure every diseased mind and body in Rhodesia, by the simple process of transporting them to the Elysian Fields.

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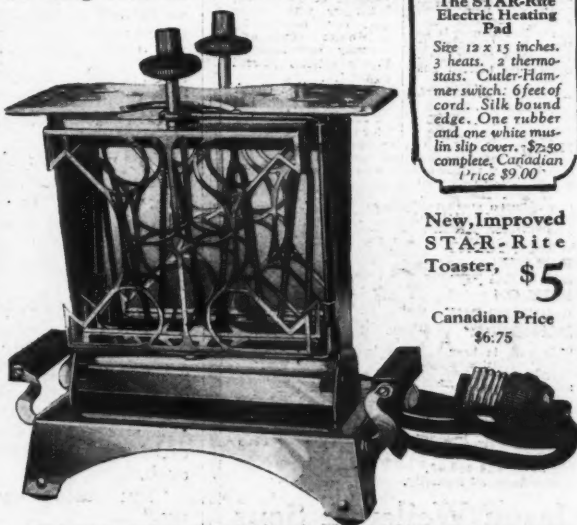


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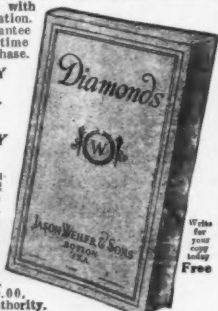
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Europe—that trip you are planning can become a reality. See page 183.

## Coughs-Colds

IT IS not what we say, but what our patrons say of Vapo-Cresolene that conveys the strongest evidence of its merits.

**Vapo-Cresolene**  
Est. 1879

"Used while you sleep"

Our best advertising is from the unsolicited statements of those who have used Vapo-Cresolene. For coughs, colds, bronchitis, influenza, whooping cough, spasmodic croup, asthma and catarrh. Send for our testimonial and descriptive booklet 11C.



Sold by Druggists

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.

62 Cortlandt Street, New York  
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not step without sending up a perfect anthem of fragrance.

The sinister plants stood apart, numbered like criminals with little tin discs. Many of them had come from Malayan swamps, forests of Bolivia, jungles of the Congo and Ceylon. Strange lustrous-leaved things, some. Others sluggish looking with blossoms that seemed to eye the quiet garden viciously. Some had an exquisite virgin air. Others held themselves royally, wearing their fruit like jewels.

Such was one of those Peril had come seeking—a proud plant with glossy leaves and berries like pendent rubies; the other crouched evilly over white, puffy berries. Yet the dull white berries were the antidote to those brilliant red ones.

It seemed to Peril, as she gathered them into separate baskets, a wonderful thing that nature should arrange for two plants from different ends of the earth to ripen at the same time, compounding together to produce a valuable tonic drug; even as arsenic and strychnine have tonic value when rightfully prescribed. These two plants were among the Doctor's most cherished possessions, and she knew that an extract of them was being used in the experimental injections on Pam Heseltine. For all Bruce Kelly's prescriptions were not to be found in the British Pharmacopœia, by any means, though he had contributed certain distinguished additions to that classic work.

Very preciously, then, she garnered her little harvest, testing each berry to see if it had reached the required maturity, for many were still green. But one at least had over-ripened, and bursting in her fingers, spread over them a bright magenta stain.

Instantly a voice behind her gave a gay delighted cry:

"What a heavenly color! I must have a tea gown of it. Do give me a spot on my handkerchief." Doria Heseltine, leaning over the gate, extended a wisp of muslin and lace. But Peril shook her head decisively, while she wiped her hands on a cloth.

"You mustn't touch that. It's poisonous."

"Poisonous! But it's like Pam's famous injection stuff—only a much more gorgeous color."

"I dare say," said Peril guardedly. "Anyway Uncle Bruce has often warned me of this. He says it wouldn't kill me at once; I should just fade away a little bit every day, under his eyes."

"And couldn't he save you?" asked Doria, breathless and horrified.

"Oh yes, he could save me!" laughed Peril serenely, "if he knew what I'd been up to."

Doria laughed too, but she could not keep her eyes from the bright stain on the cloth.

"It's like sloe gin. I simply must have a garment of it. A sloe gin tea gown—with a band of sable across the breast, next to the skin."

Peril came out of the herb garden and locked the gate. She wondered what Mrs. Heseltine wanted. It was unusual for that lady to brave the hot morning sun.

As they sauntered down the sloping path towards the house Doria gave a deep sigh.

# Corns

Lift Off with the Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between toes, and calluses, without pain, soreness.

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# Both Are Embarrassed—Yet Both Could Be At Ease

THEY started out happily enough at the beginning of the evening. He was sure he had found ideal companionship at last. She was sure that she was going to impress him with her charm, her cultured personality.

But everything seemed to go wrong when they entered the restaurant after the performance at the theatre. Instead of allowing her to follow the head waiter to their places, he preceded—and when he realized his mistake he tried to make up for it by being extremely polite. But he made another humiliating blunder that made even the dignified waiter conceal a smile!

And now, at the table, both are embarrassed. He is wondering whether he is expected to order for both, or allow her to order for herself. She is wondering which fork is for the salad, which for the meat. Both are trying to create conversation, but somehow everything they say seems dull, uninteresting.

They will no doubt be uncomfortable and ill at ease throughout the evening, for it is only absolute knowledge of what is right and what is wrong that gives calm dignity and poise. And they do not know. She finds herself wondering vaguely what she will say to him when they leave each other at her door—whether she should invite him to call again or whether he should make the suggestion; whether she should invite him into the house or not; whether she should thank him or he should thank her for a pleasant evening. And similar questions, all very embarrassing, are bothering him.

The evening that could have been extremely happy, that could have been the beginning of a delightful friendship, is spoiled. He will probably breathe a sigh of relief when he leaves, and she will probably cry herself to sleep.

## How Etiquette Gives Ease

Are you always at ease among strangers, are you always calm, dignified, well-poised no matter what happens, no matter where you chance to be? You can be—if you want to. And you should want to, for it will give you a new charm, a new power. You will be welcomed in every social circle, you will "mix" well at every gathering, you will develop a delightful personality.

By enabling you to know exactly what to do at the right time, what to say, write and wear under all circumstances, etiquette removes all element of doubt or uncertainty. You know what is right, and you do it. There is no hesitancy, no embarrassment, no humiliating blunders. People recognize in you a person of charm and polish, a person following correct forms and polite manners.

Every day in our contact with men and women little problems of conduct arise which the well-bred person knows how to solve. In the restaurant, at the hotel, on the train, at a dance—everywhere, every hour, little problems present themselves. Shall olives be taken with a fork or the fingers, what shall the porter be tipped, how shall the woman register at the hotel, how shall a gentleman ask for a dance—countless questions of good conduct that reveal good manners.



And now, at the table, both are embarrassed. Indeed, can there be any discomfort greater than that of not knowing what to do at the right time—of not being sure of one's manners? It is so easy for people to misjudge us.



Shall she invite him into the house? Shall she ask him to call again? Shall she thank him for a pleasant evening? In rapid confusion these questions fly through her mind. How humiliating not to know exactly what to do and say at all times!

knowledge of what is right under all circumstances.

A great deal of your happiness depends upon your ability to make people like you. Someone once said, "Good manners make good company," and this is very true. Etiquette will help you become a "good mixer"—will aid you in acquiring a charming personality that will attract people to you. Because you will rarely be embarrassed, people who associate with you will not feel embarrassed—your gentle poise and dignity will find in them an answering reflection and you should be admired and respected no matter where you are or in whose company you happen to be.

## Sent Free for 5 Days' Examination

The Book of Etiquette will mean a great deal to you. It has already opened the doors of social success to many, has shown hundreds of men and women the way to obtain the poise and charm their personalities lacked.

Let us send you the famous two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette free for 5 days' examination. Read a few of the chapters—you will enjoy particularly the chapter on "Games and Sports" and the chapter called "When the Bachelor Entertains." If you are not delighted with the books you may return them within the 5-day period without the least obligation. If you are delighted—as everyone is who examines the books—just send us \$3.50 in full payment and the books are yours.

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With the Book of Etiquette to refer to, you need never make embarrassing blunders. You can know exactly what to do, say, write and wear at all times. You will be able to astonish your friends with your



### Which is the Mother?

It is good health which keeps womanly beauty fresh. Cosmetics can only hide the traces of the years in a once pretty face.

Mothers who are still young at the age of forty can teach their daughters the value of a good aperient in keeping the blush of youth in their cheeks.

**NR Tablets** (a vegetable aperient) act pleasantly and naturally to clear the skin of blemishes and preserve a healthful, youthful appearance.

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Maybelline Co., 4750-78 Sheridan Road, Chicago

"Pam is being extraordinarily obstreperous. He says he is better and wants to go out for a ride. Do you think he ought?"

"For a ride!" Peril stared in astonishment, then said: "Sit down, won't you, while I put these things in the surgery and wash my hands. I won't be a minute."

When she got back Doria had settled herself comfortably in a basket lounge with a cigarette, and Valpy was arranging the eleven o'clock tea tray beside her elbow.

"I mustn't stay."

Mrs. Heseltine never took morning tea. This was one of her complexion rules and not always an acceptable one. She looked longingly now at the dainty tea pot and the crisp golden scones and her tone was petulant.

"I just want the Doctor to come and cope with Pam. You see, he really is doing marvelously, and I simply can't bear it if he goes and spoils everything, as he will if he rushes things. He'll undo all the good those wonderful injections are doing."

"He mustn't be allowed to do that," said Peril in her tranquil way.

"Allowed! I should think not!" Doria exclaimed. "If he isn't a fool, think of it! We may be starting for England again in a month or so."

The girl stared at her eager tone, but only for a moment. She remembered then what Pam had told her of all that his health meant to Doria—apart, of course, from a wife's natural solicitude for her husband.

"But he must go slow," she murmured.

"Oh, I know! That's what makes me so angry with him. As things are, you see, we may be called home at any time. Family reasons, you understand."

Yes, Peril understood. It was unnecessary for Mrs. Heseltine to continue with a bored little air:

"My husband is heir to a great name and estates, and the succession is pending. We heard this morning that it is only a matter of weeks before we may have to give up our carefree life and take over all sorts of tiresome responsibilities." She made a gesture of disdain. Peril made no remark, but she remembered very vividly Pam Heseltine's sardonic smile when he said, "Doria cares for these things—all women do, I expect."

"So you see," continued Mrs. Heseltine, "the doctor simply must come down and make Pam behave."

"But Uncle Bruce had to go into the country this morning. Didn't he send you a message? I know he meant to, as he cannot be back before five."

Doria looked blank.

"What am I to do? He simply takes no notice of me—or of nurse."

"Could I—do you think?" Peril suggested diffidently, but Doria laughed scoffingly.

"My dear! I tell you no one can manage him except the Doctor." She added thoughtfully: "Unless it's Punch. He could. But how am I to get hold of him? Our telephone has broken down. And then, he has neglected us so lately!"

Peril knew that. She had missed the beat of his horse's feet on the road, ever since one dawn a fortnight ago; and had realized that he must be taking a short cut to Umté.

## Shampooing

A task half done

Noted actresses all recognize the fact that hair to be beautiful needs more than just shampooing. They have no more choice in the color of their hair than you have. Their hair is more beautiful, because their profession—their very environment—soon teaches them how to make the best of what nature has given them.

Practically every woman has reasonably good hair—satisfactory in quantity, texture and color. So-called dull hair is the result of improper care. Ordinary shampooing is not enough; just washing cannot sufficiently improve dull, drab hair. Only a shampoo that adds "that little something" dull hair lacks, can really improve it.

Golden Glint Shampoo was made particularly for medium brown hair—to make it look brighter and more beautiful. When your hair appears lifeless, all you need do is have a Golden Glint Shampoo. It does more and is more than an ordinary shampoo. With it you can correct—correct, mind you—any little shortcomings your hair may have. It places your hair in your own hands, so to speak.

Have a Golden Glint Shampoo today and give your hair the special treatment which is all it needs to make it as beautiful as you desire it. 25c a package at toilet goods counters or postpaid direct. J. W. Kobi Co., 131 Spring St., Seattle, Wash.

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"You could telephone from here," she said slowly.

"Of course! I never thought of that!" Doria dropped her cigarette and laid an impulsive hand upon Peril's arm. "You do it. I'm such a fool on the phone. Just say the Doctor's away and nurse needs help with Pam."

It was not easy to refuse so simple a service, but Peril felt a curious unwillingness as she went to the instrument in the hall. She got the camp without any difficulty and spoke in her calm unburied fashion.

"Hello! Is Major Heseltine there? I am speaking from The Hill . . . Yes, Doctor Kelly's."

A moment later a strong careless voice spoke into her ear:

"That you, Doc?"

"No," her answer went back cool and clear, "Miss Kelly speaking. Mrs. Heseltine asked me to telephone. The Doctor is away, and they need help with Mr. Heseltine."

"Need help? Is he worse?"

"Oh no! much better I believe. But it seems he insists on going out for a ride, and they think you might be able to reason with him."

There was a short silence, then he said somewhat curtly:

"I'm rather hard pressed just now—unless they absolutely need me"—but before he had reached this point Peril had felt herself gently pushed away and the receiver taken from her hand.

"Of course we need you, Pam." Doria's voice was tender as a caress. "Do you think I would bother you otherwise? . . . I know you are frightfully busy—they've told me so every time I rang up . . . Three times this morning—in vain! Do you never mean to come again, Punch? And do you think it quite fair? . . . Only a week or so? How can you say that? . . . It seems an eternity—"

Peril hastened out of hearing; but she could not help wondering whether the telephone at Minto Lodge had broken down whilst Mrs. Heseltine was in the act of ringing up the Camp three times, and—"in vain"! At any rate, Doria sauntering now from the hall looked contented as a blue-eyed Persian kitten that has just had a saucerful of warm milk; and having unfurled a white umbrella about the size of a small marquee, she proceeded to tuck herself under it and bade her hostess a pleasant adieu.

Afterwards Peril continued to sit listlessly under the trees, stroking Evvie, her little bush-baby. Usually, after breakfasting with the dawn, she had an excellent eleven o'clock appetite; but this morning Valpy's buttermilk scones went unappreciated. Presently the ring of a horse's hoofs came out of the distance and beat smartly along towards Marshways. She sat very still until the last echo of them had ceased; then she pressed Evvie to her breast, as if it had been a real baby, and gave a deep sigh.

Doubtless Major Heseltine succeeded in restraining his cousin's obstreperous activity and making him see the unreasonableness of trying to ride before he could walk.

But the funny part of it was that Pam should declare to Peril some days later that the whole thing had been no

## Only One in Five is Safe



### Heed the danger sign—bleeding gums

Just before Pyorrhea strikes—to undermine the teeth and health—kindly, knowing Nature sends a warning: the gums are tender and bleed easily.

Take heed immediately, before it is too late, before the gums recede and the loosened teeth must be extracted, before the germ-laden pus-pockets form, before infection spreads throughout the system.

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Go to him regularly, systematically, for tooth and gum inspection. And brush your teeth, twice daily at least, with Forhan's For the Gums. This healing dentifrice, if used in time and used consistently, will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress. It will make your mouth clean and healthful, preserve your priceless teeth, safeguard your precious health.

Forhan's For the Gums is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. It is time-tested, efficient, safe. The foremost dentists recommend and use it.

Be on your guard. Buy a tube of Forhan's For the Gums today. Brush your teeth with it regularly. Remember, in your case, the odds are 4 to 1 in favor of Pyorrhea. At all druggists. 35c and 60c in tubes.

## Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.  
Forhan Company, New York  
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more than a lark, and that he had never entertained the faintest idea of mounting a horse or that Doria took him seriously. Moreover, it came out quite casually that Doria herself had been the one to receive the Doctor's message that he would be away all day. Perhaps she had forgotten this when she came seeking him, at The Hill, an hour later! However, the only person in a position to consider all these pieces of the puzzle, and to wonder why some of them did not quite fit, happened to be one whose habit was of tranquil reflection rather than constructive criticism.

Enough for her—more than enough perhaps—to note that the riding parties (of two) had recommenced. In the cool of the day, and again in the cinnamon-colored dusk which should surely be the property only of lovers, Doria's silver chimes rang on the Umtété Road, mingling with the deeper notes of Punch Heseltine's voice.

That man did not laugh much. When he did, it was curiously, like one with a secret source of irritation, or grimly, as if in self-mockery. And when he rode alone the set of his jaw was neither amused nor felicitous. Peril and her little bush-baby Evvie both knew this.

But how should Mrs. Heseltine's mood be other than that of the lark at Heaven's gate singing, when every day and from all sides she was the recipient of congratulations on her husband's wonderful return to health? It was fitting surely that she should glow with happiness, and that people should exclaim more than ever at her beauty, and bow the head and bend the knee to her sweetness and light.

As for Pam, Umtété was proud of him. But prouder still of its own special genius, Bruce Kelly. Even he must have felt a stir of pride, though he gave no sign, unless by looking a little more baldish, reddish, stoutish and vaguish than ever.

Never was such a change seen in a man as in Pam Heseltine. His cough had gone; flesh, color, appetite increased daily; and cynical despair had been replaced by the light of hope and a touching gentleness. After all, when a man, grown used to the creak of the gates of death, is suddenly reprieved and shown instead a vista of life and prosperity, he would be of poor stuff if it didn't fill him with gratitude. And Pam had never been of poor stuff—only wild stuff, and gay stuff, and stuff that adventurers are made of. All the Heseltines were like that. Their trouble was that they couldn't sit still. They would rather commit follies, blunders, extravagances, and lose their all in the committing, than do nothing. Perhaps Pam would be like that again when completely restored to himself, but meantime he was chastened, humble and like a child in his delight of returning strength to long limbs and wasted muscles.

The régime, however, was drastic. Bruce Kelly stood no nonsense. Drinks were cut down to a minimum, strict diet enforced. The magic injections were given twice a day, followed by three hours of prone repose.

Peril usually went down after the second treatment, in the late afternoon, and sat with the patient. This relieved the nurse and also gave Keable a period of recreation which she generally utilized by going to see

Valpy, with whom she had struck up an intimacy. Doria of course would be away on her rides. Everyone would be away, in fact, and no sound in the quiet house save the soft monotony of Peril's voice reading Shelley and Adam Lindsay Gordon.

Pam had never been much addicted to verse, but he now declared to Peril that he loved it. Fortunately she did not hear his remark to Punch that he could stick even Bolshevik propaganda composed by Lenin and published in the Russian language, if it were read to him in a voice like spring water flowing over the strings of a harp.

Punch could not but be struck by this poetical simile coming from an unpoetical source. He thought it remarkable too that Pam's metaphor should symbolically resemble the Doctor's.

Spring water. Lily pool. Both cool, sweet, fresh things that a dark, fevered, weary man might seek! Then he laughed his curt, furious laugh. What had he to do with cool sweet waters? His taste was for wine.

And wine was his for the taking. Wine in an exquisite goblet offered itself, sparkling, leaping to the lips, daring him to drink. And he dared not drink. Something in him forbade that blood-treachery. Yet . . . he had ceased to absent himself from temptation. He looked into the cup daily. Daily his lips drew nearer.

It was strange that he should never have seen Peril nearer or clearer since that first evening in the shadows. Always she had just gone when they returned from riding. Only echoes of her remained—scents from bunches of sweet herbs she brought daily; her odd, charming name, spoken affectionately by nurse and patient; and again, Pam's allusions to spring water and the music of harps.

Punch Heseltine did not know why these things should disturb him, even interest him. But they did.

Then one evening something further happened.

Fate's little games with human pieces never stand still. They are progressive and must be played to the end. And the slightest, most unsuspected of incidents and things serve as gambits.

Doria and he had got back later than usual. It was practically dark when they dismounted at the gate, and as he swung her from the saddle an unexpected movement brought her into his arms, her lips almost to his.

But what might so easily have happened did not happen. For in the same moment someone in white, swift and wraithlike, came through the gate behind them, and sped down the road. Doria sprang away, the horses plunged, the grooms came running.

And when they got into the drawing room the first thing he saw was a big shady hat hanging by its veil to the back of a chair.

Pam, smoking a cigarette, with his nurse, indicated it cheerfully.

"My nerve specialist has forgotten her hat. A job for you, Punch, on your way home."

"Why should Punch bother?" Doria spoke with a fierce petulance. "She can get it tomorrow when she comes."

"And get sunstroke in coming," protested Pam.



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But Punch had already taken hold of the hat, and he was one of those who do not easily relinquish what they have laid hands on. Doria's opposition only determined him the more upon the errand.

It had come to that between them—trial of strength. Gradually he had been discovering in her, behind that fragile, childlike air, an amazing quality of resolution; and in turn imposing upon her an iron quality of his own. Today, out on the veldt, things had come to a climax; an unspoken climax of course, as everything remained unspoken, even while the crimson and purple banners of desire flaunted back and forth between them. In those tumultuous silences, when only their eyes and pulses spoke, she had tried to break him to her wishes as she had broken men time and again.

All her life she had been engaged in this entrancing pastime of making men slaves to her beauty, just for the short mad pleasure of it while it was new. And here was one who resisted enslavement, even while she knew that he was mad for her! Refrained from the secret, luscious fruit she held to his thirsty lips!

What held him back? At first she did not know. It never occurred to her. Then, with a fuller knowledge of the man, she divined it.

Loyalty. But, loyalty to a man to be put before love of her! He must be punished for that. Yes, she would terribly punish him—later. After the first tense sweetness—when she had wearied of him as she always wearied.

Meanwhile she felt a thrill, an enthrallment in the game, never before experienced, and all that was in her of witchery she exercised, all that she had of sweet ensnaring graces she used. Siren eyes mocked his backwardness, seducing lips smiled at his scruples. She scorched him with the fire that ate her, and felt in turn the heat of flame in him. She tempted and tormented him to breaking point, and—well, he simply didn't break, that was all.

True—there at the gate, just now, she had almost won! But the passing of that hateful girl . . .

And now she almost hated him—realizing that such a man could be loved. But love was not in her scheme and never had been. Pleasure, yes, sweet short draughts from the secret cup of passion; but no more. Always she had withdrawn unscathed from these hidden liaisons, a little bored perhaps, but only with the man—never with the pastime.

The things she loved were different. Power, place, position, riches. Those were things to love. And Pam's health she loved, because it meant those things—Scawshane, and the Marquisate of Kenchester.

This was the kind of woman Doria Heseltine was. But at last she had met her Waterloo. For in the hour that Punch Heseltine, true to some fine thing in his nature that would not be betrayed, balked at blood-treason, he dominated his cousin's wife.

The knife she had aimed so often at men's hearts, relentlessly, successfully, and so happily in her own immunity, began to take a backward curve towards her own.

With the girl's hat in his hand Punch opened the gate and let himself into that

dim, dewy place of tall trees and gentle English scents.

The paths were outlined with white-washed stones, but sometimes he stepped upon some mass of fragrance that had overflowed, and an aroma of silver thyme arose, cutting the air like the cry of a lute. The still night seemed yet full of sighs. Away up the hill were the lights of the house, but he did not hurry towards them. He liked this garden of purple darkness and whispering leaves.

But suddenly a different sound smote his ear, a soft moaning sigh, with something human in it. And it was quite close by.

He took a few more silent steps and found himself on a sort of terrace; faintly outlined objects looked like chairs; something swayed gently from the trees. A hammock—and a slim line of whiteness in it, from which issued those sobbing sounds of distress. A girl was lying there, deeply weeping.

He stood still, intensely embarrassed. What should he do? Go away as silently as he had come? But something kind in him did not agree to this. Something strong and tender in him desired to give comfort.

He put out an impulsive hand and it touched other hands pressed to a face—all drenched and drowned with tears, the floods of tears only youth can pour out in its sorrows.

She started wildly at his touch, and there was terror in her cry:

"Who is that?"

"Punch Heseltine," he answered gently, reassuringly, and sat beside her in one of the shadowy chairs. "I brought your hat."

After a moment's tense silence, to his surprise a soft sob fell out of the hammock, then another and another. She had resumed her weeping, as if she could not help it. Like a child she had to weep her sorrow out. But he could not bear it. His heart in turn was shaken by those long shuddering sobs.

"Don't—don't!" he implored. "What is it? Can't I help?"

"My little bush-baby is dead. A dog tore it to pieces while I was away." So brokenly and childishly she said it, and dissolved once more into her flooding tears.

His heart too seemed to dissolve. He wondered how anyone on earth could comfort children for their poignant sorrows—why anything so sweet as a child stayed in such a devil of a world at all.

"I'm so sorry—don't cry any more, dear."

He said it simply and naturally. She had turned him into a child too. Like two children sitting there in the darkness they were.

He took one of her wet, cold little hands and held it strongly in his warm one. For a moment it seemed to strive like a caught bird, and his heart stirred strangely to that movement; then it curled in his and was still.

They were both still. But a hurricane of sensation and emotion began presently to sweep and pierce him—shame for the base fires that had scorched his soul these past days, joy in his freedom from an unpardonable sin, thankfulness for loyalty and the love of cleanness . . .

All this from the feel of a girl's hand curled in his! And then a cooling peace,



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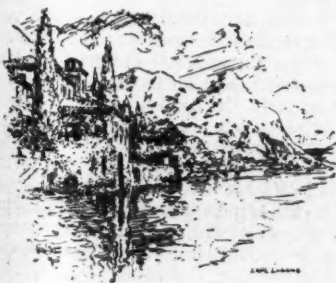
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winging out of space and nesting in the fastnesses of his heart.

The mellow boom of a dinner gong echoing through the garden broke the spell. The girl slid to her feet, took the hat from his hand, thanking him shyly, and in a few moments he was riding home.

He neglected an engagement for dinner and cards that night and dined alone in camp, an uncommon proceeding for him. But he had things to think about—new things, fresh vistas to contemplate, a program of action to construct that would take him away for a while from Umtété—at least until his cousin had completed his cure and left for home.

It is always when men take upon themselves the onus of their own destiny, give signs of trying to fashion the future for themselves, that old Fate, at her most ironic, makes an idle but significant gesture, just to show that she is still there, with fateful gifts in her hands.

Just as Punch had finished his plans and calculations for that night at least and was on the point of retiring to bed, a constable entered with two delayed wires that had been brought in by a runner. One came from the C. C. of Police and dealt with a matter long impending—a tour of inspection in Northern Rhodesia, and for which he required Punch's company and

immediate attendance in Buluwayo, with a view to an early start. That was *that*, then, and most definitely accounted for the next two months or so of Punch's existence, without regard to any plans formed by himself. But the second wire exhibited an even more imposing and dramatic gesture on the part of Fate. It proved to be a cablegram sent from London by the firm of solicitors that had served the Heseltine family for centuries:

“Regret to ask you break news to Mr. Pamfreville Heseltine that his brother Richard was killed yesterday on Cresta Run St. Moritz. Lord Kenchester shattered by blow desires us remind you of your position in case of non-survival of present heir.”

Stunned and puzzled, Punch read and reread. At last he realized that the people at home did not know yet of the changed condition of Pamfreville Heseltine. They were expecting to hear of his early demise. And then, by reason of the tragic removal of poor young Dick, it would be his—Punch's—turn to step into the expectation of Scawnshane and the Kenchester title!

At that he could not help a smile. “Not much of the ‘non-survivor’ about old Pam now,” he thought. “He's a hot number, as they'll pretty soon discover.”

*When it comes to writing Romance, colored with mystery and tinged with the wistfulness of real men and women, Cynthia Stockley is a magician. The next instalment of “The Garden of Peril” proves it. See May COSMOPOLITAN.*

## Discipline

(Continued from page 57)

B Throop wint into permanent quarters in a nice *barrio* on the shore of Lake Lanao an' we took up the humdrum life of garrison throops until one bright day a fanatical Moro declared for a new deal. He desciended upon our *barrio* almost as naked as the babe unborn, smeared from head to foot with coconut oil so that no man might hold him, an' carryin' a whoppin' big two-handed *campilan*.

“He arrived in the horse lines wit' a whoop and hurray, hamstringed two horses, cut a sojer in two halves from shoulder to belt, and shtarted chasin' the stable police, who were unarmed, in an' out among the horses an' the stables.

“I was in command of a squad groomin' at the far end of the pic'et line, when I heard the cry of ‘*Juaramentado!*’ which is a word, once hear'd in Moro land, that is never forgotten. It is a sure sign of death, for once a Moro runs *juaramentado* nothin' but death will shtop him. The Mohammedan devil is out to kill all the unbelievers he can before rifle fire wafts him to his Moslem paradise.

“I was washin' me bridle with one eye on the squad at the time, an' I had the bridle apart and was scrubbin' it in a bucket of warm Castile soap suds, preparatory to saddle-soapin' it, which to my mind is the only way to treat a good bridle, when the scrimmage shtarted; an' before I could make a move that black-toothed fiend was coming shtraight at me in big India rubber jumps.

“‘Gwan, ye divil,’ says I, an' seizin' the fir'st weapon ready to me hand, I hur'led

it at him. Be the same token 'twas the contints of the bucket I was squatted beside an' I gave him three gallons of shtrong soap suds full in the face an' lepped aside.

“Then I threw the bucket at him as he missed his fir'st cut at me; as I shtarted to run, I saw that the lye in the suds had gotten into his eyes an' for the moment he couldn't see.

“So with that I changed me tactics. Shtraight at him I run an' swung a beautiful right to his colorado maduro jaw. That took the conceit out of him, an' whilst he was gropin' around, blinded be suds an' tears, I kicked him in the belly. That stretched him, an' he dhropped his *campilan*, which I picked up immediately and used for the purpose for which *campilans* were fir'st invinted. I split his pompadour as nately as a barber might an' as a sign to others of his ilk to observe the treaty of peace, Johnny had him buried with a pig and promoted me to sergeant.

“A week later a detail of seven throopers and a corporal, camped down at the land-in' where the *cascos* from across the lake docked with supplies for our garrison, was set upon in the dead o' night. 'Twas a surprise attack and unprovoked. The man on guard was sneaked upon an' butchered quietly; then the rest of the detail with one exception were kilt in their beds, the outpost pillaged an' the carbines an' pistols of the murdered men taken, together with their belts and ammunition.

"Little Rat Hosmer was the one man who escaped. He'd gotten out of bed and gone down to the kitchen for a drink of water, and if he'd learned nothin' else in Mindanao he'd learned that a wise man is he who never neglects to carry his pistol and dum-dum his ammunition.

"The Rat shot his way through the mess and escaped in the dark, and at daylight he was back again with Johnny and the throop.

"Johnny looked at his dead sojer bhoys and commenced to cry.

"Look at this, sir, an' laugh,' says the Rat, and led him down to the kitchen where four dead Moros lay. 'Twas quite dark, sir, an' I had but six shots an' only four men to shoot at, else I'd have evened the score,' says the Rat apologetically. 'At that I didn't do a half bad job, for this snaggle-toothed son of Allah was not unknown to me in life,' says he, toeing one of the departed. 'He's a sub-dato of Sultan Saman, and Sultan Saman dwells in that big *coto* yonder across the lake, where the smoke is now. He is be way of livin' in a big mud fort.'

"We will call on the Sultan Saman to return his henchmen and ask for an explanation,' says Johnny.

"So we gathered up our dead and buried them, tossed the Moros in a bull cart and started around the lake shore to call on Saman.

"We arrived in the cool of the morning an' Sultan Saman looked over the top of his mud fort and he was very polite to Johnny, but neglected entirely to invite him in.

"So Johnny climbed up on the mud wall, took the Sultan Saman be the arm in a most fraternal manner, an' waltzed him down among B Throop, for a look at what we'd brought him.

"Sultan,' says Johnny through his interpreter, 'do you happen to know these dead men?'

"I do not,' says Saman.

"That is most unfortunate, Your Highness,' says Johnny, 'because it disappoints me greatly, and whin I'm disappointed nothin' will cure me but a dead Sultan. Saman, you're a liar. Your men did this, and I want the murderers. I want them now.

"Send word to your second in command to send out the men and the carbines and pistols they stole from me sojers after murdering them. For this is murder, Saman. Were my losses the fortune of war I should not complain, but there is peace between your people and mine; hence this thing is murder.'

"Saman swore by the beard of the Prophet no men of his had done this thing. It had been the work of outlaws—of Pulajanes over whom he had no control.

"Johnny took out his watch and held it carelessly in his hand.

"Those men and the stolen arms will be turned over to me within one hour, Saman,' he said. At the end of that time I shall attack and nothing that lives in here shall continue to live, once me men get inside this fort.'

"In fifteen minutes we had our men. Not a rifle or pistol was missing, and the prisoners numbered twenty-eight. I have always felt that Saman played fair with us, for Johnny would have been satisfied with half that number.

"We rode away until we came to a dry



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rice field and there we halted. Ould man Melody rode up to the captain.

"What shall I do with the prisoners, sir?" says he.

"I'm afraid they're goin' to prove an embarrassment to us, sergeant," says Johnny plaintively, "unless we find some work for them to do. Prisoners should be made to work, sergeant. Here's a nice, open field, with not a bush in a hundred acres under which a jack rabbit might hide. Is Sergeant McMurdo there?"

"He is, sir."

"Am I mistaken, or is McMurdo the man who was runner-up for the rifle championship of the army last year?"

"The captain is not mistaken."

"Well, detail Sergeant McMurdo and ten men to take charge of these prisoners and put them to work cutting wood. We might be passing this way ag'in some day and need firewood. Out of compliment to McMurdo he has my permission to select the detail himself."

"Yes, sir," says ould Melody and attended to the matter. The throop rode on, leavin' McMurdo and his ten men—of which, thanks to a rating as sharpshooter, I was one—to superintend the cutting of the wood.

"Fifteen minutes later we rejoined the throop, and I think Johnny must have been expecting us, for he'd halted the throop and was restin' with the men in the shade.

McMurdo rode up to him, dismounted, snapped into it and said:

"Sir, those prisoners attempted to escape. They refused to halt when ordered to do so, and I ordered me detail to open fire on them, but only after they had run at least two hundred yards, headed for the timber. I gave them every chance, sir, but they wouldn't stop, so twenty-eight new faces are now whining around the devil."

"Such unfortunate incidents are to be regretted, Sergeant McMurdo," says Johnny. "I sincerely hope, however, that what has happened this day will prove a lesson to every one of the twenty-eight. That will be all, sergeant."

"Like Johnny, we all thought it would be. But it wasn't."

"Eight months later, down in Zamboanga, we hear'd the echo. It arrived in the shape of a cablegram from the commanding general of the Department of the Philippines to the commanding officer at Zamboanga, instructing him to relieve Captain John H. Packard, B Throop, —th Cavalry, of his command and to place him under arrest in his quarters forthwith, awaitin' the action of a general court-martial which would shortly be convened to try the said Captain John H. Packard for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman in that the said Packard had been charged with having, on a certain date, and at a time when a state of war did not exist, wantonly put to death by rifle fire twenty-eight Moros in the vicinity of Lake Lanao, etc., etc.

"I happened to be in the orderly room when the news broke on Johnny. He read the ordher aloud and his face went white enough as he read it.

"I—I—never thought it would leak out," he protested. "I didn't care if it reached headquarters in Manila because the commanding general can be trusted to undershtand. The rules of war as

promulgated at The Hague Conference were not meant to include Moro murderers, because the Sultan Saman wasn't represented at the historical conference. No, men, this thing comes shtraight from Washington, where they can never possibly undershtand the only method of handling a Malay.

"Why how could I try those men? In the fir'st place, I didn't have any authority to try them, and in the second place, I didn't have time. In the third place, they were guilty as hell, because their chief admitted it and sent them out to me with the shtolen arms, evidence of their guilt.

"A trial by anybody would have been a mockery. They were charged when I got to the gate of that mud fort and served my verbal John Doe warrant on the Sultan, and they were tried and convicted the instant the Sultan gave them up.

"What if the Sultan did explain that he was sorry, that these men were kinsmen of the *juaramentado* chap Ryan had killed a week before; that they merely sought reprisal? My job was to play the game as the Malay plays it—an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. To a Moro miery means weakness and death is nothing at all.

"They expected to be executed because they deserved it. They knew the code. The Sultan expected it and has even now doubtless forgotten the episode. But news of it has leaked to Washington to some civilian in Congress, and the Secretary of War, who also is a civilian, has cabled the ould man to make an example of me.

"No, that means a bobtail out of the service and perhaps ten years in Leavenworth.

"The politicians tried to get old Hell-Roaring Jake when he employed the water cure to get the guns. And he got the guns too! Got them in the only way anybody ever gets anything out of a Malay—by force. It didn't occur to the politicians, of course, that old Jake was saving a lot of American lives and that war is never a strawberry festival.

"Later the politicians tried to get Pershing for that affair at the Volcano. Said he slaughtered Moros, women and children, and we all know the women and children were with their men in the crater and they wouldn't come out and the Moros opened fire. High explosive shell and shrapnel are no respecters of age or sex.

"But now, at last, the politicians have got a human sacrifice for the altar of publicity! They'll get me as sure as death and taxes. I'm only a captain of cavalry!"

"And when he had said that, Johnny had to sit down.

"Ould Melody tossed his frigid blue eye at me and I fled, and in about an hour the top came into the squad room and called McMurdo outside. They had a talk, and then McMurdo came inside and called nine men and meself outside. Be the same token the eleven of us constituted the detail that had given those twenty-eight Moros a two-hundred yard running shtart for the timber.

"The news was all over the throop be now, of course, and McMurdo came to the point.

"Which one of you blackguards

"blabbed?" says he. "Somebody wrote home, describin' the affair in detail and using the names of all of us. The account appeared in a New York newspaper, a Senator read it and commenced throwing fits. He threw one in the office of the Secretary of War and half a dozen more on the floor of the Senate, and the Senate has demanded a showdown from the Secretary of War, who has demanded a showdown from the commanding general of the Department of the Philippines, who has demanded a showdown from Johnny. Now, then, who has ruined our Johnny? The story leaked from some wan of the eleven who did the job. Who was it?"

"There was silence for a bit, and then Felix McSheehy commenced to weep.

"So 'twas you, Felix, you good for nothin' poet!" says McMurdo. "I might have known it. Ye're the writin' man of this outfit. Hum-m-m-m! I recall now that you were a newspaper writer in civil life. You wrote a poem a day, so you told us—bad luck to you! Why in blue blazes didn't you stick to poetry? Your letter writin' it is that has bobtailed the finest officer and gentleman the army ever knew."

"It was a poem," says poor Felix. "Sure, 'twas a most shtirrin' an' dramatic episode an' me hear't thrilled to relate the tale of it in shtirrin' verse an' immortalize B Throop."

"You ass! You blitherin' ass!" says McMurdo. "Who did you send your brain child to call upon?"

"To me ould city editor," says Felix. "I didn't think—I didn't mean a bit of har'm, sergeant, honest I didn't."

"Shut up!" says McMurdo. "Not another peep out of you or I'll break the back of ye in two halves. Now, thin, you of the pale pink thoughts, where did you lear'n to shoot? If you hadn't been an expert rifleman I'd never have picked you for that day's sport."

"I used to sojer in the New York National Guard," says poor Felix.

"McMurdo groaned. 'Potting and poetry is his specialty, so it is,' says he. 'Now, thin, Felix, me brave lad, what would you give to save the throop commandher?'"

"I'd give me life," says Felix. "I'd throw it away like an ould sock to save Johnny. Poor divil! Did he ever do me a day o' harm? He did not. God forgive me, I must have been crazy!"

"You were, Felix, and what's more, ye're crazy shtill. That much I'll admit on the witness shtand."

"So will I, sarge," says poor Felix.

"So say we all of us," says I, chippin' in for the fir'st time, for I saw the drift of McMurdo's mind. 'Felix, this poem of yours is not founded on fact but on a disordhered imagination due to a diet of canned salmon, prunes an' black coffee. Is it not a fact, Felix, that in all your bor'rn days ye never saw a dead Moro?"

"I'll swear to that on a stack of Bibles seventeen hands high," says Felix, like the good cavalryman he was.

"Then go yer way and have done with these poetic ravin's of yours," says McMurdo, an' give the rest of us a wink. 'Ould Melody an' Gus Schultz, who used to be a lawyer's clerk, are batin' the brains out of the throop typewriter now, makin' out an affidavit. Lave us go down into the town and have a couple of quarts



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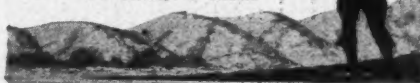
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44 Augusts, 71 degrees.  
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of ice cold beer. Felix, the dhrinks an on you.'

"Whin we came back from our dhrinks there was a notice on the throop bulletin board ordherin' every man in the throop to report at the ordherly room.

"We reported an' whin we got there wha should be there but the summary court officer of the regimint and him empowered to administer oaths and witness affidavits. And one afther the other, crowdin' on each other's heels, we signed that blessed affidavit an' swore to it, black lie that it was an' whin we'd signed we were all feelin' that virtuous we were fit to desert. Throop an' take holy ordhers.

"Whin the precious document was all signed an' sealed, McMurdo took it over to Johnny's quarthers an' handed it to him.

"Poor Johnny's hear't was broke an' faith, at sight of him, McMurdo commenced to swear like a pirate an' in a most outrageous manner. He forgot he was a throoper an' that Johnny was an officer an' a gentleman. Sure the poor man must have been quite beside himself, for what does he do but grab Johnny by the shoulder an' shake him like a terrier would a rat.

"Come out o' that, Johnny boy!" says he. 'Arrah, don't be puttin' dogs in windows. Come Sunday, God'll send Monday and ye'll always have somebody to take care of ye. The original of this document has gone to the commanding officer here, and Sergeant Melody has sent a friendly Moro interpreter out to the Sultan Saman with the information that if one wor'd of this leaks out of his district B Throop'll come out an' lay the country waste. Sure, how can they convict ye without evidence? Here, here, look here's the evidence an' to blazes with all legislators!

Three days later Johnny was facin' up at rethreat ag'in an' afther the flag had come flutterin' down an' the band had marched back to barracks, the lad shooed lookin' at us, an' the chin of him workin' an' up an' down an' sideways. Six feet in front of him ould man Melody shooed at attintion, with his hand at the rifle salute, waitin' for Johnny to return the salute before he'd let his hand dthrop. But Johnny's eyes was rovin' up an' down the throop front and he couldn't see that he was embarrassin' the top. Afther a long time, however, a little smile come over the face of him an' his glance met the top's. Up come his hand to the brim of his campaign hat.

"Sergeant Melody," says he, 'dismiss this throop of damned vagabones and liars.'

First Sergeant John Ryan glanced again at the newspaper he had been holding through his recital.

"And I see here," he concluded, "that a judge refused to find a pickpocket in the county jail, provided the pickpocket would agree to enlist in the United States Army. Mother of Moses! The army's not a reformatory! How are you going to inculcate *esprit de corps* in a pickpocket?"

*In an early issue of COSMOPOLITAN you will find another gem of a story by Peter B. Kyne.*



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